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AND THE ADVANCEMENT OF RELIGION IN
THE HOMES OF THE PEOPLE.

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EVIDENCE OF THE EXISTENCE OF A SUPREME BEING.

No. III.—ADAPTATION—(continued).

In the former portions of this treatise we have dwelt upon the principle of ADAPTATION which pervades the animal kingdom, and we now desire to pass from the animate to the inanimate portions of Creation in search of the same principle of adaptation; and if we find it equally to prevail, without any consciousness on the part of the recipient, then are we constrained "to look through Nature up to Nature's God," and to confess that the eternal power of the Supreme is to be "clearly seen" and "understood by the things that are made," leaving the rejecter of these Divine evidences "*without excuse*."

The VEGETABLE kingdom will become our monitor, pointing us silently, but yet impressively, to the evidences of perfect wisdom which these irrational productions of creation perpetually exhibit.

In the vegetable kingdom there is a class so small individually that they are almost unseen by the busy world. Wonderful as they prove to be, yet man, surrounded by the hum and bustle of a struggling life, scarce heeds the almost unlimited varieties of this portion of the microscopic world. Botanists in their researches are finding every day new species of plants and flowers which the eye of science itself has hitherto passed unnoticed. In the year 1500, only one thousand four hundred plants were known; now, the various kinds to be found in the vegetable kingdom are numbered only by tens of thousands. We refer to the mosses, a tribe of plants so minute as to require the multiplying powers of the microscopic glass to enable us to distinguish the botanical characters even of the largest. No class has a wider geographical range; though small and insignificant in its external form, yet it claims the world's wide domain as its home and its resting-place; a native of every nation, a dweller in every portion of the globe. No animal, no insect, no plant can claim a greater variety of situations; the dark dripping cave that never felt a sunbeam, the scorched rock, where nought else has life, alike afford a dwelling-place for the delicate moss; and no plants, when examined, are more beautiful: small they are, but not unadorned; slight, yet far from insignificant; and this peculiarity has marked them out from all the other vegetables. In the dreary and dread time of winter, when one mighty wind

sheet enwraps the vegetable kingdom, then the mosses are in their glory; for when all around fails of its charms, then the lowly and oft despised moss is in verdure and in fruit.

We may fairly inquire, Why are the mosses organised in such a manner as to perpetuate an exception to the universal course of vegetable life? The answer is, The mosses are the winter quarters of millions of millions of the smallest insects; creatures all too small to be oft observed by man—never so small as to be forgotten by the Power that called them into existence. The mosses are to them the house of refuge in the day of the storm. As the cold increases the moss increases, and by this adaptation to climate the moss makes their defence and protection more sure. Moreover, there is also another adaptation of the mosses, which enables them to protect and shelter with a home the insect tribes that swarm around them. Let a moss be burnt up by drought, let it even be dried in a botanical press, yet will it, in many cases, speedily revive upon the application of moisture. Nor ought we to omit mentioning the singular property which certain other minute plants possess, which enables them to bid defiance to the sternest blast and to the severest cold: by a minute and accurate examination it has been found that nearly all plants are warmer than the air that surrounds them, and this is caused by a power which belongs to them of generating heat.

These portions of the vegetable kingdom exhibit their ADAPTATION to the state of the atmosphere. Others display an ADAPTATION to locality. The pitcher plant affords water to the weary traveller, but it is always in "a dry and thirsty land." In a country where no rain falls, there is to be found a tree that supplies milk, and the flow is most abundant at sunrise; the natives drink plentifully of it under the tree, while others take it home to their children: thus has the Supreme Power adapted a tree to supply the wants of a portion of mankind. Another friendly tree comes to the aid of man, and presents him with bread; another supplies him with wine; another furnishes oil; and another yields medicine; while all unite to offer for his use their roots, their timber, their bark, their leaves, their fibres, their fruit, their honey, and their seeds, to convince him that they are adapted to locality and to climate, and that they are also adapted to supply the wants and the comforts of man. Did space permit, more might be told, but we are



compelled to be brief in our illustrations. From the productions of the earth we proceed to glance at the earth itself.

The earth itself contains innumerable proofs of *ADAPTATION*; it has the exact degree of solidity that is necessary. Were it in all parts as hard as a rock, it would be unfit for cultivation; were it softer than it is, it would be insufficient to support us, and we should sink at every step, and in place of hastening on our way, we should resemble the weary and terrified traveller wending his dangerous path over the treacherous quicksands or the detaining quagmire. Here is a proof of wisdom and goodness in adaptation.

Again, the diversity of surface indicates the same; if there were no mountains there would be no springs, there would be no fountains, and there would be no rivers either to cheer the eye or to fertilise the land, as it is a principle admitted that water cannot rise higher than its source. If we destroy the river and the spring, then the canal, the well-trained child of the river, would fail; then also would beauty be banished from the earth, then would health depart, then would our wealth be small or soon be gone, and be found no more.

Again, the colouring which is spread over the face of Nature is, with wisdom and goodness, adapted to the present mode of our existence, testifying that it is the merciful gift of that Supreme Being who clotheth himself with light as with a garment; who maketh the clouds his chariot; who spreadeth out the heavens as a curtain, and holdeth the mountains in the hollow of his hand. If Nature were destitute of colour, or wore the same unvaried hue, we should have none of the enjoyments of vision; our sight would become defective, for we should no longer be able to distinguish one object from another. We could not distinguish the joyous bride in her nuptial robes from the weeping widow clad in sable garments. It would require a journey before we could pronounce whether an adjacent inclosure were a churchyard or a field of wheat. The benefit of sight would be almost lost; we could neither write to others, nor others to us; we could no longer hold intercourse with the illustrious dead in the pages of literature; we could no more become wise by the wisdom of past ages; we could no longer leave on record the testimony of experience, and the attainments of knowledge for the benefit of succeeding generations. No longer could the affectionate

father or the departing mother hold converse with their sons in distant lands. No longer could we rejoice with men afar off, and no more could we weep with them that weep, if located on distant shores. Half the wisdom of life, and half the hallowed sorrows, and half the sacred joys that influence our breasts would be wiped away, and poor, desolate man would be, as a renowned writer quaintly expresses it, "less than the half of the half of himself." As none could read, and none could print, books, that now are the charm of life, would form no part of our enjoyments. The face of Nature would wear no charms, the dell would be no longer lovely, the dale would yield no moments of delight, though it were upon summer's eve. The moon, in her silent course of solitary grandeur, would no longer attune the thoughts to reflection, or the mind to repose; no impress of power would convey solemn ideas to the beholder. The sun might burn, but for us he would not shine; the mountain's side would present no beauties to the eye, the flowing stream could afford no charm to the prospect; to the eye of the artist all would be barren and devoid of attraction. The thrilling fascinations of scenery would no longer give sweetness to the poet's verse, or vigour to his harmonious lines.

Had our fields been clothed with black, man would have walked all his days in the house of mourning, and sad and sombre would have been the thoughts within him; had the scenery been red, madness might have been the effect produced; had it been white, the eye would have been dazzled, if not injured by the splendour. But He who clothes the grass of the fields, and numbers the feathers on the sparrow's wing, has given to the earth a joyous dress, and clothed the heavens, the sea, and the land in green and blue, tinged with gentle white—colours the most congenial to the eye; and lest even these should weary man's feeble powers of sight, the same Supreme Power has given to the green and the blue two hundred varieties of shade, and has also scattered o'er the face of Nature the mild influence of the rainbow tints. But while the charms of colour are generally diffused, in one case colour is withheld, and the absence is the greater blessing: the *air* is not coloured; if it had been tinged with any colour it must have been visible, and every object must have been disfigured, as objects that are seen through a coloured medium.

The comfort of our homes, the supply of our

wants, the luxuries of our land, and her commercial greatness, with all the aggregate of wealth, of honour, and of influence which that commerce confers upon the nation, are produced by Nature's ADAPTATION. A part of the earth's contents is *combustible*, namely, COAL, but happily, by another wise and merciful ADAPTATION, the earth itself is *not combustible*; were it so, the bonfire that is kindled by a child might set the world in flames. Can this marvellous ADAPTATION be a mere undesigned property possessed by matter, or is it the result of perfect Wisdom?

(To be continued.)

A LETTER FROM THE NESTORIANS.

OUR readers will be glad to hear that the Nestorian brethren, Yohanian and Yuseph, have arrived at Constantinople in good health.

The following is a translation of a letter which has just been received from them:—

"MY BELOVED BRETHREN,

"The Presbyter Mar COWPER,

"The Missionary Mar SALTER,—

"Brethren in the faith, all of you, elect of God, the Church that is true, that is in the fear of God; true converts, perfect confessors, honourable readers of the words of true doctrine in the Old and New (Testament), that is to say, true brethren of London. I, Presbyter Yohanian, of Sharmakia, make known to you the love there is in us towards you, towards all your churches, and towards our beloved brethren in the Lord. Your love in truth abideth with us all the days of our life. In this world we are divided from one another. In another world our Lord Jesus Christ will not separate us from one another.

"We arrived at Constantinople on the 15th of Elul (Sept. 27th), on the Sabbath day. Our Lord Jesus Christ helped us from all the waves of the sea. We ask of you, faithful brethren, that ye forget us not in your prayers, us who came without a tongue to you. Ye have dealt kindly with us. Our Lord Jesus Christ reward your love in the kingdom of heaven. Amen.

"We tarry at Constantinople ten days."

(Here follow salutations to various persons whose acquaintance the Nestorians made when in London.)

"Ask the peace of all the faithful brethren of London.

"The grace of God be with you. Amen.

"Written in the month Elul, the 21st in it (Oct. 3rd), on Friday, in the year of Christ, 1862."

The letter is endorsed as follows:—"Salutations from Presbyter Yohanian, a faithful brother; from Yuseph, a faithful brother; to the faithful brethren of London. Fare ye well and happy. Amen."

Dr. Perkins has also written and transmits a favour-

able report of the journey to Constantinople. The party were to start for Trebizonde by steamer, on the Black Sea, the day after Dr. Perkins wrote his letter.

THE ALARM BIRD;

OR, GOD'S PROVIDENTIAL CARE.

NEAR the Coppermine River, which falls into Hudson's Bay, live a tribe of Indians, who traverse the immense dreary solitudes that surround them, in pursuit of deer or other game, from which they derive their sole subsistence. The animals, however, taught by experience to shun the haunts of men, and instinctively led to conceal themselves in the most sequestered spots, would with difficulty be discovered, were it not for one of the winged tribe, of the owl genus, called the Alarm Bird.

No sooner does this bird desry man or beast, than it directs its flight towards them, and hovering over them, forms gyrations round their head. Should two objects at once arrest its attention, it flies from one to the other alternately, with a loud screaming resembling the crying of a child; and in this manner it will follow travellers, or attend a herd of deer, for the space of a day together.

By means of this guide, whose qualities so well correspond with its name, the Copper Indians are apprised of the approach of strangers, or directed to the herds of deer and musk oxen which otherwise they would frequently miss. Is it to be wondered at, then, that they hold the Alarm Bird in the highest veneration? It seems, indeed, to have been intended by Providence for the solace and friend of the miserable inhabitants of those wild and sterile regions; and will furnish a new evidence of that superintending care which watches over all.

The *cuculus indicator*, so celebrated in the warmer climates for detecting the treasures of the bees, in the deep recesses of the woods, within the hollow trunk of trees, has, or may be thought to have, a view and an object in its services. It feels the want of human assistance, to enable it to enjoy the fruits of its discoveries, and therefore instinctively calls for it, in hopes of being recompensed with a share of the honey, which, we are told, the natives readily allow it; but the Alarm Bird seems totally disinterested in its labours, it answers no purpose of its own, and therefore may be considered as one of the bounties of Heaven to a people and a country almost shut out from a participation of the common blessings of life.

TENDERNESS TO THE SINFUL.

SCORN not the guilty man, but plead

With him in kindest, gentlest mood,

And back the lost one thou may'st lead

To God, humanity, and good!

Thou art thyself but man, and thou

Art weak, perchance, to fall as he;

Then mercy to the fallen show,

That mercy may be shown to thee!

Scripture Illustrations.

(Acts ix. 1-25.)

VERSE 1. "And Saul, yet breathing out threatenings and slaughter against the disciples of the Lord, went unto the high priest."

The persecuting spirit of Saul has already been recorded (chap. viii. 3), so far as Jerusalem itself is concerned. We now find him entertaining the idea of persecuting the disciples even unto strange cities, as he afterwards confessed (chap. xxvi. 11). In pursuance of this project he goes to the high priest. Some have said that this was Theophilus, but we are rather inclined to agree with Dr. Alexander:—"Who was high priest at this time can only be conjectured, as the time itself is far from being certain, the opinions of interpreters ranging through a period of ten years (from A.D. 31 to 41). This uncertainty, however, has no more effect upon the clearness of the history than the similar question with respect to the nativity of Christ. Caiaphas, under whom our Lord was put to death, appears to have remained in office till the Passover of the year 37, when he was removed by Vitellius, the proconsul of Syria, to whose province Judea was attached, and his place filled, first by Jonathan; and after a few weeks by Theophilus, who held it till he was displaced by Agrippa, A.D. 41. Both these were sons, as Caiaphas was son-in-law, of Ananias, or Annas. One of them was probably the high priest to whom Paul went on this occasion."

Verse 2. "And desired of him letters to Damascus to the synagogues, that if he found any of this way, whether they were men or women, he might bring them bound unto Jerusalem."

The object of these letters was the authority to bring the disciples as prisoners from Damascus to Jerusalem to be punished. (Compare ver. 14 and chaps. xxii. 5 and xxvi. 12.) The power of the high priest and the Sanhedrim over distant synagogues must have been considerable. As the Christian converts were mostly Jews, they would be regarded as apostates to be chastised. At this time the civil power was in the hands of the Romans, but they seem to have left the Sanhedrim and high priest the authority to judge in religious cases. Several examples of this kind have been already recorded in previous chapters of this book. In this case the letters were to the synagogues, and therefore related solely to offences against the Jewish religion.

"DAMASCUS."

This city was one of great antiquity, and is mentioned in the time of Abraham. Its name very often occurs in the Old Testament, as well as in the profane writers of antiquity. It stands in a pleasant and fertile district between Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon, in what is called Coele Syria, or Hollow Syria. The river which the Greeks called Chrysorrhoas flowed through the city. We might write a volume about Damascus

and its eventful history: we will say but a little. Travellers differ in their opinions of Damascus as it is, but they all agree upon one point, which is, that its inhabitants are remarkably fanatical and bigoted. Their hatred of Christians is almost proverbial, and showed itself in a dreadful manner two or three years ago, during the massacres. The streets of Damascus are narrow and irregular for the most part, but the place is populous, and the centre of a considerable trade. Externally, many of the houses are mean, and no doubt they are so internally as well; but the interior of many of them is splendid, and indicative of luxury and wealth. The bazaars are interesting and important. The mosques are numerous and splendid, and several of them were once Christian churches. Such is the principal mosque, formerly the cathedral of St. John, six hundred and fifty feet in length, and one hundred and fifty in breadth. Mr. Robinson says it has a large and beautiful marble court, with a tank of water, and granite columns of the Corinthian order supporting arches. He says:—"During my stay at Damascus, I heard that some Christians, strangers to the town, had been punished (bastinadoed) for merely stopping to look into the court as I had done." The gardens and orchards around Damascus are very extensive, and produce immense quantities of fruit. There do not appear to be many remains of great antiquity. In the time when St. Paul went to Damascus there were so many Jews there that 10,000 are said by Josephus to have been put to death at once. Its present population may be 140,000, of whom 10,000 or 12,000 are Christians, and an equal number Jews. Damascus is perhaps the oldest city in the world, and one which the student of Scripture cannot fail to regard with the deepest interest.

Verse 3. "And as he journeyed, he came near Damascus: and suddenly there shined round about him a light from heaven."

It is not known where Saul was converted, although tradition has fixed upon a hill called Cocab (see on ver. 11), a name which signifies "a star." That the light which flashed upon the Apostle was supernatural is apparent, as also that it indicated the special presence of the Lord, like the Shekinah of the old dispensation.

Verse 5. "It is hard for thee to kick against the pricks."

These words are not to be found in the most ancient copies and versions, and seem to have been inserted here because they are found in chap. xxvi. 14. The expression is one which often occurs in Greek classic authors, and means that the ox which kicks against the goad, and resists his master's will, does it to his own hurt. The ox-goad was a sharp piece of iron, stuck into the end of a stick, and was sometimes a formidable weapon, as appears from the case of Shamgar (Judges iii. 31), who slew 600 men with one.

Verse 10. "And there was a certain disciple at Damascus, named Ananias."

Ananias was a Christian of Damascus, but beyond

this nothing is known of him except what is to be found in this narrative. Some have thought he was one of the seventy sent out by our Lord, but this is a mere conjecture. He was no doubt one of the leaders of the Church at Damascus, as he was chosen to be the instrument of introducing the converted persecutor among the disciples of Christ.

Verse 11. "Arise, and go into the street which is called Straight, and enquire in the house of Judas for one called Saul, of Tarsus: for, behold, he prayeth."

Judas also is one of whom nothing else is known, although at Damascus they profess to show his house, and a closet in it where Saul remained three days without food or drink.

"The street which is called Straight" is still to be seen, stretching across the whole city and its suburbs in a direct line of about three miles, according to Mr. Robinson. One traveller gives a different idea of the distance. He says:—"In a long, broad street, running from east to west, about a mile in length, and forming the principal thoroughfare in the city, which is probably the one called Straight in Acts ix. 11, is a small grotto, or cellar, containing a Christian altar and Turkish praying place. This is said to be the house of Judas, in which Ananias restored sight to Saul." "About a quarter of a mile from the eastern gate of the city a spot is pointed out as the scene of Saul's miraculous conversion. It is marked out by heaps of gravel and earth, the tombs of some devout Christians who lie buried there. On the 25th of January, annually, in commemoration of this event, the Christians in Damascus walk in procession, to read the history of the Apostle's conversion, under the protection of a guard furnished to them by the Pasha. Not far from this spot the part in the wall is also shown from which Paul was let down in the night in a basket (after the manner of Rahab, in the case of the spies), in order to avoid the persecuting Jews, who watched at the gate to kill him, on account of his change of religion."

"Tarsus," a city of Cilicia, the birthplace of Saul, is here mentioned for the first time in the New Testament. We shall describe it further on.

Verse 20. "And straightway he preached Christ in the synagogues, that he is the Son of God."

Saul obtained letters to the synagogues in Damascus, to enable him to execute his persecuting projects; but his conversion changed his purpose, and he went to the same synagogues as a preacher of the Gospel. The word "synagogue" properly means a congregation of persons, but among the Jews it often refers to the places in which they met for worship. Its use, in fact, exactly corresponded to that of the word "church" among ourselves. The introduction of synagogues is usually referred to the time of the Babylonish captivity. In the time of our Lord, synagogues existed throughout Judea, in Syria, Cyprus, Asia Minor, Greece, Egypt, and most likely at Rome and elsewhere. Pious Jews met every Sabbath

to hear the Scriptures read, and for prayer. Religious persons, who were not members of the congregation, were permitted or invited to deliver an address, and it was owing to this custom that our Lord and his disciples were allowed so often to preach the Gospel in the synagogues. Saul himself began his public labours in this way, and availed himself of all such opportunities to the last.

Verse 22. "But Saul increased the more in strength, and confounded the Jews which dwelt at Damascus, proving that this is very Christ."

As already intimated, these were very numerous, amounting to many thousands, and there are still many of them in the city. Saul confounded the Jews: that is, he refuted their arguments, and put them to silence, so that they could no longer dispute with him. But, although confuted, many of them remained unconverted, and they plotted the death of the preacher. They hoped to fall upon him as he left the city.

Verse 25. "Then the disciples took him by night, and let him down by the wall in a basket."

This plot became known to Saul, and as it involved him in imminent danger, it was resolved to procure his escape, if possible. From 2 Cor. xi. 32 we learn that the Jews had enlisted some of the authorities. The verse alluded to is, literally translated, "In Damascus the ethnarch of Aretas the king garrisoned the city of the Damascenes, desiring to take me." This ethnarch was a chief magistrate, or prefect, and Aretas was a king of Arabia Petrea, who for a short time held Damascus, about A.D. 39-40. The allusion to Aretas in 2 Cor. xi. 32 is very important, because it enables us to fix the date when Paul left Damascus, and possibly it may explain why he went into Arabia, as recorded in Gal. i. 17. He could go into Arabia without leaving the actual dominions of Aretas.

While, however, the agency of the Arabian chief in forbidding Saul's escape was instigated, if not purchased, by the Jews, "the disciples took him by night, and let him down by the wall in a basket." This mode of escape may seem to be singular, but it is easy to understand. Here the Greek says he was let down *through* the wall, and in 2 Cor. xi. 33 we read that he was let down *through* a *window*, or aperture. In Josh. ii. 15 we read that Rahab took the spies, and "let them down by a cord through the window: for her house was upon the town wall, and she dwelt upon the wall." In all ages houses have been partly erected upon town walls in Eastern countries, and they are often referred to by travellers to this day. As we have seen, they still pretend to show at Damascus the place where the Apostle was let down. Dr. Thomson shows that even now baskets are sometimes secretly let down through windows upon town walls. The case he mentions is that of a boy at Sidon, who wanted to get oranges from a garden outside. Quite recently we read a narrative in which the writer says he was glad to escape from some Eastern city, and did so in the same way as the

Apostle—by being let down by the wall in a basket. How singular the coincidences between God's Word and what we find in the East at the present day!

DR. RIDGLEY ON THE NAMES AND OFFICES OF CHRIST.

CHRIST is described in Scripture as the Prophet of his Church, and there are many expressions setting forth his prophetic office.

He calls himself our *Master*, or the Lord of our faith, and as such he is distinguished from all other teachers, advising his disciples to refuse the title of *rabbi*, for, says he, "One is your master, even Christ."

He is called a *Lawgiver*, or the one and only Lawgiver, and it is added that he differs from all other lawgivers, in that he is *able to save and to destroy*.

He is also called the *Angel or Messenger of the Covenant*, who reveals the covenant of grace to us, and brings the glad tidings that God is in him reconciling the world to himself.

Christ is also called the *Apostle* as well as the High Priest of our profession, as he was first sent of his heavenly Father to publish peace, before he appointed others who are called apostles, or inferior ministers to him, to pursue the same design.

He is also styled a *Witness to the people*, their *Leader and Commander*.

Several metaphorical expressions denote the execution of his office, as the *Light that shineth in darkness*. Thus the prophet Isaiah describes him saying to the Church, "Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee." (Isaiah lx. 1.)

He is compared to the sun, the fountain of light, and so called the "Sun of righteousness," that was to "arise with healing in his wings" (Mal. iv. 2), and "the bright and morning Star" (Rev. xxii. 16).

TO A MOTHER BEREAVED OF HER FIRST-BORN.

THE life ethereal, sublime,
Wastes not beneath the senseless clod;
The folded bud has changed its clime,
And opens in the light of God;
The soul its mortal chrysalis has riven,
And spreads its wings a seraph bright in heaven.

JUDGE NOT.

"I WOULDN'T have done this or that!" How often do we hear this declaration! and how absurd it is. Who knows what persons may do till they are tried and tempted? Not we or you. It is one thing to sit calmly down and theorise about life and its mischances, and another to meet them face to face, when they sweep over us like a whirlwind before we have time to cry, "Lord, save us!" Therefore, when you see an erring brother that has committed a crime, do not say, "I would not have done so." Wait till your turn comes, or rather, do not wait till then; but, avoiding vain boasting, lean only on Him who giveth help in time of our greatest need. This only is our safety in the difficult lesson of self-government.

The Editor and his friends.

EDITORIAL CONVERSATIONS WITH K. I., I., J. M., I. R. S. C., I. B., M. R. G., W. H. B., I. R. D., ROBERT G., AND OTHER FRIENDS.

CHAPTER XI.

F. "If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine."—John vii. 17.

"He calleth unto him whom he would."—Mark iii. 13. E. Formerly the words "will" and "would" were used to express—to intend, to wish, to desire. "If any man will do his will"—that is, if any man *wishes* to do his will—"he shall know of the doctrine." "Whosoever will save his life shall lose it"—that is, whosoever *wishes* to save it. "He calleth unto him whom he would"—that is, He calleth unto him whom he wished or desired to come. We have an example in one of the Collects—

"O merciful God, who hast made all men, and hast nothing that thou hast made, nor wouldest the death of a sinner"—meaning thereby, "doth not desire the death of a sinner."

F. How are we to understand that portion of Scripture which tells us that God rested from his labours? Is there not a deeper meaning in these words than is usually taken?—Gen. ii. 2.

E. We are of opinion that there is a grand and sublime truth involved in these words. That God rested from his labours is, of course, not to be understood as implying weariness, but a cessation from action. The Deity ceased calling creatures into existence, and we venture to think we discern a possible reason. God, in his unerring wisdom, has been pleased to make this globe the scene of many acts of creative power, and science has been enabled, in strict conformity with Scripture, to trace these stupendous acts. The result of these investigations tends to establish *five* distinct periods in the history of this earth, all prior to the days of Adam, whose era constituted the sixth period. In each of these periods God was pleased to exercise his creative power, and when, "in the fulness of time," each period was, by the act of God, terminated, another era followed, and each era was distinguished by a higher order of existence. Thus did the works of creation during these eras continue to progress; and when the sixth period arrived in this ascending order of creation, God MADE MAN; and as this newly-created being—MAN—

1. Was made in the image of God;
2. Was endowed with a portion of the Divine nature;
3. Was invested with immortality; and as,
4. The Second Person in the Godhead designed, in after ages, to take upon himself the form of a man;
5. To assume the nature of a man;
6. To take to himself the appellation of "the Son of Man;" and
7. To bear this, his human form, into the heavens;—we are induced, when reading in the sacred annals of creation that "God rested from his work which he had created and made," to allow the thought to possess our minds that it was designed to tell us that God ceased to create, not being willing to advance any higher in the work of creation by calling into existence any order of

creatures that would be superior to man. Man, thus honoured, is now occupying the sixth period of the earth's history; therefore, if we judge according to analogy from the events of the past, and according to prophecy, which has revealed to us the events of the future, we arrive at the conclusion that there will be a seventh period in this earth's history, and that this seventh period will be far grander and far more glorious than the brightest scenes of past ages; and that in this seventh, or perfect period, man, redeemed from Satan and from death, will be elevated to a degree of glory, of honour, and of power, higher than has been attained by any created beings; for the nearest around the Throne of the Eternal, as seen in the Apocalyptic vision, was not angels, and principalities, and powers, but the persons of the redeemed—the sons and daughters of the Most High, the children of God, the brethren of Christ, the sharers of the throne, the kingdom, and the glory of the Mediatorial King. The contemplation of this future greatness assigned to the spirits of the just made perfect has long occupied our thoughts; and, by the aid of science, we look back at the past, and by the guidance of Holy Scripture we look forward to the future, and we think we have thereby an assurance of the blissful state that must succeed the present era; and the science that furnishes the scoffer with his fancied arguments against the truth, when understood by the light of Scripture, confirms our faith in the unerring word of the ever-living God.

F. "Be ye perfect, even as your Father in heaven is perfect." "If we say we have no sin, we deceive ourselves." How are these reconcileable?

E. The first passage here quoted states our duty, the second states our condition. We imagine that nothing short of perfection in morals can be the fitting standard for perfect purity to adopt, although that standard can never be attained by mortals. It is the duty of every Christian man to strive for perfection; and though he may not gain his point, he will greatly gain, and he will gain his reward.

W. H. B., when asking a question, signs himself "A Sinner saved by Grace."

As our desire is to be faithful and useful to our correspondents, we trust he will receive our remarks in a wise and kind spirit, when we say—Avoid those things which give needless offence. Sharp words and acts which tend to present religion to the minds of others in a repulsive form. We hope that our correspondent may realise all the fulness of the blessings implied in his words; but, at the same time, we doubt the wisdom of the signature adopted, though the statement may be true; for many will question the piety of the writer. They will be ready enough to allow that "the sinner" may exist, but they will deny the presence of "the grace." This may be folly, but then it will be said, if folly, it is excited by folly. We believe that there are several really good men who at times take this description to themselves in their correspondence, but there are few well-informed persons who give these worthy men credit for a sound judgment or for good taste. The Apostolic injunction applies to this as well as to other things:—"Let not, then, your good be evil spoken of."

F. "Thou hast deceived me, and I was deceived." Is this a correct translation, and what does it mean?—Jer. xx. 7.

E. Dr. Waterland translates the passage thus: "Thou hast over-persuaded me." But Buxtorf, Gesenius, and Schindler render the words, "Thou didst persuade me, and I was persuaded."

F. "The zeal of thine house hath eaten me up."

E. The intense desire to promote the glory of God, by obedience to his will, rendered the Saviour indifferent to the perils that his zeal might bring upon himself from the wrath of his enemies.

There is much that is sound and excellent in the theological letter which J. B. has been pleased to address to us. The letter needs no reply, beyond the assurance of our approbation, and the expression of our thanks.

F. "God spake unto Moses face to face," and "No man can see my face and live." How are these portions of Scripture to be reconciled?

E. The first passage refers to Christ, the Second Person in the sacred Trinity. It was Christ who conversed with Moses. The second passage refers to God the Father, the First Person in the sacred Trinity, whom no man hath seen, nor can see; who dwelleth in light inaccessible; who is the Invisible God.

The questions submitted by M. A. M. have received answers in former numbers.

F. What connection is there between the faith of the bearers and the man sick of the palsy?—Matt. ix. 2.

E. Faith is seen in actions as well as heard in words. The bearers testified their faith in Christ's power by bringing their sick friend, and the sick man showed his faith by consenting to be brought. They displayed their belief by the efforts they made to approach the Saviour, and the paralytic exhibited the energy of his faith in Christ by the peril he incurred when let down from the upper part of the building, in order that he might be deposited at the Saviour's feet.

F. "Jacob have I loved, but Esau have I hated."

E. This is a Hebrew mode of expressing a higher or a lower degree of regard—"Jacob have I loved greatly, Esau have I loved less."

F. "All Scripture is given by inspiration of God"—but all Scripture was not written when Timothy received the Epistle that contains these words.—2 Tim. iii. 16.

E. The words were applied by St. Paul to the writings of the Old Testament. The inspiration of the various books that constitute the New Testament is proved by other testimony. St. John, who wrote the closing book of the New Testament many years after all the other books were written, not only recognises them as of Divine authority, but tells us also of his own inspiration.—Rev. i. 11.

F. We read of David's errors, and yet we are told that he did that which was right in the sight of God. How can this be?

E. Characters are estimated, not by single acts, but by the general tenour of their lives. A block of silver may contain some grains of tin, but it is silver still. This is the case with all God's servants. A block of tin may contain some grains of silver, but it is still only tin, and this is the case with the men of the world. David's

conduct, as a general rule, was in conformity with the will of God—it was only the occasional acts that were departures from it.

Our correspondent from Manchester is entitled to our thanks for his suggestion. We find that that class of reading which affords him pleasure does not interest the generality of readers.

F. "He shall be called Prince of Peace."—Isa. ix. 6. "I came not to send peace on earth, but a sword."—Matt. x. 34.

E. The latter passage is a figure of speech, in which the effect is put for the cause. Christ's offers to the sinful were offers of peace, but the result was too often contest and persecution between man and man. The state of strife and the state of peace are only questions of time. Both are true; but their effects are to be seen at different periods of the history of the Church of God, and at different periods of the administration of the Prince of Peace.

F. "It was therefore necessary that the patterns of things in the heavens should be purified with these; but the heavenly things themselves with better sacrifices than these."—Heb. ix. 23.

E. By the "patterns of things" we understand the tabernacle and its furniture, which were "copied" from the models in the mount, in conformity with the Divine injunction given to Moses:—"According to all that I show thee, after the pattern of the tabernacle and the pattern of all the instruments thereof, even so shall ye make it."—"And look that thou make them after their pattern, which was showed thee in the mount;" or as it runs in the marginal reading, "which thou wast caused to see." The tabernacle and furniture, thus made, were purified by the blood of the appointed sacrifice. The "holy things" of which the tabernacle was a type denotes heaven itself.

The tabernacle needed purification because of the sins of men, and also to impress upon men's minds, by a solemn act, the infinite holiness of Him whom they sought to approach.

So also the heavens, having been the region in which the fallen angels carried on their rebellion against the Most High, may, in consequence of this wicked deed, have stood in need of purification, which purification may have been effected by the presence of the glorified humanity of Christ; and thus the sacrifice of Christ, that exalted the redeemed from earth to heaven, may also have rendered the heavens pure, and the holy angels spotless in the sight of the Divine Purity. This conjecture on our parts may be received or rejected, as our readers see fit. We offer it as a thought worthy of consideration.

A CASE OF CONSCIENCE.

A correspondent, whom we will designate "A Mourner," has expressed the anguish of mind under which she is suffering, and entreats us to make known the circumstances which have led to her present distress. The writer has hardly entered the prime of life, and is dying of consumption. Some years ago she became anxious about her spiritual welfare, and found comfort in Christ as her Saviour. For a time she continued diligent in all Christian duties, but after-

wards neglected prayer, and yielded to vanity and folly; and a sad result has followed. Prayer and the Scriptures are almost banished for the sake of unprofitable reading. She is now dying, and dying almost in despair; and her cry to others is, "Never, never neglect to ask God, for Christ's sake, that you may be kept secure by his strength." We have thus complied with our correspondent's request, and we exhort her to comply with ours, by following the counsel offered to another, and which is to be found in the 68th page of the present volume of *THE QUIVER*. Great will be our delight to hear that her sorrow is, by God's mercy, turned into joy, and that she is rescued from despair, again to rejoice in God her Saviour.

A CASE OF CHARITY.

We have received a report of the Albion Schools, and have been requested to urge the claims of these schools to the public favour. It does not fall within our province to do these things, or it would be a very easy, as well as a gratifying labour, to show that no man could expend his pounds or his pence unwisely who selected as the object of his benevolence a school energetically carried on in the parish of Bethnal Green, with a population of upwards of 100,000 souls, and numbering something like 30,000 children. Schools in localities like these, amidst a teeming population, ought to need no advocacy; and we hope that the Albion Schools of Oxford Street, Bethnal Green, will never stand in need of any aid which we can render.

"IT BECOMETH US TO FULFIL ALL RIGHTEOUSNESS."

OUR blessed Lord here, while he insists on what became him in his own peculiar character, leaves a record of the duty of mankind in general—that they comply with all the commandments and ordinances of God. Whatever God ordains is part of the *righteousness* which man is to *fulfil*. The baptism of John was an ordinance of God. In many respects it was not applicable to our Lord, for it was the "baptism of repentance," and accompanied by confession of sin; but it was a divine appointment at that time in force, therefore Christ complied with it, as he complied with the rite of circumcision.

Learn from this example to reverence God's ordinances, and to seek in them further communications of his grace. Do not neglect them, and pretend that they are not profitable. Though the benefit of baptism may not be perceived immediately, though an increase of grace may not always be experienced from attendance at the Lord's table; though you may fancy that the liveliness of your devotion is not heightened by "assembling yourselves together," still they are divine ordinances, and "*it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness.*" The most advanced Christian will be the first to value them, and the most constant to observe them, otherwise he is not entitled to the character of an advanced Christian, but is wanting both in faith and humility.

The Student's Page.

JESUS IS THE PRINCE OF PEACE.

By his life he preached it.
By taking our nature and dying he made it.
At his death he bequeathed it.
By his Spirit he imparts it.
And at his second coming it shall be fully and eternally enjoyed.

THE DISCOURSES OF JESUS, ARRANGED IN A CHRONOLOGICAL ORDER.

No.	Places.	
1	Conversation with Ni- codemus	Jerusalem John iii. 1-21
2	Conversation with the woman of Samaria ...	Sychar John iv. 1-42
3	Discourse in the Syna- gogue of Nazareth ...	Nazareth Luke iv. 16-31
4	Sermon upon the Mount	Nazareth Matt. v. 7
5	Instructions to the Apostles ...	Galilee Matt. x.
6	Denunciations against Chorazin, &c. ...	Galilee Matt. xi. 20-24
7	Discourse on occasion of healing the infirm man at Bethesda ...	Jerusalem John v.
8	Discourse concerning the disciples plucking ears of corn on the Sabbath ...	Judea Matt. xii. 1-3
9	Refutation of his work- ing miracles by the agency of Beelzebub ...	Capernaum Matt. xii. 22-37
10	Discourse on the bread of life ...	Capernaum John vi.
11	Discourse about inter- nal purity ...	Capernaum Matt. xv. 1-20
12	Discourse against giving or taking offence, and concerning forgiveness of injuries ...	Capernaum Matt. xviii.
13	Discourse at the Feast of Tabernacles ...	Jerusalem John vii.
14	Discourse on occasion of the woman taken in adultery ...	Jerusalem John viii. 1-11
15	Discourse concerning the sheep ...	Jerusalem John x.
16	Denunciations against the Scribes and Phari- sees ...	Perseus Luke xi. 29-36
17	Discourse concerning humility and prudence	Galilee Luke xiv. 7-14
18	Directions how to attain heaven ...	Perseus Matt. xix. 16-30
19	Discourse concerning his sufferings ...	Jerusalem Matt. xx. 17-19
20	Denunciations against the Pharisees ...	Jerusalem Matt. xxiii.
21	Prediction of the de- struction of Jerusalem	Jerusalem Matt. xxiv.
22	The consolatory dis- course ...	Jerusalem John xiv. - xvii.
23	Discourse as he went to Gethsemane ...	Jerusalem Matt. xxvi. 31- 36
24	Discourse to the dis- ciples before his ascen- sion ...	Jerusalem Matt. xxviii. 16- 20

THE BIBLE.

THE more you read your Bible the more you will love it, and the more you love it, the holier and happier you

will become. It will be a sovereign remedy for all the evils of life; it will deprive death of its terrors, and give you a well-founded hope of happiness beyond the grave.

OMNISCIENT.

By this title is denoted a perfect knowledge of all things; not only of all things that now are, but also of all things that ever have been, or that ever will be: a knowledge unlimited by space or time, incapable of increase or diminution, but at once full, complete, perfect, and abiding. In this doctrine there is great consolation to the sincere worshipper of God. For whereas men will often misrepresent him, refuse to give him credit for honest motives, and judge falsely of his acts, God, who reads the heart, will deal justly towards him and vindicate his cause.

This doctrine is asserted in Heb. iv. 13; Prov. xv. 11; Job xxxiv. 21; xlii. 2; Ps. cxxxix. 1-5; Jer. xvii. 10; xxii. 19; Rev. ii. 23.

It is explained and illustrated in Gen. iv. 8-12; vi. 7-14; xviii. 19; Exod. iii. 7; 2 Kings vi. 8-12; Matt. ix. 4; Mark ix. 33; John i. 48.

It is applied in 2 Kings xix. 27; Ps. i. 6; Nahum i. 7; 2 Tim. ii. 19.

SERMONS IN MINIATURE; OR, AIDS TO THE BIBLICAL STUDENT.—III.

"The Lord thy God shall guide thee continually."

I.—WHAT does the Lord's guidance imply?

The combined exercise of his wisdom, faithfulness, and love.

1. His wisdom, Exod. xiii. 17, 18; Deut. xxxii. 10, 11; Ps. cvi. 7.

2. His faithfulness, Gen. xxviii. 15; Exod. xiii. 21, 22; Isa. xlii. 16.

3. His love, Ps. xxiii.; Hosea ii. 14.

II.—How is the Lord's guidance manifested?

1. By the clear declarations of his word, Ps. cxix. 21, 105; Joshua i. 7, 8.

2. By the distinct leadings of his providence, Gen. xxv. 12-15.

3. By the secret intimations of his Spirit, Neh. ix. 20; Isa. lxiii. 11; xxx. 21; Rom. viii. 14.

III.—What dispositions are suitable under the Lord's guidance?

1. An habitual walk with God, Ps. lxxiii. 23, 24.

2. A subdued will, Ps. xxxii. 8, 9; Isa. xlvi. 17, 18.

3. Implicit faith, Heb. xi. 8; Ps. lxiii. 8; Rev. xiv. 4.

4. Prompt obedience, Exod. xl. 36, 37; Gal. i. 16.

O Lord, let me not frustrate the intentions of thy love by attempting to guide myself; and let me not provoke thee to leave me to myself, by refusing to follow thy guidance. Oh, guide me with thy counsel here, and afterwards receive me to thy glory, for thy dear Son's sake. Amen.

HINTS FOR STUDENTS.

COMPOSITION that costs little is generally worth little. Easy writing is very hard reading; and for young and unpractised writers to forget or neglect this principle is to make themselves ridiculous, and their writings useless. A distinguished author wrote a portion of his great work twenty-one times; and an eminent orator declares that he wrote his most effective speech twenty-seven times before he felt satisfied with his production.

SELF-RIGHTEOUSNESS.

"God, I thank thee that I am not as other men are," &c. Now the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees is described here by a Pharisee himself. We find it was twofold :—

1. It consisted in doing no harm to others.
2. In attending all the ordinances of God then established in the Jewish economy. And in these things they were not like *other men*, the bulk of the inhabitants of the land paying little or no attention to them. This Pharisee did no harm to others. "I am not *rapacious*, nor *unjust*, nor an *adulterer*. I seize no man's property through false pretences. I take the advantage of no man's ignorance in buying or selling. I avoid every species of uncleanness. In a word, I do to others as I wish them to do to me." How many of those called Christians are not half as good as this Pharisee! And yet he was far from the kingdom of God. "I give tithes of all that I possess." The Pharisee's meaning seems to be, "As fast as I gain anything, I give the tenth part of it to the house of God and to the poor." Those who dedicate a certain part of their earnings to the Lord should never let it rest with themselves, lest *possession* should produce *covetousness*. This was the Pharisee's righteousness, on which he builded his hope of final salvation. That the Pharisees had a strong opinion of their own righteousness, the following history will prove :—

Rabbi Simeon, the son of Jochai, said: "The whole world is not worth thirty righteous persons, such as our father Abraham. If there were only *thirty* righteous persons in the world, I and my son should make two of them; but if there were but *twenty*, I and my son would be of the number; and if there were but *ten*, I and my son would be of the number; and if there were but *five*, I and my son would be of the five; and if there were but *two*, I and my son would be those two; and if there were but *one*, myself should be that one!" This is genuine specimen of Pharisaic pride. No wonder that our Lord accused these of pride and vain glory; they were far from humility, and far from righteousness.—*Dr. Adam Clarke.*

Youths' Department.

THE HARD KNOT.—A STORY FOR LITTLE PEOPLE.

LITTLE Freddy Esmond is one of the pleasantest children in the world, unless something happens to make him cross. He has hazel eyes, and beautiful brown hair to match, and a sweet, smiling face that every one loves to look at. But I am sorry to say that his lovely, bright face often looks like the sky on a rainy day.

It was only a few days ago that he spoiled his fine face; and as I looked at him, it almost seemed to me it could not be Freddy Esmond. He was

hurrying to get ready for breakfast, and I heard him say, "This hateful old knot; plague take this old shoe!"

I was sitting in the next room, waiting for the breakfast-bell to ring; and when I heard Freddy calling down "plagues" on his "old shoe," I thought I would go and help him; but his mother laid her hand on my arm as I rose from my chair, and said, in a low tone, "You must not go; I should be glad to go myself and help him, but I want to teach him patience. Almost every morning lately he has got his shoe-string into a hard knot, just by being in a hurry, and then he has no patience to get it out."

"Oh! do let me go and get it out for him," I said.

"No, no," said his mother. "I want him to do it himself."

Just then the boy called to his mother in a very loud voice, "Mother, mother, do come here; come soon, and get this hateful old knot out for me."

His mother went to the door, and said, in a quieting tone, "I should be glad to do it for you, my son; but I think it is better for you to do it yourself. You would always have plenty of time to get ready for breakfast, without jerking your shoe-string into a knot, if you would get up when I call you."

"But I'm sleepy, and I can't."

"That is a foolish excuse, Freddy. You know I never call you while you are sleepy, for I want you to sleep as long as you can; so I always wait until you are wide awake."

"But this is a hateful old knot, and the breakfast-bell will ring in a minute, and I can't wait to get it out."

"Never mind the breakfast-bell this morning," said his mother, in a kind, quiet way. "You shall have your breakfast kept warm for you; but you must get this knot out yourself, if it takes you an hour."

"I can't wait to get it out," said Freddy again; "I want to get breakfast with the rest. There, now; the bell rings, and I'll be bound Susan knew my shoe-string was in a hard knot, and rung it earlier than usual just to plague me. Susan is a hateful girl; she's worse than this knot, and I'll tell her so."

"I cannot listen to you any longer," said his mother, "and I do not want to talk with you while you are so angry. As soon as you are dressed, and feel pleasantly again, you can come to breakfast."

It took Freddy some time to untie his shoe-string, and get dressed, and feel pleasantly again; but before we had finished breakfast, he made his appearance.

I did not really look at him, I only glanced at him; for I knew that when a boy has been acting badly, and feels ashamed of it, he does not like to be looked at. Freddy ate his breakfast in silence, and no notice was taken of him or of his bad behaviour.

In the course of the morning I proposed going out to walk; for I was a stranger, and wanted to see the town.

"You can't find your way about alone," said Freddy, "for you've never been here before. I'll go with you, if you want me to go. I can show you everything; for I've been everywhere, and seen everything myself."

Freddy was in his pleasantest mood, and I gladly accepted him as a guide; and I found him just the guide I wanted, and very good company too.

After showing me all the public buildings and the most beautiful residences in town, he turned into a quiet, shady street.

"This street," said he, "I call my street, for I always come here, and walk all alone, when I get tired."

"I suppose," said I, "that you mean when you get tired of hard knots."

Freddy laughed a little, and put his hands into his pockets, and did not speak until I said a little more, and drew him out; and then he told me what hard work it was to untie a hard knot, and how he would rather go barefooted than have so much trouble with his shoe-strings, and how his patience was tried.

"Now, Freddy," I said, "I want to give you a little advice. I am not a very old woman, but then you know *I am grown up*, and you are not; and I, of course, know a great deal that you do not. I really think, Freddy, that those *hard knots* are worth a great deal to you."

Freddy's eyes suddenly opened very wide, and he looked as if he wanted to say, "What can the woman mean?"

"Yes, I really think so," said I. "Those hard knots are worth everything to you. You will never make a man unless you have *patience* among your virtues. You will never be good for much without patience, and your patience never will be good for much unless it is *tried*."

"Well, don't you like to have things go right with you?" said Freddy, looking at me earnestly. "It most kills me to have my shoe-strings get into a hard knot, and it always seems to me I can't stand it another minute. But I am obliged to stand it, for my mother will never let me off. She always makes me persevere."

"And you think she does right, don't you?"

"Yes, I do," said Freddy, good-naturedly; "but it's rare hard work to stand it."

"I have no doubt of it, Freddy," said I; "but just remember that people who try to live in this world without patience have a very hard time of it. Shoe-strings will get into a knot sometimes, even when we get up very early in the morning, and have plenty of time to get ready for breakfast. And all along through the day, and all along through our lives, we shall find hard knots to be untied; and these knots will not always be in shoe-strings either."

We shall find them everywhere, in almost everything; and if we jerk, and twitch, and pull, and scowl up our faces, and *get out of breath and in a hurry*, it will only make bad worse, and everything will go wrong as long as we live. Now, Freddy, whenever you have a hard knot to untie, just say to yourself, '*Have patience, Freddy Esmond; have patience.*'"

The day after my talk with Freddy, I went into his room. A large piece of pasteboard hung over his bed, attracting my attention. And what do you think was written on it? Why, in large letters, he had got some one to print for him, "*Have patience, Freddy Esmond; have patience.*"

And so say we to our little friends. Therefore when disposed to be cross or peevish, or out of patience, think of Freddy Esmond and the story in THE QUIVER.

THE APPROACHABLE KING.

AN EASTERN STORY.

A POET, whose name was Delah, attracted by the fame of Ogtai Khan's munificence, undertook a journey on foot from the remotest part of Tartary to the seat of government, in order to implore the royal bounty, he being then incapable of discharging a debt of five hundred bulishes, which embarrassment prevented him from pursuing his studies. After some difficulty, he obtained access to the Khan, who entered into conversation with him, and ordered him double the sum which he solicited. The prime minister remonstrated with his master upon this profuse grant, which, he said, was extravagant. "Have you not heard," replied the prince, "that the poor man has travelled over mountains, deserts, and rivers, merely on the reliance which he has had upon our generosity; and should we send him back with no more than what will barely pay his debts, by what means will he support himself on the journey?" The vizier, still unmoved, said, "But your Majesty has not been informed that this man has had the audacity to write a satire against me, for having denied him an audience on so impertinent a business." "Is it so?" answered Ogtai; "then you shall give him another thousand, that he may have to say when he goes home there is one monarch in the world who knows how to punish a minister for blocking up access to the throne."

A CHILD'S VIEW OF THE SABBATH.

"MOTHER, I suppose one reason why they call the Sabbath a holy day is because it is such a loving day," said a little boy, as he stood by his father's side, and looked up in his mother's face, as she held the baby in her arms.

"Why, is not every day a loving day?" asked his mother. "I love father, and father loves me, and we both love you and baby every day as well as Sunday."

"Yes, mother; but you've no time to tell us so on the week-days," said the little boy. "You have to work, and father has to go off early to his work, and he is so tired when he comes home; but on Sunday he takes me on his knee and tells me Bible stories, and we go to God's house together, and oh, it is such a loving day."

"Yes, my child," said the father, "it is a holy, loving day. God gave it to us in love, that tired men might rest from their hard work, and fathers, who see but little of their children on other days, might teach them and enjoy them that day; and, Harry, God is love, and Jesus Christ is love, and the Sabbath is a gift of love, and the Bible is a book of love, and fathers and mothers and children must live in love, for those who live in love live to God."

THE HONEST BOY.

A MAN was carrying some peaches. They were contained in baskets, covered with cloth, and slung over his shoulder, making a pretty heavy load. By some means one of the covers became loosened, and a number of the tempting looking peaches rolled down upon the side walk, and the man went on without perceiving the loss. A poorly dressed little boy, about ten years old, who was walking a little way behind, observed them, and immediately picked them up. "We expected," said some gentleman, who saw the peaches fall, "to see him put them in his pockets and run away; but we had mistaken the boy. 'Here! here!' he shouted to the man, who stopped, and the honest little fellow restored him his property. He was rewarded with one of the finest of the peaches, and went on his way rejoicing—but that was not all. Just then he met two of his companions, and immediately the little fellow divided his peach with them. We could but love him, ragged and dirty as he was. The part of the peach he had for his own portion was sweetened by kindness, by honesty, and generosity, and was more luscious than the most costly fruit could have been, if obtained dishonestly. We could not but exclaim, 'Here is a child clothed in rags, with honesty and generosity worthy of a prince.'"

Short Arrows.

LIFE AND LEAVES.

THE damps of autumn sink into the leaves and prepare them for the necessity of the fall; and thus, insensibly, are we, as years close around us, detached from our tenacity to life by the gentle pressure of recorded sorrows.

HOPE.

HOPE has been likened to a craft sailing down the stream of time, bearing a burden of human passions. Its beacon light is experience; aspiration is its flag, and truth fills the sails. It is outward bound, and never casts anchor until it furls its sails in the distant port of eternity.

REV. DR. MARSH ON DIVINE LIGHT.

THE mind may be illumined without the heart being changed; but that light is only like the light of the moon: though sometimes beautifully clear, it is always without warmth. But the light of salvation resembles the light of the sun: it warms and influences the heart, and causes it to bring forth fruit; its beneficial influences are seen and felt in the walk and conversation of all those who are thus savingly enlightened by the Holy Spirit.

LOOK NOT TO APPEARANCES.

WERE the Koh-i-noor diamond offered to any of us, as a perfectly free gift, but set in a piece of old rusty iron, or unsightly metal, should we be likely to neglect the precious jewel, never directing our own or our friends' attention to its beauty and intrinsic value, because we were so much taken up in expatiating upon the demerits of the worthless settings? So it is with the Gospel. How little does the Gospel of Christ—that most rare gem—that pearl, priceless above all diamonds, which shall yet light up the darkest corners of the earth—require any casket of clay to enhance its imperishable lustre and brilliancy. Despise not, then, the faithful, but humble and unlettered, preachers of God's word.

LABOUR FOR THE BEST.

DESPAIR not. There is a silver lining to every cloud, a bright side to every picture. After the rain comes the sunshine, after sorrow cometh joy, after labour cometh rest, after death cometh life everlasting and joy unspeakable. Murmur not at your hard lot, but struggle on, hope ever for the best. Do all you can to arrest evil, and calmly bide the issue. If bitter here, the sweeter will be the hereafter. The worst of all is to feel that you deserve the ill that befalls you. Therefore keep a clear conscience, deserve well, and leave the rest to the overruling Power of the universe. Earth is not the end of life. Justice must interpose somewhere. Pray and labour for the reign of justice, and let your life be a constant and unanswerable plea in your behalf.

THE COTTON FAMINE.

THE letters we receive show that a wide-spread sympathy is becoming awakened on behalf of the distressed Lancashire operatives. Subscriptions reach us from distant parts of the country, and from collectors of nearly all ages and conditions of life. The Rev. James Harris, rector of Paglesham, Rochford, Essex, writes:—

"Inclosed I send you a cheque for one sovereign, as a small subscription in aid of the distressed Lancashire operatives. I found the subscription list on my arrival at home, on Saturday last, sent to me from persons on board the *Beagle*, a coast-guard vessel, stationed here, and who are readers of THE QUIVER, and I immediately made their amount up to a pound. I have no doubt that other readers of THE QUIVER in the parish will be induced to add their contributions; but as I was obliged to leave again early on Monday morning, for my health's sake, I have not had the opportunity of soliciting their support. Fully approving of the means which you have adopted for succouring the distressed, I hope I shall have the pleasure on my return of forwarding a larger sum."

We have much pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of the following additional contributions:—

Amount already acknowledged ... £95 9 9

	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
E. Newman ...	0 7 3	A. Grant ...	0 6 9
Instead of going to Ex- hibition ...	0 2 6	Master Huddle ...	0 2 6
A. Danby ...	0 2 0	A Few Friends, Auchin- ton ...	0 2 6
E. K. Pike ...	0 15 6	John Park ...	0 7 1
Collected at Mr. Foulis's ...	0 4 2	J. C. B., Old Jewry ...	0 2 6
Ellen Hughes ...	0 12 2	Mrs. Fowles ...	0 10 0
Jane Hutt ...	0 5 0	W., London ...	0 14 9
John D. Thompson ...	0 2 0	T. Marsh ...	0 2 3
Corneilla ...	0 4 8	M. Howard and Paplis ...	0 4 9
M. Darch ...	0 3 0	W. M. B. D., Kensing- ton ...	0 16 0
S. F. Swansea Vale ...	0 10 0	Blue Skin, Lambeth ...	0 8 1
S. Henley ...	0 10 9	E. and I. Lamont ...	0 3 6
E. N., Lansdown Road ...	0 5 0	J. Forsyth ...	0 1 3
J. W. Moore ...	0 1 7	Brown ...	0 3 7
G. H. Jenner ...	0 8 2	A. P., Suffolk ...	1 9 0
D. B. B., Edinburgh ...	0 2 0	Mrs. Allenby ...	0 10 6
S. Wynd ...	0 7 1	Agnes Chappell ...	0 3 6
C. Philip ...	0 13 0	Win. Mycock ...	0 2 2
E. P. T., Bath ...	0 8 0	E. J. F., Peckham ...	0 2 4
T. H., Falkirk ...	0 10 0	Miss Glimcard ...	0 2 6
Hy. Raudell ...	0 8 0	J. T., ...	0 1 0
G. M., Lometh ...	0 2 7	Lex, Leek ...	0 9 0
W. Davies ...	0 7 0	H. and E. D., ...	0 5 0
W. Gossage ...	0 1 9	R. Clarke ...	0 5 9
R. F. R., Lower T., Coting ...	0 17 0	T. S., Upton ...	0 3 8
F. G. N., Stoke New- ington ...	0 14 6	W. W., Hammund Dunn ...	0 6 4
M. A. J. and F. E. ...	0 10 0	Win. Geo. Blythe ...	0 3 2
J. Brooke ...	0 6 3	Ralph Cooper ...	0 2 6
Ellen Holmes and Mary Moxon ...	0 1 0	A. E. Y., Farnworth ...	0 10 0
Elizabeth Towne ...	0 6 7	J. T., Shullock ...	0 1 6
Winnie Bishop ...	0 1 3	F. S., Baginbie Well's Road ...	0 2 7
E. Davey ...	0 0 9	T. S., Sawers Mitchell ...	0 6 0
Ralph Cooper ...	0 2 6	Alex. Stewart ...	0 0 11
A. E. Y., Farnworth ...	0 8 10	J. H. Anderson, Elgin ...	0 5 6
E. Newton ...	0 1 6	Jno. Looker ...	0 10 6
Thos. Raw ...	0 2 6	“Three,” City ...	0 4 6
Wiskeley Park ...	0 5 5	W. E. Walker ...	0 1 10
Mrs. M. Garratt ...	0 1 0	E. M., 62, Edward Rd ...	0 4 2
J. B., Hipwood ...	0 8 7	W. H., jun. ...	0 6 0
T. P. S., Clerkenwell ...	0 3 0	Two Readers, per Mr. ...	0 8 4
F. Mc., Borough ...	0 2 0	Purkiss ...	0 5 2
E. T. N., Drottwich ...	0 5 0	E. S., Reitze ...	0 10 0
T. Messenger ...	0 4 7	H. C., ...	0 4 2
W. T. L. guton ...	0 4 0	H. Y., Bowel ...	0 0 11
H. C. ...	0 1 6	R. Sergeant ...	0 10 6
Selena Mary Toshach ...	0 3 0	J. Meakings ...	0 2 6
Mary Thomas ...	0 2 0	H. K. Mabon ...	0 5 6
E. J. P., Sidon ...	0 2 3	E. F. E. ...	0 10 8
W. ...	0 2 9	Edwin Smith ...	1 4 6
L. H. L., Major Annan ...	0 5 0	A. F. S., Rocky Point ...	0 1 0
A. Sympathizer ...	0 1 6	Robt. Kirby ...	0 5 3
Mary, Sacriston ...	0 1 0	Maria Leest ...	0 8 6
A. Constant Reader, Bir- kenhead ...	0 4 0	H. S., West Lynn ...	0 1 8
W. King, Man and his Family ...	0 2 6	E. C., Lower Clapton ...	0 3 4
E. B., Rochester ...	0 10 0	Anna Love ...	0 10 6
E. A. Emerson ...	0 8 4	H. B., Witsam ...	0 12 0
Goods Aut., Derby ...	0 4 6	Miss Barnett ...	2 1 6
H. Parr ...	0 5 0	Miss Laura Humby ...	0 10 0
Ann Harvey ...	0 5 11	R. M. F., Stonygate ...	0 5 9
Mrs. E. Iz. Harper ...	1 1 0	T. H., Godfrey ...	0 3 3
Jas. Bennett ...	0 5 5	J. Wall ...	0 8 5
A. Tipling ...	0 7 7	H. M. A., Paradise St. ...	0 4 2
Miss Rogers ...	0 8 6	J. B., Edzell ...	0 1 8
C. A. B. ...	0 2 5	Emily Cozen ...	0 7 0
Mrs. M., Lurgan ...	0 6 5	Lawrence B., Blake ...	0 6 0
M. Howarth ...	1 1 4	Blanche Saville ...	1 0 0
S. R., B. u. h ...	0 2 4	X. Y., Notting Hill ...	0 4 6
M. A. Loyd ...	0 1 4	A. B. ...	0 0 5
Thos. Huxtable ...	0 6 1	Mr. Smith ...	0 5 0
Miss E. Chapman ...	0 8 9	Miss E. ...	0 2 6
W. C. Hemmings ...	0 1 0	Total amount ... £144 0 4	
Jno. Wheeler ...	0 7 0		
Samuel Griffiths ...	0 6 1		
Annie Joblin ...	0 8 0		
J. J. Brown ...	0 3 8		
Miss E. M. E. ...	0 2 0		
Edward Arnold ...	0 2 6		
T. Hemmersley ...	0 6 7		

The distress is increasing so rapidly, and assuming such alarming proportions, that all the efforts of the Christian public will be required to keep pace with it.

We shall be happy to forward additional subscription lists to any address on receipt of a stamp.

MRS. HALLIBURTON'S TROUBLES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CHANNELS."

CHAPTER LXII.

A DYING CONFESSION.

MEANWHILE William Halliburton and his wife had crossed the Channel. Amongst other letters written to convey news of them home, was the following. It was written by Mary to Mrs. Ashley, after they had been abroad a week or two.

"*Hôtel du Chapeau Rouge, Dunkerque,*
September 24th.

"MY EVER DEAR MAMMA,

"You have heard from William how it was that we altered our intended route. I thought the sea-side so delightful that I was unwilling to leave it, even for Paris, and we determined to remain on the coast, especially as I shall have other opportunities of seeing Paris with William. Boulogne was crowded and noisy, so we quitted it for less frequented towns, staying a day or two in a place. We went to Calais and to Gravelines; also to Bourbourg, and to Cassel—the two latter *not* on the coast. The view from Cassel—which you must not confound with the Cassel of Germany—is magnificent. We met some English people on the summit of the hill, and they told us that the English called it the Malvern of France. I am not sure which affords the finest view, Cassel or Malvern. They say that eighty towns or villages may be counted from it; but I cannot say that we made out anything like so many. We can see the sea in the far distance—like we can, on a clear day, catch a glittering glimpse from Malvern of the Bristol Channel. The view from our hotel windows was so beautiful that I was never tired of looking at it. William says he shall show me better views when they take me to Lyons and Annanay, but I scarcely think there can be better.

"From Cassel we came to Dunkerque, and are staying at the Chapeau Rouge, the only large hotel in the place. The other large hotel was made into a convent some time back: both are in the Rue des Capucins. It is a fine and very clean old fortified town, with a statue of Jean Bart in the middle of the Place. Place Jean Bart, it is called, and the market is held in it, on Wednesdays and Saturdays, as it is at Helstonleigh. Such a crowded scene on the Saturday! and the women's snow-white caps quite shine in the sun. I cannot tell you how much I like to look at these old Flemish towns! By moonlight, they look exactly like the towns you are familiar with in the old pictures. There is a large basin here, and a long harbour and pier. One English lady, whom we met at the *table d'hôte*, said she had never been to the end of the pier yet, and she had lived in Dunkerque four years. It was too far for a walk, she said. The country round is flat and poor, and the lower classes mostly speak Flemish.

"On Monday we went by barge to a place called Bergues, four miles off. It was market day there, and the barge was crowded with passengers from Dunkerque. A nice old town with a fine church. They charged us only five sous for our passage. But I must leave all

these descriptions until I get home, and come to what I have chiefly to tell you.

"There is a piece of inclosed ground here, called the *parc*. On the previous Saturday, which was the day we first arrived here, I and William were walking through it, and sat down on one of the benches facing the old tower. I was rather tired, having been to the end of the pier—for its length did not frighten us. Some one was seated at the other end of the bench, but we did not take particular notice of her. Suddenly she turned to me, and spoke: 'Have I not the honour of seeing Miss Ashley?' Mamma! you may imagine my surprise. It was that Italian governess of the Dares', Mademoiselle Varsini, as they used to call her. William interposed: I don't think he liked her speaking to me: I suppose he thought of that story about her, which came over from Germany. He rose and took me on his arm to move away. 'Formerly Miss Ashley,' he said to her: 'now Mrs. Halliburton.' But William's anger died away—if he had felt any—when he saw her face. I cannot describe to you how fearfully ill she looked. Her cheeks were white, and drawn, and hollow; her eyes were sunk within a dark circle, and her lips were open and looked black. 'Are you ill?' I asked her. 'I am so ill that a few days will be the finish of me,' she answered. 'The doctor gave me to the falling of the leaves, and many are already strewing the grass: in less than a week's time, from this, I shall be lower than they are.' 'Is Herbert Dare with you?' inquired William—but he has said since that he spoke in the moment's impulse; had he taken thought, he would not have put the question. 'No, he is not with me,' she answered, in a shrieking, angry tone. 'I know nothing of him; he is just a vagabond on the face of the earth.' 'What is it that is the matter with you?' William asked her. 'They call it decay,' she answered. 'I was in Brussels, getting my living by daily teaching. I had to go out in all weathers, and I did not take heed to the colds I caught. I suppose they settled on my lungs. 'Have you been in this town long?' we inquired of her. 'I came in August,' she answered. 'The Belgian doctor said if I had a change, it might do something for me; and I came here: it was the same to me where I went. But it did me harm, instead of good. I got worse directly I came; and the doctor here said I must not move away again, the travelling would injure me. What mattered it? As good die here as elsewhere.' That she had death written plainly in her face, was evident; nevertheless, William essayed to say a word of hope to her: but she interrupted him. 'There's no recovery for me; I am sure to die; and the time, it's to be hoped, will not be long in coming, or my money will not hold out.' She spoke in a matter-of-fact tone, shocking to hear: and before I could call up any answer, she turned to William. 'You are the William Hall—I never could say the name—who was at Mr. Ashley's with Cyril Dare. May I ask where you have descended in Dunkerque?' 'At the Chapeau Rouge,' replied William. 'Then, if I should send there to ask you to come and speak with me, will you come?' she continued. 'I have something that I should like to tell you before I die.' William informed her we should re-

main a week, and we wished her good morning, and moved away into another walk. Soon afterwards, we saw a Sister of Charity, one of those who go about nursing the sick, come up to her and lead her away. She could scarcely crawl, and halted to take breath between every few steps.

"This, I have told you, was last Saturday. This evening, Wednesday, just as we were rising from table, a waiter came to William and called him out, saying he was wanted. It proved to be the Sister of Charity that we had seen in the park; she told William that Madame Varsini was near death, and had sent her for him. So William went with her, and I have been writing this to you since his departure. It is now ten o'clock, and he is not yet back. I shall keep this open to tell you what she wanted with him. I cannot imagine.

"Past eleven. William has come in. He thinks she will not live over to-morrow. And I have kept my letter open for nothing, for William will not tell me. He says she has been talking to him about herself and the Dares, but that the tale is more fit for papa's ears than for yours or mine.

"My sincerest love to papa and Henry. We are so glad Gar is to be at Deofam!—and believe me, my dear mamma, to be your ever loving and dutiful child,

"MARY HALLIBURTON.

"I had nearly put 'Mary Ashley'."

This meeting, described in Mary's letter, must have been one of those remarkable coincidences that sometimes occur during a lifetime. Chance encounters, they are sometimes called. Chance! Had William and his wife not gone to Dunkerque—and they went there by accident, as may be said, for the original plan had been to spend their absence in Paris—they would not have met. Had the Italian lady not gone to Dunkerque when ordered change—and she chose it by accident, she said—they would not have met. But somehow both parties were brought there, and they did meet. It was not chance that led them.

When William went out with the sister, she conducted him to a small lodging in the Rue Nationale, a street not far from the hotel. The accommodation appeared to consist of a small ante-room and a bed-chamber. The Signora Varsini was in the latter, dressed in a *peignoir*, and sitting in an arm-chair, supported by cushions. A washed-out, faded *peignoir*; possibly the very one she had worn years ago, the night of the death of Anthony Dare. William was surprised; by the sister's account he had expected to find her in bed, almost in the last extremity. But hers was a restless spirit. She was evidently weaker, and her breath seemed to come in gasps. William sat down in a chair opposite to her: he could not see very much of her face, for the small lamp on the table had a green shade over it, which cast its gloom on the room. The sister retired to the ante-room and closed the door between with a caution. "Madame was not to talk much." For a few moments after the first greeting, she, "Madame," kept silence; then she spoke in English.

"I should not have known you. I never saw much of you. But I knew Miss Ashley in a minute. You must have got on well."

"Yes. I am Mr. Ashley's partner."

"So! That is what Cyril Dare coveted for himself. Miss Ashley also. 'Bah, Monsieur Cyril!' said I sometimes to my mind; 'neither the one nor the other for thee.' Where is he?"

"Cyril? He is at home. Doing no good."

"He never does good," she said with acrimony. "He Herbert's own brother. And the other one—George?"

"George is in Australia. He has a chance, I believe, of doing pretty well."

"Are the girls married?"

"No."

"Not Adelaide?"

"No."

Something like a smile curled her dark and fevered lips. "Mademoiselle Adelaide, she was trying after that *vicomte*. 'Bah! I would say to myself as I did by Cyril, 'there's no *vicomte* for her; he is only playing his game.' Does he go there now?"

"Lord Hawkesley? Oh, no. All intimacy has ceased."

"They have gone down, have they not? They are very poor?"

"I fear they are now. Yes, they have very much gone down. May I inquire what it is you want with me?"

"You inquire soon," she answered, in a resentful tone. "Do you fear I should contaminate you?—as you feared for your wife on Saturday?"

"If I can aid you in any way, I shall be happy and ready," was William's answer, spoken soothingly. "I think you are very ill."

"The doctor was here this afternoon. 'Ma chère,' said he, 'to-morrow will about end it. You are too weak to last longer; the inside is gone.'"

"Did he speak to you in that way? A medical man!"

"He is aware that I know as much about my own state as he does. He might not be so plain with all his patients. Then I said to the sister, 'Get me up and make the bed, for I must see a friend'—and I sent her for you. I told you I wanted you to do me a little service. Will you do it?"

"If I can."

"It is not much. It is this," she added, drawing from underneath the *peignoir* a small packet, sealed and stamped, looking like a thick letter. "Will you undertake to put this surely in the post, after I am dead? I do not want it posted before."

"Certainly I will," he answered, taking it from her hand, and glancing at the superscription. It was addressed to Herbert Dare at Dusseldorf. "Is he there?" asked William.

"That was his address the last I heard of him. He is now here, now there, now elsewhere; a vagabond, as I told you, on the face of the earth. He is like Cain," she vehemently continued. "Cain wandered abroad over the earth, never finding rest. So does Herbert Dare. Who wonders? Cain killed his brother: what did he do?"

William lifted his eyes to her face; as much of it as was distinguishable under the dark shade cast by the

lamp. That she appeared to be in a very demonstrative state of resentment against Herbert Dare, was indisputable.

"He did not kill his brother, at any rate," observed William. "I fear he is not a good man; and you may have cause to know that, more conclusively than I, but he did not kill his brother. You were in Helstoneleigh at the time, mademoiselle, and must remember that he was cleared," added William, falling into the mode of addressing her, used by the Dares.

"Then I say he did kill him."

She spoke with slow distinctness. William could only look at her in amazement. Was her mind wandering? She sat glaring at him with her light blue eyes, so glazed, yet glistening; just the same eyes that used to look old Anthony Dare.

"What did you say?" asked William.

"I say that Herbert Dare is a second Cain," she answered.

"He did not kill Anthony," repeated William. "He could not have killed him. He was in another place at the time."

"Yes. With that Puritan child in the dainty dress—fit attire only for your *folles* in—what you call the place?—Bedlam! I know he was in another place," she continued, and she appeared to be getting terribly excited, between passion and natural emotion.

"Then what are you speaking of?" asked William. "It is an impossibility that Herbert could have killed his brother."

"He caused him to be killed."

William felt a nameless dread creeping over him. "What do you mean?" he breathed.

"I send that letter, which you have taken, to Herbert the bad; but he moves about from place to place, and it may never reach him. So I want to tell you in substance what is written in the letter, that you may repeat it to him when you come across him. He may be going back to Helstoneleigh some day; if he not die off first with his vagabond life. Was it not said there once that he was dead?"

"Only for a day or two. It was a false report."

"And when you see him—in case he has not had that packet—you will tell him this that I am now about to tell you."

"What is its nature?" asked William.

"Will you promise to tell him?"

"Not until I first hear what it may be," fearlessly replied William. "Entrust it to me, if you will, and I will keep it sacred; but I must use my own judgment as to imparting it to Herbert Dare. It may be something that would be better left unsaid."

"I do not ask you to keep it sacred," she rejoined. "You may tell it to the world, if you please; you may tell it to your wife; you may tell it to all Helstoneleigh. But not until I am dead. Will you give that promise?"

"That I will readily give you."

"On your honour?"

William's truthful eyes smiled into hers. "On my honour—if that shall better satisfy you. It was not necessary."

She remained silent a few moments, and then burst

forth vehemently. "When you see him, that *cochon*, that *vaut rien*—"

"I beg you to be calm," interrupted William. "This excitement must be most injurious to one in your weak state; I cannot sit to listen to it."

"Tell him," said she, leaning forward, and speaking in a somewhat calmer tone, "tell him that it was he who caused the death of his brother Anthony."

William could but look at her. *Was* she wandering?

"I killed him," she went on. "Killed him in mistake for Monsieur Herbert."

Barely had the words left her lips, when all that had been strange in that past tragedy seemed to roll away like a cloud from William's mind. The utter mystery there had been, as to the perpetrator; the almost impossibility of pointing accusation to any, seemed now accounted for; and a conviction that she was speaking the dreadful truth fell upon him. Involuntarily he recoiled from her.

"He used me ill; yes, he used me ill, that wicked Herbert!" she continued in agitation. "He told me stories; he was false to me; he mocked at me! He had made me care for him; I cared for him too much, and then he turned round to laugh at me. He had but amused himself—*pour faire passer le temps*!"

Her voice had risen to a shriek; her face and lips grew ghastly, and she began to twitch like one who is going into a convulsion. William grew alarmed, and hastened to hold her. He could not help it, much as his spirit revolted from her.

"*Y a-t-il quelque chose qu'on peut donner à madame, pour la soulager?*" he called out hastily to the sister, in his fear.

The woman glided in. "Mais oui, monsieur. Madame s'agit, n'est-ce pas?"

"Elle s'agit beaucoup."

The sister poured some drops from a phial into a wine-glass of water, and held it to those quivering lips. "Si vous vous agitez comme cela, madame, c'est pour vous tuer, savez vous," cried she.

"I fear so too," added William in English to the invalid. "It would be better for me not to hear this, than for you to put yourself into this state."

She grew calmer, and the sister quitted them. William resumed his seat as before; there appeared to be no help for it, and she continued her tale.

"I not agitate myself again," she said. "I n ot tell you all the details, or what I suffered, à quoi bon? Pain at morning, pain at mid-day, pain at night; I think my heart turned dark, and it has never been right again—"

"Hush, Mademoiselle Varsini, the sister will hear you."

"What matter? She not speak English."

"I really cannot, for your sake, sit here, if you put yourself into this state," he rejoined.

"You must sit; you must listen! You have promised to do it," she answered.

"I will, if you will be rationally calm."

"I'll be calm," she rejoined, the check having driven back the rising passion. "The worst is told. Or, rather, I do not tell you the worst—that *mauvais* Herbert! Do you wonder that my spirit was turned to revenge?"

Perceiving somewhat of her fierce and fiery nature,

William did not wonder at it. "I do not know what I am to understand yet?" he whispered. "Did you—kill—Anthony?"

She leaned back on her pillow, clasping her hands before her. "Ah me! I did! Tell him so," she continued again passionately; "tell him that I killed Anthony—thinking it was him."

"It is a dreadful story!" shuddered William.

"I did not mean it to be so dreadful," she answered, speaking quite equably. "No, I did not; and I am telling you as true as though it were my confession. I only meant to wound him—"

"Herbert?"

"Herbert! Of course; who else but Herbert?" she retorted, giving token of another relapse. "Had I cause of anger against that *pauvre* Anthony? No; no. Anthony was sharp with the rest sometimes, but he was always civil to me; I never had a misword with him. I not like Cyril; but I not dislike George and Anthony. Why, why," she continued, wringing her hands, "did Monsieur Anthony come forth from his chamber that night and go out, when he said he had retired to it for good? That is where all the evil arose."

"Not all," dissented William, in a low tone.

"Yes, all," she sharply repeated. "I had only meant to give Monsieur Herbert a little prick in the dark, just to repay him, to stop his pleasant visits to that field for a space. I never thought to kill him. I liked him better than that, rude as he was behaving to me. I never thought to kill him; I never thought much to hurt him. And it would not have hurt Anthony; but that he was what you call tipsy, and fell on the point of the—"

"Scissors?" suggested William, for she had stopped. How could he, even with this confession before him, speak to a lady—or one who ought to have been a lady—of any uglier weapon?

"I had something by me sharper than scissors. But never you mind what. That, so far, does not matter. The little hurt I had intended for Herbert he escaped; and poor Anthony was killed."

There was a long pause. William broke it, speaking out his thoughts impulsively.

"And yet you went to Rotterdam afterwards to make friends with Herbert!"

"When he write and tell me there good teaching in the place, could I know it was untrue? Could I know that he would borrow all my money from me? Could I know that he turn out a worse—"

"Mademoiselle, I pray you, be calm."

"There, then. I will say no more. I have outlived it. But I wish him to know that that fine night's work was *his*. It was the right man who lay in prison for it. The letter I have given you may never reach him; and I ask you to tell him for his pill, should it not."

"Then you have never hinted this to him?" asked William.

"Never. I was afraid. Will you tell him?"

"I cannot make the promise. I must use my own discretion. I think it is very unlikely that I shall ever see him."

"You meet people that you do not look for. Until

last Saturday, you might have said it was unlikely that you would meet me."

"That is true."

Now that the excitement of the disclosure was over, she lay back in a grievous state of exhaustion. William rose to leave, and she held out her hand to him. Could he take it—guilty as she had confessed herself to him?

"Can nothing be done to alleviate your sufferings?" he inquired in a kindly tone.

"Nothing. The sooner death comes to release me from them, the better."

He lingered yet, hesitating. Then he bent closer to her, and spoke in a whisper.

"Have you thought much of that other life? Of the necessity of repentance—of the seeking earnestly the pardon of God?"

"That is your Protestant fashion," she answered with equanimity. "I have made my confession to a priest, and he has given me absolution. A good fat old man, he was, very kind to me; he saw how I had been tossed and turned about in life. He will cause a mass to be said for my soul."

"I thought I had heard you were a Protestant."

"I was either. I said I was a Protestant to Madame Dare. But the Roman Catholic religion is the most convenient to take up when you are passing. Your priests say they cannot pardon sins."

The interview occupied longer in acting, than it has in telling, and William returned to the hotel to find Mary tired, wondering at his absence, and the letter to Mrs. Ashley—which you have been favoured with the sight of—lying on the table, awaiting its conclusion.

"You are weary, my darling. You should not have remained up."

"I thought you were never coming, William. I thought you must have gone off by the London steamer, and left me here! The hotel omnibus took some passengers to it at ten o'clock."

William sat down on the sofa, and drew her to him; the full tide of thankfulness going up from his heart that all women were not like the one he had just left.

"And what did Mademoiselle Varsini want with you, William? Is she really dying?"

"I think she is dying. You must not ask me what she wanted, Mary. It was to tell me something—to speak of things connected with herself and the Dares. They would not be pleasant to your ears."

"But I have been writing an account of all this to mamma, and have left her letter open, to send word what the governess could have to say to you. What can I tell her?"

"Tell her as I tell you, my dearest. That what I have been listening to is more fit for Mr. Ashley's ears than for yours or hers."

Mary rose, and wrote rapidly the concluding lines. William stood and watched her.

"I am not familiar with my new name yet. I was signing 'Mary Ashley.'"

Saturday came round again. The day they were to leave; just a week since they came, since the encounter in the park. They were taking an early walk in the market, when certain low sounds, as of chanting, struck

upon their ears. A funeral was coming along; it had just turned out of the great church of St. Eloi, at the other corner of the Place. Not a wealthy funeral; quite the reverse. On the previous day they had seen a grand interment, attended by its distinguishing marks; seven or eight banners, as many priests. Some sudden feeling prompted William to ask whose funeral this was, and he made the inquiry of a shopkeeper, who was standing at her door.

"Monsieur, c'est l'enterrement d'une étrangère. Une Italienne, l'on dit: Madame Varsini."

"Do they bury her already?" was the shocked remonstrance of Mary. "It was only yesterday at mid-day the sister came to you to say she had died."

"Hush, love! Many of the people here understand English. They bury quickly in these countries."

They stood on the pavement, and the funeral came quickly on. One black banner borne aloft in a man's hand, two boys in surplices with lighted candles, and the singing priest with his open book. Eight men, in white corded hats and black cloaks, bore the coffin on a bier, and there was a sprinkling of impromptu followers—like there always is to these foreign funerals. As the dead was borne past him on its way to the cemetery, William, following the usage of the country, lifted his hat, and remained uncovered until it had gone by.

And that was the last of Bianca Varsini.

(To be continued.)

Literary Notices.

BISHOP COLENSO ON THE PENTATEUCH.

The Pentateuch and Book of Joshua Critically Examined.
By the Right Rev. JOHN WILLIAM COLENSO, D.D.,
Bishop of Natal. London: Longman, Green, &c.

[FIRST NOTICE.]

WHEN an hostile general suddenly invades a peaceful territory, he will necessarily create some fear and excitement, and do some injury. It may be, however, that the ultimate effect of his incursion will be to make men more watchful, to put them into a better state of defence, and to render their security greater than ever. At the present moment we are visited by the strange apparition of a well-known general in Christ's army invading a portion of that domain of Holy Scripture of which plain people believe the bishops to be the special guardians and vindicators. To speak in plain words, the Bishop of Natal, in South Africa, has come among us with a book intended to prove that the Pentateuch and other parts of Scripture are not historically true. He accepts the books in question as containing some records of fact, and some matters fit for the food of souls; but he denies the truth of the general history; and he gives cases in point.

Now there are two ways in which such a book may be dealt with. We may at once pronounce it a daring flight of error, and discard it; or we may endeavour to show that it is wrong. But in the times in which we live it will hardly do to anathematise a book or an opinion, and to stop there. Books and opinions must stand or fall by their own merits, and the discussion

which they invite must not be withheld. The book of Dr. Colenso will be hailed with joy by two classes of persons, the infidels and the simple rationalists—those half-caste infidels who are now particularly industrious and talkative. The infidels and the rationalists are but too happy to receive weapons which can be turned against the truth and inspiration of the Bible. But there are good and true men who will receive this book neither with pleasure nor with dismay. They will not be pleased with it, because they know why they believe what it attacks; and they will not be dismayed by its approach, because they can soon find an answer; and they expect that, as on so many occasions before, they will soon be able again to exclaim, "I will sing unto the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously: the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea."

Our readers have no cause to fear, and we assure them that the bishop will be answered and routed, although he may carry off a few prisoners in his flight. As for ourselves, we can either state our own reasons for believing the Pentateuch, or we can meet Dr. Colenso's reasons for not believing it. We shall adopt the latter course, and briefly pass in review a volume which most of our friends must hear of; and we hope the conclusion to which they will come as we proceed will resemble that of God's people in the prophecy—"Is this the man that made the earth to tremble, that did shake the kingdoms?"

The title, "The Pentateuch and the Book of Joshua Critically Examined," calls for a remark. The volume is a series of observations upon a few passages, and its argument amounts to this:—"Here are a certain number of difficulties, which to me look like impossibilities or contradictions, and I therefore infer that the five books of Moses and the Book of Joshua, which contain them, were not written by those whose names they bear, and are not a true history." Dr. Colenso means to tell us that because he cannot reconcile some statements with his idea of what they ought to be—or rather, that because he cannot reconcile his explanation of certain passages with what he thinks probable and true—therefore the books themselves are to be bodily rejected. It remains, however, yet to be seen, whether the critical difficulties presented by a score of places in the Pentateuch are sufficient to justify us in rejecting the whole. Even assuming that the objector's interpretation is correct, the presence of one bad sixpence in a handful of silver would not compel us to throw the whole away. Dr. Colenso has picked out number of what he considers bad sixpences, and he wishes us therefore to conclude that none of our wealth is genuine. His specimens are not a fair sample; they have been diligently sought out from the thousands of records with which they are associated, and cannot therefore in any case affect the whole.

This is the position which we shall take. If we are not infallible, neither is the Bishop of the Zulus; and it is neither uncourteous nor unjust to think he may be wrong in thus renouncing one of the articles of a belief which prevails among Christians, Jews, and Mohammedans. On this last point we may observe in passing, that Mahomet often quotes from the Pentateuch; and

Mr. Rodwell, his recent translator, says he "rarely accused the Jews and Christians of corrupting, but often of misinterpreting their sacred books;" he himself never dreamed of their being untrue.

We do not say that the acceptance of the Pentateuch for twelve centuries by one part of the world, for eighteen centuries by another part of the world, or for thirty centuries by another part, proves it a true history; but we do say that there must be many reasons why it is true. As far as we can ascertain, this work was accepted by the pagans of Greece and Rome, by those of Egypt, and by those of the nations around Palestine. Yet this book—because his critical examination of certain sentences in it has not satisfied him—the Bishop of Natal asks us to reject! After rummaging all nations for traditions, all literature for allusions, and all Palestine, Sinai, Egypt, &c., for monumental and topographical illustrations, and after finding what we sought, Dr. Colenso coolly comes to us, and tells us that ten thousand facts and arguments in its favour do not weigh so much as his handful of reasons against it. Those who have studied the countries to which the Pentateuch alludes, and the monuments which they afford, have considered two things at least to be certain: first, that the Pentateuch was a true history as far as it could be tested; and secondly, that it was written by one who knew the scenes and events recorded in the last four books. Persons who have thought have not imagined it possible to incorporate a whole system of religious and civil legislation in a fictitious national history. There is no period in Israelitish annals when the imposition of such an enormous and unholy fraud upon a whole nation could have taken place. What would have been the universal feeling of the Israelites to hear it said, "This is your national history, your divinely given civil and religious code," of a book to which they were strangers, though it professed to have been among them four or five hundred years? The Pentateuch assumes to be a true history, it assumes to be the divinely given civil and religious code of the Jewish people; and it assumes that all the people are to be acquainted with it.

But why linger about these things? The contemplation of the defences of the books assailed by Bishop Colenso reassures us, and we have no fear that his scaling ladder of critical examinations will bring it much harm. The book commences with a rather long preface, in which the writer tells us how he came to entertain his present opinions. Like other men, he had been troubled by occasional doubts, but he had risen above them till quite recently, when they were brought back with all their power. A Zulu Caffre asked him of the history of the Flood, "Is all that true? Do you really believe that this all happened thus?" &c. He did not believe the Flood universal, and he gradually met with other matters which presented difficulties. To help him in settling the questions thus called up, he had recourse to commentators and critics, which he marshalled one against another, and the result was that the orthodox belief was put to flight, and the rationalists remained the masters of the field. The part which Bishop Colenso took was less that of a warrior than of a general. He

chose the positions for defence and attack, and he ranged the contending parties. He was more than a general—he was the umpire, and after the conflict awarded the prize of victory; he surrendered his own precious faith.

This "Battle of the Books" was not very long continued, and it is not long since Bishop Colenso pronounced his decision. We do not speak irreverently when we call it a battle of books, for the author has brought in very fully the advocates and the opposers of the Mosaic narrative. Here is a very weak point of the volume. The common solutions of certain difficulties which Bishop Colenso has found have not convinced him; therefore he rejects the truths of the books in which the said difficulties occur. He does not seem to remember that neither he nor the expositors are infallible, and that there may be difficulties which owe their origin to our ignorance, and which cannot be removed with our present knowledge. One thing we know, and we quote the words with great seriousness; that the Son of God has said, "If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded, though one rose from the dead." Less than two short years have sufficed to confirm Bishop Colenso's doubts, and to produce the mournful declaration of this book, that he does not admit the historical character of the Pentateuch. We might speak very harshly of a man in such a position as a bishop, for acting in so hasty a manner. His newborn doubts, we are sure, will generally fail of acceptance.

The author seems to think many of his objections not only novel, but unanswerable, and he therefore at once assumes that he has truth on his side. The fact is, that hitherto he has advanced very little that is new, and what is new is chiefly important as the work of a bishop. Such, we imagine, will be the feeling of most competent judges. It is assuredly a novelty for a bishop to undertake such a work, and a novelty for reliance to be placed upon such matters of detail as are here chiefly challenged. We know not what remains for us in the second part of the work, but in this we have not discussions upon the creation, the fall, the flood, and such like, but discussions upon obscure and intricate matters which have only been noticed by professed critics. The preface, occupying over thirty pages, is taken up with an account of the circumstances which led to the work, of the conclusions arrived at in it, of the motives by which the writer has been actuated, and of the results to which such views may lead. In all this there is nothing which need detain us, because almost every point of consequence has been touched on in the previous remarks.

Dr. Colenso describes this volume as Part I. : "The Pentateuch examined as an Historical Narrative." We have already indicated that it is an examination of a small number of passages, not selected at random, but chosen for the sake of the objections they stem to justify. The first chapter is introductory, and the last comprises concluding remarks; so that there remain twenty-one chapters upon the difficulties started. One of these difficulties occupies two chapters, and hence "The Pentateuch and Book of Joshua Critically Examined" is reduced to a critical examination of twenty texts or topics.

The introductory chapter begins with an account of the view of the inspiration of the Pentateuch which is commonly entertained. The work then proceeds to speak of the importance of this question of inspiration, and of the prominence which has recently been given to it. After this the author goes again over much of the ground occupied by the preface, as to his motives, and the circumstances which have led him to occupy his present position. Some of his difficulties are incidentally referred to, as, for instance, the Mosaic laws respecting slaves. These, however, have nothing to do with the veracity of the Pentateuch as a history; and we cannot always explain the reasons for particular laws and precepts. Dr. Colenso must be aware of this, and hence he refers to what he calls the many absolute impossibilities of the narrative. He declares that he has acted conscientiously, and that he publishes his work not without weighing its consequences. In all this we find nothing to detain us, and we may advance at once to his objections. We shall take up these in detail, and shall furnish to them all such replies as we can gather from a prayerful study of the sacred text. Nor have we any doubt that we shall make it clear that Bishop Colenso is greatly mistaken, both in his arguments and the conclusions he draws from them. Some of the points involve real difficulties, we admit, but not one at all likely to shake our faith in this remarkable portion of a book which we shall trust and love as "the word of the Lord, which abideth for ever."

Temperance Department.

MILTON ON THE DEFORMITY OF DRUNKENNESS.

WITHIN the navel of this hideous wood,
Immured in cypress shades, a sorcerer dwells,
Of Bacchus and of Circe born, great Comus,
Deep skilled in all his mother's witcheries;
And here to every thirsty wanderer
By sly enticement gives his baneful cup,
With many murmurs mixed, whose pleasing poison
The visage quite transforms of him that drinks,
And the inglorious likeness of a beast
Fixes instead, unmoulding reason's mintage
Charactered in the face: this have I learned.

REV. JOSEPH WOLFF AND THE RECHABITES.

The Rev. Joseph Wolff says:—"On my arrival in Mesopotamia, some Jews that I saw there pointed me to one of the ancient Rechabites. He stood before me, wild, like an Arab, holding the bridle of his horse in his hand. I showed him the Bible in Hebrew and Arabic, which he was much rejoiced to see, as he could read both languages, but had no knowledge of the New Testament. After having proclaimed to him the tidings of salvation, and made him a present of the Hebrew and Arabic Bibles and Testaments, I asked him, 'Whose descendant are you?' 'Mousa,' said he, boisterously, 'is my name, and I will show you who were my ancestors;' on which he immediately began to read from the fifth to the eleventh verses of Jeremiah xxxv. 'Where do you reside?' said I. Turning to Genesis x. 27, he

replied, 'At Hadoram, now called Simar by the Arabs; at Uzal, now called Sinan by the Arabs;' and again referring to the same chapter, verse 30, he continued, 'At Mesha, now called Mecca, in the deserts around those places. We drink no wine, and plant no vineyard, and sow no seed; and live in tents, as Jonadab our father commanded us; Hobab was our father, too. Come to us, and you will find us 60,000 in number, and you see thus the prophecy has been fulfilled: "Therefore thus saith the Lord of hosts, the God of Israel, Jonadab, the son of Rechab, shall not want a man to stand before me for ever;"' and saying this, Mousa the Rechabite mounted his horse, and fled away, and left behind a host of evidence in favour of sacred writ."

AN APPROPRIATE INSCRIPTION.

At the Temperance Hotel, Leominster, may be seen the following announcement, very aptly setting forth the entertainment offered to visitors:—

"Weary traveller, step within;
No temptation here to sin:
Wholesome viands here are sold;
Quite refreshing, hot and cold;
Tea and coffee, water clear,
Lemonade, and ginger-beer;
Books and papers, too, you'll find,
To cheer and elevate the mind."

"A BRAND PLUCKED OUT OF THE FIRE."—ZECH. III. 2. A PLAIN countryman who had been effectually called, by means of a sermon from this text, was afterwards solicited by an old companion to accompany him to the ale-house, but the good man strongly resisted, saying, "I am a brand plucked from the fire." His old comrade not understanding this, he explained it to him thus: "There is a great difference between a brand and a green stick. If a spark flies upon a brand that has been partially burnt, it will soon catch fire again; but it is not so with a green stick. I tell you I am that brand plucked out of the fire, and I dare not venture into the way of temptation, for fear of being set on fire again." How wise and safe are those who keep out of the way of danger, and how careful we should be that our conduct is strictly consistent with the prayer we have often uttered, "Lord, lead us not into temptation!"

DIVINE APPROVAL OF TOTAL ABSTINENCE.

CHRISTIAN minds of the more tender sort, who have—or fancy they have—religious scruples in regard to total abstinence, should bethink themselves of the fact that the Bible makes mention of ancient abstainers, and, what is very specially to the purpose, mentions them as the subjects of the Divine approval and benediction.

On this subject Archdeacon Jeffreys, of Bombay, says: "We have not only God's approval in his Holy Word of his people uniting together in a society to serve him and keep his commandments, but it is very remarkable that we find in Scripture God's sanction and authority for the very society for which we are

now pleading. Were not the societies of the Rechabites and the Nazarites total abstinence societies? And God mentions these societies with his special favour and approbation. He even condescended to make laws and institutions to regulate the Nazarites; and there is scarcely a warmer commendation to be found in the whole Bible than that which he bestows upon the Rechabites, while he holds up their self-denying constancy and obedience to the shame of his people Israel. It is true that these societies also held other observances besides abstinence from all intoxicating drinks. But this does not in the least affect the argument; it is enough for us that they observed the great principle of total abstinence societies. And God himself selected this very thing as the test of their stanchness to their own principles. It was because they refused to drink of the pots of wine, which the prophet was commanded to set before them, that the Lord declared that 'Jonadab the son of Rechab should not want a man to stand before him for ever.'"

TEMPERANCE.

THE Rev. Robert Maguire, incumbent of Clerkenwell, at the late anniversary of the National League, mentioned the following affecting case, which is but one of thousands. Comparing intemperance to the giant of Gath, he said: "This uncircumcised Philistine was not only 'defying' but destroying the armies of the living God, and he could not be slain by one little David issuing forth with sling and stone. All the army of the living God must fight, for the giant was strong against all comers. He had defied our fathers, and he was still standing astride the path of the influence and the work of the Church of Christ. And yet the Christian Church and Christian ministers sanctioned the presence of the foe in society, at their tables, before their children—everywhere. A lady living in the western part of London had a very dearly beloved son, who was brought under the influence of strong drink, and almost compromised the good name and reputation of the family. For his own safety, his mother determined to send him to sea, and took the further precaution that he should sail in a teetotal vessel. He soon regained health of body, and was fast recovering the lost health of soul. He returned in the same vessel, conducted upon the same principles, and arrived home a somewhat altered and apparently a wiser and better man. But that young man's home upon the waters was safer than his mother's home. The enemy that was banished from the one was admitted into the other; and straightway upon his return he met his old foe upon the dinner table. He drank, and fell once more. Fond hopes were blighted, and in this crisis of affairs the mother consulted the reverend gentleman's informant on the subject, asking the question, "Shall I send him away?" The reply was, "Send him away? No; he is your son. Send away the cause; send away the wine, and keep your son."

EVIDENCE OF THE EXISTENCE OF A SUPREME BEING.

No. IV.—ADAPTATION—(*concluded*).

AT the close of our last treatise upon the evidence of the existence of a Supreme Power which was to be derived from the prevalence of *ADAPTATION* discernible in the works of creation, we referred to two opposite properties of matter, which, in the one case, provided for the prosperity of man, and in the other, provided for his safety, and we showed that these results were produced by a portion of the contents of the earth being inflammable, and by the earth itself being exempt from inflammability. An objector, however, might urge that this diversity of combustible and non-combustible properties exists in a variety of substances, and that coal, although produced in the earth, is not the earth itself. We will, therefore, grant all the weight to which the objection is entitled, and then direct the objector's attention to the opposite properties possessed by the *same* material, as in the case of water. Water expands by *cold*, and water also expands by *heat*, at different degrees of temperature ; by this departure from an established rule in Nature, benefits so vast are conferred upon the animal kingdom, that we are led to inquire, Can this wise and benevolent adaptation to the necessities of living creatures be the result of *CHANCE*, or must it be the result of Supreme Beneficence, allied to Supreme Knowledge, and carried into effect by Supreme Power ? If this be admitted, we ask, What can the utmost height of beneficence, of knowledge, and of power be but other names for the Benevolence, the Omnicience, and the Omnipotence of the Deity ?

Let us turn to another instance of adaptation which the earth affords.

TO *OVERTCOME FRICTION* is one of the toils of life ; to *MAINTAIN FRICTION* is one of the merciful acts of a Supreme Power. Were it not for that apparent trifling, *FRICTION*, men could not walk, buildings for the use of man and edifices for the honour of God could not be constructed. No communication could exist, for none could convey it. All intercourse between men would terminate, national prosperity would at once cease, and the world would fall in ruins at our feet, by the want of that resistance which a moving body meets with from the surface on which it moves, and which we express by the term *FRICTION*.

If from the earth we direct our attention to the ocean, we shall discern equally wise and equally benevolent traces of *ADAPTATION* to the wants and to the conveniences of man. Were it not for the ocean, large portions of the globe must remain unknown. Of the men of the antipodes we should know nothing ; no members of our household could become denizens of eastern lands. With the men of Australia, of Canada, and of our numerous colonies, there could be no communication of ideas—no interchange of benefits. Religion would be deprived of a great portion of her ability to bless the men of other languages, and of other climes, for few men have nerves so strong, and health so vigorous, and hearts so brave, as to enable them to travel 20,000 miles by land, without the conveniences requisite for travelling, incommode by inhospitable climes, and their lives perilled by men more hostile than the climate. Commerce would lose her extended influence. To convey 100,000 tons of merchandise over 20,000 miles of pathless mountains and sandy plains would be the task of a life. Experience therefore tells us that the ocean is the best highway between remote countries. In this we perceive that *ADAPTATION* alike prevails.

Not only is the earth itself and her vast waters admirably adapted for the support and comfort of its numerous tenantry, but, its very situation in the heavens, and the circle in which it moves amidst the planetary splendour of the starry system, are not less proofs of *ADAPTATION*.

The magnitude of the globe, apparently a matter of indifference, is that upon which our health and comfort depend ; it is adapted to man as man is constituted. This we may perceive if we consider that the force of gravity within the region immediately influenced by the earth depends upon the mass or size of this globe. Our globe might have been as large as Saturn, and in that case, what would have been the result ? The power of gravity at its surface would be so great that it would prevent the sap from rising in our trees, and the plants, the flowers, and the fruit must perish. The effect upon the animal world would be scarcely less dreadful. The roe that bounds in sportive mood along the plain would be as unwieldy as the prize fed ox in the stall ; the greyhound, more nimble than the deer, would then with heavy tread and panting breath slowly drag his steps along ; the lion would no longer be able to spring on his

prey, and man himself would be unable to walk erect, but be thankful to employ his hands as auxiliaries to his feet. From the difficulty of breathing, life itself would be a burden, and men, while living, would be half dead. The earth itself could not yield her increase, nor would she impart to man her hidden treasures; the coal that enriches the kingdom would be no longer known, so also the artificial light which lengthens our days and shortens our nights, and enables man to live so many extra years. The comforts of speed by which we travel more swiftly than the winds, the power of painting with the sunbeam, and of talking with the lightning, yea, all the daily improvements that men fertile in invention bring forth; all the reciprocity of commerce by which we communicate of the abundance of our own land in exchange for things we need;—all these diversified blessings in which we now rejoice would be to us blessings unknown. The size of our globe, and the capability of us who live therein, bear marks of mutual adaptation. The world was made for us as we are, and we were made for the world as it is. This *ADAPTATION* testifies that the great Architect of the globe, the Almighty Geometrician, in creating man, weighed him, as it were, in the one hand, while he poised the earth in the other.

Again, let us suppose that the size of the earth had continued the same as it is, but that the distance from the Sun had been greater; imagine this our little globe, on which we pass our probation days, to have travelled in Jupiter's orbit, the result would have been that spring and summer, autumn and winter, would each last three years, a portion of time that may suit the cedar and the cypress with its 1,000 years, but which would be ruin to us: a burning sun darting its fierce rays upon the earth for three years together, or the wintry blast and the descending storm continuing for the same period, would convert this fair and fruitful world into a desolate and howling wilderness.

If the earth were to be brought and placed where the planet Mercury is, the year would then be about twelve weeks; there would, consequently, be no spring time for the sap to ascend our fruit trees, no summer and autumn for the fruit to ripen, no winter for the wood to harden, and every plant, from the weed growing upon the grassy bank, up to the oak of many generations, would alike be destroyed, because their internal functions are adapted to things as they

are, and not to things as they then would be. Here again *ADAPTATION* prevails.

A similar observation applies to the length of our day, for scientific men show us numerous flowers, such as the day-lily, the common dandelion, the lark weed, the marigold, and others which open and close at certain periods of the day. If the day were to be lengthened or shortened, the whole machinery of this floral clock-work—this botanical time-keeper—fair Nature's chronometer—this lovely garden hour-glass would be destroyed, and the apparatus of these time-tellers would require an entire change to adapt them to the rising and the setting sun; and that beautiful emblem of a grateful heart, that fair type of devotion, the sun-flower, would no longer "turn to her god when he sets the same look which she turned when he rose." So also with man: the day would be too long for labour, and the night too long for repose; man would either sink under the fatigues of the day, or go frantic from the weariness of the night; the night watches would be to him a season of disquietude and not of repose. As things are, these evils are alike removed, for our earth moves in the orbit adapted to her duties, and revolving as she does round her axis, presents to us a day and night, a seed-time and harvest, adapted to our wants and our capabilities of enjoyment, and yielding to us, alternately, the benefits of the sun to rule the day and the moon to rule the night.

In kindness also to us, the Sun shines most when we most require it, and the Moon lends her friendly aid most when her services are most needed; and by a wonderful provision of Providence, the harvest moon rises at the harvest time sooner after the sun sets than she does at any other period of the year, that men may gather in the ripened stores of the earth; but if this earth were removed to more distant cycles amidst the starry worlds, then farewell to the delights of harvest, and farewell to the cheering influence of the harvest moon.

Thus everything is *ADAPTED* to its station and its duties, and exhibits for our admiration and for our reverence the wisdom and goodness of a Supreme Power. Nature raises her voice and cries to the searcher after truth, "Go to the earth, and it shall teach thee; go to the sea, and it shall instruct thee; and both land and sea, and all that are therein, will declare for thy spirit's welfare, 'The Hand that made us is Divine.'"

If from these lower objects we ascend to the contemplation of our fellow-man, we behold how the same Divine Power has adapted him for greatness by his subjugation of the minor works of creation. Of man it may be said—

"In fields of air he writes his name,
And treads the chambers of the sky;
He reads the stars, and grasps the flame
That quivers in the realms on high.
In war renowned, in peace sublime,
He moves in greatness and in grace,
His power subduing space and time,
Links realm to realm and space to space."

If the existence of the Deity be thus manifested by His works, let us bow before the Supreme Power, and let us seek to know Him not only as the God of Creation, but also as the God of Redemption, that we may escape the condemnation that awaits perverted knowledge, and that we may discover to our joy that the richest display of ADAPTATION that can be found in the works of God is that which is unfolded to our view in the exaltation of man to the glories of a blissful immortality by faith in the Son of God.

THE FEAR AND LOVE OF GOD.

"Om, let thy fear within me dwell;
Thy love my footstaple guide;
That love shall vainer loves expel;
That fear, all fears beside."

MR. WILBERFORCE ON THE SYMPATHY OF CHRIST.

OUR blessed Saviour, if we may be permitted so to say, is not removed far from us, and the various relations in which we stand towards him seem purposely made known to us, in order to furnish so many different bonds of connection with him, and consequent occasions of continual intercourse. He exhibits not himself to us "dark with excessive brightness," but is let down, as it were, to the possibilities of human converse. We may not think that he is capable of entering into our little concerns, and sympathising with them, but we are graciously assured that he is not one who cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities, having been "in all points tempted like as we are." (Heb. iv. 15.) The figures under which he is represented are such as convey ideas of the utmost tenderness. "He shall feed his flock like a shepherd: he shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom, and shall gently lead those that are with young." (Isa. xl. 11.) "They shall not hunger nor thirst; neither shall the heat nor sun smite them: for he that hath mercy on them shall lead them, even by the springs of water shall he guide them." (Isa. xlix. 10.) "I will not leave you orphans" (John xiv. 18), was one of his last consolatory declarations.

A NOVEL MODE OF DOING GOOD.

REAL benevolence is inventive. The man who has a true inner prompting to do good does not limit his kindness to set forms, or to the example of others. Some years ago, when the new postage-law in the United States came into effect, requiring pre-payment of postage, and consigning all letters not thus prepaid to the dead letter office, a gentleman in Newark said to himself, "This rule will inevitably cause much heart-ache and disappointment. The people generally are not accustomed to it, and many will unintentionally neglect it. Misunderstandings, mistakes in business, losses, vexations, and sorrows of various kinds will grow out of this forgetting to pay the postage. Why should I not spend a few pounds to prevent this kind of distress, as well as give to other benevolent objects?" So, without letting his purpose be known, he arranged with the post-office to forward all such letters to their destination, and charge the postage to him. On each letter thus forwarded a card was pasted, stating that a benevolent individual, knowing what inconvenience the detention might occasion, had of his own accord, though an entire stranger to the parties, advanced the necessary postage; and that the party receiving the letter, if he saw fit, might remit a stamp to box No. —, Newark. In a great majority of cases, the postage, of course, was remitted, and most thankfully. Thus, by a thoughtful and inventive benevolence, without any large expenditure of money, this gentleman had the satisfaction of doing an amount of real good that it is not easy to estimate or to express in words. Let us remember that true benevolence will invent ways of doing good, and often accomplish a large amount of good by a very small outlay of either time or money.

SIR JOHN MASON.

THIS celebrated courtier was born in the reign of Henry VII., and was privy councillor to Henry VIII., Edward VI., Queen Mary, and Queen Elizabeth. He was a man of great talents, and greater probity, which he displayed in very treacherous and turbulent times. On his death-bed, he called his family together, and thus addressed them:—"I have lived to see five princes, and have been privy councillor to four of them. I have seen the most remarkable things in foreign parts; and have been present in most state transactions, for thirty years at home. After so much experience, I have learned that seriousness is the greatest wisdom, temperance the best physician, and a good conscience the best estate; and were I to live again, I would change the court for a cloister, my privy councillor's bustle for the retirement of a hermit, and my whole life in the palace for an hour's enjoyment of God in my closet. All things now forsake me, except my God, my duty, and my prayers."

The Student's Page.

THE MIRACLES OF CHRIST ARRANGED IN CHRONOLOGICAL ORDER.			
No.			
1	Jesus turns water into wine ...	Cana	John ii. 1-11
2	Cures the nobleman's son of Capernaum ...	Cana	John iv. 46
3	Causes a miraculous draught of fishes ...	Sea of Galilee	Luke v. 1-11
4	Cures a demoniac ...	Capernaum	Mark i. 23-28
5	Heals Peter's wife's mother of a fever ...	Capernaum	Mark i. 30, 31
6	Heals a leper ...	Capernaum	Mark i. 40-45
7	Heals the centurion's servant ...	Capernaum	Matt. viii. 5
8	Raises the widow's son ...	Nain	Luke vii. 11
9	Calms the tempest ...	Sea of Galilee	Matt. viii. 23
10	Cures the demoniacs of Gadara ...	Gadara	Matt. viii. 28
11	Cures a man of the palsy ...	Capernaum	Matt. ix. 1-8
12	Restores to life the daughter of Jairus ...	Capernaum	Matt. ix. 18
13	Cures an afflicted woman ...	Capernaum	Luke viii. 43
14	Restores to sight two blind men ...	Capernaum	Matt. ix. 27
15	Heals one possessed with a dumb spirit ...	Capernaum	Matt. ix. 32
16	Cures an infirm man ...	Jerusalem	John v. 1-9
17	Cures a man with a withered hand ...	Judea	Matt. xii. 10
18	Cures a demoniac ...	Capernaum	Matt. xii. 22
19	Feeds miraculously five thousand ...	Decapolis	Matt. xiv. 15
20	Heals the woman of Canaan's daughter ...	near Tyre	Matt. xv. 22
21	Heals a man who was dumb and deaf ...	Decapolis	Mark vii. 31
22	Feeds miraculously four thousand ...	Decapolis	Matt. xv. 32
23	Gives sight to a blind man ...	Bethsaida	Mark viii. 22
24	Cures a youth possessed of an evil spirit ...	Tabor	Matt. xvii. 14
25	Restores to sight a man born blind ...	Jerusalem	John ix.
26	Cures an eighteen years' infirmity ...	Galilee	Luke xiii. 11
27	Cures a man afflicted with dropsy ...	Galilee	Luke xiv. 1-6
28	Cleanses ten lepers ...	Samaria	Luke xvii. 11
29	Raises Lazarus from the dead ...	Bethany	John xi.
30	Restores to sight two blind men ...	Jericho	Matt. xx. 30
31	Blightes the barren fig-tree ...	Olivet	Matt. xxi. 18
32	Heals the ear of Malchus ...	Gethsemane	Luke xxii. 50
33	Causes again a miraculous draught of fishes ...	Sea of Galilee	John xxi. 1

THOSE WHO SEEK SHALL FIND.

EVERY one who comes to the investigation of Divine truth with a right disposition, seeking for grace to derive from it all the benefit it is calculated to impart, will be led in this way to see such a strength of internal evidence in the Bible as will more convince him of its divinity than all its external proofs, numberless as they are.

SERMONS IN MINIATURE; OR, AIDS TO THE BIBLICAL STUDENT.—IV.

"He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things?"

THE world receive their good things as common mercies;

The believer receives them as covenant mercies, Ps. lxxiii. 1, 9.

The world knows not whence they come, Hos. ii. 8; The believer expects them from the mercy of a reconciled God, 1 Tim. iv. 8-5.

The world murmur if they are withheld;

The believer knows they would be given, if they were really good for him, Ps. xxxiv. 10; lxxxiv. 11;

Because God hath given his own Son, and therefore with him all things will be given to believers, 1 Cor. iii. 22, 23:

That is, not all that we seem to want, but all that God sees we want:—

1. Afflictions, to humble and prove us, Deut. viii. 2;

2. Privations, to wean us from the love of the world, Jonah iv. 7;

3. A sufficiency of temporal good, Philipp. iv. 19;

4. Spiritual blessings and graces, Ps. lxxxiv. 11;

Eph. i. 3.

How does God fulfil this promise?

1. By making us wait for a blessing, Isa. xxx. 18;

2. By strengthening us to bear the refusal of our desire, 2 Cor. xii. 8, 9;

3. By causing us to see the full accomplishment of this purpose in whatever he may appoint, Ps. xxv. 10.

Therefore, which of the children of God cannot say with Joshua, "Not one thing hath failed of all the good things which the Lord my God spake concerning me; all are come to pass unto me, not one thing hath failed thereof?" Josh. xxiii. 14.

THE SCRIPTURAL USE OF TERMS.

SPECIAL words are put for general ones, as "man" for both man and woman, and the masculine gender for both genders, Ps. i. 1; Mark xvi. 16.

"Father" is put for any ancestor, Ps. xxii. 4; Dan. v. 11.

"Brother" for kinsman, Gen. xiii. 8.

"Son" for any of the posterity, as "Mephibosheth the son of Saul," "Christ the son of David."

The Greeks, being the most considerable of the Gentiles, are put for all Gentiles. "To the Jews a stumbling-block, and unto the Greeks foolishness."

Canaan, God's chosen part of the world, stands for the world itself, Rom. iv. 18, with Gen. xvii. 8.

"Bread" is put for all the necessities of life.

"Fatherless and widows" for all in distress.

"The daily sacrifice" is employed to express the whole Jewish worship.

By "giving alms," some understand all the acts of charity.

By prayer, all the duties of worship or devotion.

By "fasting," all the exercises of mortification.

By "washing the feet of others," all acts of condescension.

By "father and mother," all superiors whatever, Exod. xx. 12.

GADARENES.

THE Gadarenes were included within the limits of the Gergesenes. Dr. Lightfoot supposes that of the two demoniacs mentioned (Matt. viii. 28) one was of Gadara, and consequently a *heathen*; the other was a Gergesitan, and consequently a *Jew*; and he thinks that Mark and Luke mention the Gadarene demoniac, because his case was a singular one, being the only heathen cured by our Lord, except the daughter of the Syrophenician woman.

ALMIGHTY.

THIS term implies ability to do all things, the possession of all power in himself, and over all created beings; so that "none can stay his hand, or say unto him, What doest thou?"

It is an encouraging doctrine, because we are thereby assured that God is able to supply all our needs, to fulfil all our desires, to defend us from all our enemies, to keep us in all our paths, to raise us out of all our difficulties, and to preserve us safely in peace and comfort for all the days of our lives.

This doctrine of God's almighty power is *asserted* in the following passages, Gen. xvii. 1, xxxv. 11; Rev. i. 8, iv. 8; Job v. 17.

It is *illustrated* or *explained* in the following:—Matt. xix. 26; Luke i. 37; Job xlii. 2; Gen. xviii. 14; Isa. xliii. 13. It is applied—

1. By way of comfort—in Rom. viii. 31; 1 Pet. iii. 13; Eph. iii. 20; Jude 24.
2. By way of warning—in Job xi. 7; xv. 24, 25; Acts v. 39; Ps. lxxvi. 7.

Sunday-school Department.

ENCOURAGEMENT TO SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHERS.—SCENE IN A BLACKSMITH'S SHOP.

I DROVE up to a blacksmith's shop, a few days since, to get my horse shod. The blacksmith walked up to the horse and looked him full in the face; then turning to the people about, said—"I have shod hundreds of horses, and seen thousands, but there (pointing to my horse) is the best countenance and the best shaped head I ever saw." While he was shoeing him I made some inquiries concerning a school, and told him that I and my horse were both missionaries. He immediately dropped the horse's foot, and, seating himself on the ground, said—

"Let me give you a little of my history. I was an orphan boy, bound out to learn the blacksmith trade. My master would not send me to school, but kept me hammering hot iron night and day until I was nineteen years old. About that time a Sunday-school man came to the parish, and went all around telling the people to come out and he would start a Sunday-school. So I got my day's work done and went to hear him. He told us a heap of good things, and among them that he himself first went to Sunday-school when thirty years of age, and how much he learned, and what a blessing it was to him. Now, thinks I," continued the blacksmith, "that's just my case, and if he starts a school I'll go. A school was started, and I went for two years. I soon learned to read my Bible, and the

very day I was twenty-one I joined the church of Christ, and for seven years I have tried to serve him, and last Sunday I was made superintendent of a school here."

I asked where the school was in which he had gained so much good. "Oh," said he, "more than a hundred miles from here." He gave me the name. I then asked him if he would know the man who started the school. He did not know—it was so long ago—but he recollects that he was almost as large as myself. I then informed him that I was the man, and that horse was always with me. He sprang to his feet, exclaiming, "Is it possible?" And while my hand was in his, the tears rolled down his cheeks. He said, "All that I am I owe under God to that school. There I learned to read, and to love my blessed Saviour." He then took me to his house and introduced me to his wife, a good Christian woman, and the mother of two children. When I offered to pay him, he said, "No, never a farthing for shoeing a missionary horse. I will shoe him all his life for nothing, if you will bring him to me."

I felt that the starting of that one school was worthy of a life of toil.

Eastern Customs.

THE RIGHT EYE.

"And if thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out." This metaphor is in common use at this day. Hence people say of anything which is valuable, "It is like my right eye." "Yes, yes, that child is the *right eye* of his father." "I can never give up that lady; she is my *right eye*." "That fellow forsakes his sins? never, they are his *right eye*." "True, true; I will pull out my *right eye*."

ORIENTAL COURTESY.

"Abraham stood up and bowed himself to the people of the land." The politeness of Abraham may be seen exemplified amongst the highest and the lowest of the people of the East; in this respect nature seems to have done for them what art has done for others. With what grace do all classes bow on receiving a favour, or in paying their respects to a superior! Sometimes they bow down to the ground; at other times, they put their hands on their bosoms and gently incline the head; they also put the right hand on the face in a longitudinal position, and sometimes give a long and graceful sweep with the *right hand* from the forehead to the ground.

THE EYE OF A NEEDLE.

OUR Lord's words, "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God," have given rise to much discussion. Campbell has well defended the common reading, and the Rabbinical citations adduced by Dr. Lightfoot and others prove that there was a similar proverb in use among the Jews: "Perhaps thou art one of the Pampeditians, who can make an elephant pass through the eye of a needle," that is, says the Aruch, who speak things impossible. The design of our Lord was evidently to hint to the rich their danger, in order that they may exert themselves to surmount the peculiar

temptations by which they are assailed, and learn not to trust in uncertain riches, but in the living God.

"HE LIFT UP HIS EYES, AND LOOKED."

To *lift* up the eyes does not mean to look *upwards*, but to look directly *at* an object, and that earnestly. A man coming from the jungle might say, "As I came this morning, I *lifted* up my eyes, and behold I saw three elephants." "Have you seen anything to-day in your travels?"—"I have not *lifted* up my eyes." "I do not see the thing you sent me for, sir."—"Just *lift* up your eyes, and you will soon find it."

MARRIAGE CEREMONIES AMONG THE JEWS.

"At a marriage," says the Rev. William Ward, "the procession of which I saw some years ago, the bridegroom came from a distance, and the bride lived at Serampore, to which place the bridegroom was to come by water. After waiting two or three hours, at length, near midnight, it was announced, as in the very words of Scripture, 'Behold, the bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet him.' All the persons employed now lighted their lamps, and ran with them in their hands to fill up their stations in the procession. Some of them had lost their lights and were unprepared, but it was then too late to seek them, and the cavalcade moved forward to the house of the bride, at which place the company entered a large and splendidly illuminated area before the house, covered with an awning, where a great multitude of friends, dressed in their best apparel, were seated upon mats. The bridegroom was carried in the arms of a friend, and placed on a superb seat in the midst of the company, where he sat a short time, and then went into the house, the door of which was immediately shut and guarded by Sepoys. I and others expostulated with the door-keepers, but in vain. Never was I so struck with our Lord's beautiful parable as at this moment—'And the door was shut.'"

GRINDING AT THE MILL.

It is a little remarkable that although the practice of grinding corn by a hand mill, to which the sacred writers so often allude, is still very common in Syria, "I yet witnessed," says an Eastern traveller, "but one instance of it. This was at Jenin, on the border of the plain of Esdralon. In the court of one of the houses of this village, I saw two young women sitting on the ground, engaged in this mode of grinding. The mill consisted of two stones, the upper one circular, the lower partly so, with a projection on one side, two or three inches long, slanting downward, and scooped out so as to carry off the meal. The lower stone had an iron pivot (I think it was) extending from its centre through a hole in the centre of the upper stone. An upright handle was fixed in a socket near the edge of the upper stone, and both the women, taking hold of this handle, whirled the stone round and round with great rapidity. One of them every now and then dropped a handful of grain into the hole at the centre of the upper stone. Perceiving my curiosity, they stopped the motion of the mill, and taking off the upper stone from the lower, afforded me a view of the inside. I found that the surface of the stones where they came in contact was very rough, marked with indentations for the purpose of crushing

the grain more effectually. At an earlier stage of my journey at Pompeii, in Italy, I had seen a pair of millstones entirely similar to these in the East. They were in the house known among the ruins there as 'the House of the Baker,' occupying, in all probability, the very spot where they stood on the day when the eruption of Vesuvius buried up that ill-fated city."

"The labour of grinding at such mills is still performed for the most part by females, as is implied in the Saviour's declaration: 'Two women shall be grinding at the mill; the one shall be taken, and the other left.' It was impossible to look at two persons sitting like those females by the side of each other, and engaged in the same occupation, without feeling how forcibly that language must have conveyed to Christ's hearers the intended idea of the suddenness of the destruction which was about to burst on Judea, and of the difficulty and uncertainty in the case of each individual of his effecting his escape from it."

The Editor and his Friends.

EDITORIAL CONVERSATIONS WITH F. L. L., W. A. E. B., WILLIAM A., E. D. S., B. E., E. D. S. (Londonderry), VOTRE AMI, THETA, G. B., G. N., K., JOSEPHUS, P., W. H. (Deptford), P. O. (Paisley), J. P. (Preston), AND OTHER FRIENDS.

CHAPTER XII.

F. WHAT is meant by the *mystery* of godliness? Does it imply something that cannot be understood?

E. The term *mystery* denotes something not before revealed, something hitherto unknown, and not something that cannot be understood. Words often possess a twofold meaning, and the meaning which is now obsolete is frequently the one that is retained in Scripture; so that in the elucidation of all difficult passages it is highly important that the investigator should ascertain the sense in which the terms were used by accredited writers in the reign of James I., or about the end of the sixteenth century. The word "incomprehensible," that is to be met with in the Athanasian Creed, is an example of the use of words in an ancient sense; this word is understood by divines in the antiquated sense, which we may presume was the primary meaning, namely, that of "unbounded," or "without limit."

The presence of the Deity is not to be contained within any conceivable circle; it cannot be embraced or inclosed by any number of lines that mathematicians can conceive, for He must be "incomprehensible," as Hooker expresses it, who can be everywhere, and who can nowhere be comprehended. The modern meaning of the word denotes a superiority to human understanding, and in this sense the term is most applicable to the Deity; but it is not the sense, we imagine, in which the term was employed as it stands in the aforesaid creed.

F. If we are saved by the death of Christ, by what means is the eternal safety of Abraham, Elijah, Elisha, and other good men secured, who lived and died prior to the incarnation?

E. The sacrifice of Christ benefits the devout in all

ages of the world, and the only distinction is, that in the days of the patriarchs, the prophets, the judges, and the kings, Christ was foretold in promises and in prophecy, and shadowed forth by types and ceremonial observances; and the believer in these promises, types, and prophecies looked *forward* in faith to Him who, in the fulness of time, was to appear upon earth to take our nature, and to work out our redemption. The Christian, on the contrary, looks *backward* to the event which has occurred; to him the promises of the Messiah's appearance have become history, and he, in faith, clings to the record which God has given of his Son; and thus the faithful sons of Abraham and the faithful Christian followers of Christ constitute the spiritual Israel, under the one Captain of their salvation—Jesus the Messiah, Jesus the Christ—the Lord of both Jew and Gentile, in whom the past and the present portions of the true Church of God are for ever united.

F. "They have washed their robes in the blood of the Lamb."

E. The redeemed are represented in the scenes of bliss as arrayed in white, which is an emblem of purity, and this purity has been obtained for them through the death of Christ, who is, in consequence of this act, spoken of in Scripture as having loved his people, and "washed them from their sins in his own blood." Therefore, the words used may be designed to render honour to Christ, by expressing, in the description of the holiness of the saints, the costly means whereby that holiness was attained.

F. "Before Abraham was, I am."

E. There are, we are told, about two hundred names in Scripture used to express the Deity, and of these we believe that one hundred and ninety-seven express not so much what God is in himself as what God is to his believing people. The words "I am" denote the self-existence of God, and, therefore, they declare to us what God is in himself; but even this appellation is made the source of comfort to the penitent and the faithful. Are they ignorant? I am wisdom. Are they guilty? I am righteousness. Are they weak? I am strength. As if Jehovah had declared to his Church—I am, whatever my glory needs; I am, whatever my people may require! When our Lord said, "Before Abraham was, I am," he asserted his own divinity, and his oneness with the Father; for he does not say, Before Abraham was, I was; but employs the term which denotes the Deity, and which Jehovah employed, and declared to be the name by which he would be known to the children of Israel.

E. A correspondent, who is so courteous as to sign himself "Votre Ami," asks, Can a believer in Christ be unconscious of it? and then he quotes the words, "He that believeth on the Son of God hath the witness in himself."

We answer, What light is to the blind, that spiritual light is to the soul. When our Lord restored sight to the blind man, could he be in ignorance of his new attainment and of his altered condition? To a question of this kind Paley asks in reply, Could a man escape from the horrors and perils of shipwreck, and not know that he had escaped? What is real piety? Is it not the "life of God in the soul of man?" If this be a just

definition, then we ask, Can this Divine life prevail, influencing the man in his motives, his words, and his deeds; in his friendships, in his conflicts, in all his present proceedings, and in all his future hopes, and yet the possessor of this spiritual life know nothing of its existence? There are men who mistake the religion that satisfies the intellect for the religion that influences the heart; who mistake the proprieties of life for vital godliness—who mistake a part for the whole. These men do not comprehend the manner in which the Gospel is adapted to all that God's honour demands, and to all that man's wants require. With them the Gospel is a message approved of and admired, but not embraced. To persons thus situated doubts and fears necessarily arise when circumstances lead them to investigate their spiritual condition.

F. "And thou shalt be called by a *new name*, which the mouth of the Lord shall name."—Isaiah xlii. 2. What is this new name?

E. When the Saviour's birth was foretold, he was by Divine command to be called Jesus; and when he entered upon his mediatorial office he was called "the Christ," and after his death his followers were called Christians, probably by way of reproach, but which appellation they preserved as a term of honour. We think it possible that the words in Isaiah had reference to the time when the true Israel would take upon them the name of their Master, and be called Christians, in place of Jews or Gentiles.

F. "With joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation."—Isaiah xii. 3.

E. This is an allusion to the Hebrew custom at the Feast of Tabernacles, when the virgin train, dressed in white, drew water from the pool of Siloam with a golden pitcher, and sung psalms as they proceeded, bearing the water to the Temple. These water-bearers, when they reached the Temple, poured the water, mingled with wine, upon the sacrifice. Our Saviour applied the ceremony and the intention of it to himself and to the outpouring of the Holy Spirit. The gifts of the Spirit which were to be enjoyed under the Messiah were frequently represented by dew, showers of rain, or fountains of water.

F. We read in Isaiah of a glorious reign. When is this reign to commence?

E. We cannot venture to assign dates, as prophecy was not given to make us prophets. All that the wise can do is to believe the Word of God, to be prepared for the fulfilment of it, and to wait in patient expectation for the promised blessing.

THETA asks what are the differences between certain religionists?

We cannot answer, for we desire to love all who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity and in truth, and we desire to know nothing of their differences. We have our attachments, but we have learned in minor matters to agree to differ; and we would say to our friends who make similar inquiries, we may be assured that wherever we find among Christian men the faith that humbles the sinner, exalts the Saviour, and which works by love for the good of others, and overcomes the snare of the world, then, whatever may be the difference that exists,

it must be in non-essentials, and for non-essentials charity and brotherly kindness must never be sacrificed.

F. In the second chapter of Genesis, and in the second verse, it says, "God ended his work." Did God finish the work of creation on the Sabbath?

E. If our friend will please to read the latter clause of the verse, he will find the answer to his question.

F. Is it a sin to rail against Satan?

E. We do not know what amount of sin it may be to *rail* against Satan, but we are quite sure it is no sin to *fight* against him, and we should be very much disposed to forgive the man who never railed against any one but Satan. We must, however, remember that the more spiritually-minded the disciple of Christ becomes, the more he is removed from those feelings and infirmities which lead to railing.

G. B.'s question is not useful, and would require great labour to investigate; and we have no labour to expend, unless it be to benefit our readers.

W. H. asks a question relating to the fallen angels. Theologians are of opinion that these exalted beings left their own proper situation—that which God had appointed them—proudly aspiring to a higher.

We think the words quoted by J. P. are not sufficient to prove the point he mentions. No important doctrine depends solely upon a single text.

MELANTHON'S PRAYER IN THE PROSPECT OF DEATH.

ALMIGHTY, omnipotent, everlasting and true God, Creator of heaven and earth, and men, together with thy co-eternal Son, our Lord Jesus Christ, who was crucified for us, and rose again, and thy holy, true, living, pure Spirit, who art wise, good, faithful, merciful, just, the dispenser of life and truth, independent, holy, and our Redeemer; who hast said thou willest not the death of a sinner, but rather that he should return unto thee and live, and hast promised, "Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will hear thee: I confess myself before thy footstool a most miserable sinner and offender against thee in a great variety of respects; on which account I mourn with my very heart, and implore thy mercy for the sake of Jesus Christ our Lord, who was crucified and rose again, seeking the remission of all my sins, and justification before thee, by and through thy Son Jesus Christ, thy eternal word and image, wonderful and inexpressible in counsel, infinite in wisdom and goodness; and that thou wouldest sanctify me by thy true, living, pure, and holy Spirit. May I truly acknowledge and firmly believe in thee, obey thee, give thanks to thee, fear thee, invoke thee, serve thee, and through grace be admitted to thy presence in eternity, the Almighty and only true God, Creator of heaven and earth, and men, the everlasting Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, and to the presence of Jesus Christ thy Son, thy eternal word and image, and the holy, true, living, and pure Spirit, the Comforter. In thee have I hoped, O Lord; let me never be confounded; in thy righteousness deliver me. Make me righteous, and

bring me into life eternal. Thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of truth. Keep and overrule our churches, our government, and bestow upon us a salutary peace and government; rule and protect our princes; cherish thy Church; gather and preserve it in these provinces; sanctify and unite thy people by thy Holy Spirit, that we may be one in thee, in the true knowledge and worship of thy Son Jesus Christ, by and through him, thy eternal Son, our Lord Jesus Christ, who was crucified for us, and raised again. Amen.

THE SAYINGS OF THE WISE.

THIRD CLUSTER.

21. TRUTH is the daughter of time, and enjoys the favour of God.

22. The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom; and the great end of knowledge is to depart from evil.

23. The Christian, in his journey through life, learns nothing is gained by sin, and nothing lost by holiness.

24. Prayer brings God into the heart, and keeps sin out of it.

25. By suffering men may avoid sinning; but by sinning they cannot avoid suffering.

26. Wouldest thou know the distinction between the law and the Gospel? The law says, Do and live: the Gospel says first, Live—then do.

27. Faith is the believing God's word to be true, and preparing for eternity.

28. Prayer is the chain that connects man with God, and earth with heaven.

29. Hell is truth seen too late, and wisdom learned when wisdom cannot profit.

30. Beware of the sweet which covers poison

TRUE GENEROSITY.

A FEW years ago, the case of three distant female relatives, of whose very existence he had previously been ignorant, was brought under the notice of a benevolent man; they were aged, feeble, and incapable of maintaining themselves. This was enough for him to know. Many a man would have thought himself generous had he presented each with five pounds; but he was aware that to do so would but afford temporary relief, and that in the course of a few months his poor cousins must again apply for help, or perhaps die of starvation; so he settled an annuity upon them for their joint lives. The provision was a small one, but it was sufficient to make the latter days of three sisters comfortable, to enable them to be useful and active members of society among their poorer neighbours, and to save them from the galling yoke of dependence. They felt deeply grateful to their benefactor, the more so, because he imposed no weight of gratitude upon them, directing all to whom he lends a helping hand (and they are many) to the bounteous Giver of all good as the source of every blessing, temporal as well as spiritual, and taking no merit to himself.

ROBERT HALL ON THE REDEMPTION.

REMEMBER, brethren, the dignity of the dispensation under which you live—that it is not the institution of man, but the wise and glorious plan of God to make you happy. With this view he raised up the people of the Jews, kept them distinct from all others, and gave them such a portion of knowledge as might in due time prepare for the display of the Gospel. After thus preparing the way, our great Redeemer himself appeared upon the earth, lived in humiliation and sorrow, and died in agony and disgrace.

When we see the Saviour descending from heaven as a witness for God, and behold his sufferings and death, we cannot help being astonished at so stupendous a scene, and inquiring into the purpose it was intended to accomplish. One, among many other great ends which are answered by it, is the removing of the ignorance and error in which we are by nature involved, and giving us the knowledge of God and our true happiness. Herein, then, appears the supreme excellence of the Christian dispensation. The truths it discovers were proclaimed by the Son of God himself, who lay in the bosom of his Father from eternity, who was acquainted with all his counsels, and created all his works. In the mystery of Christ's incarnation, who was God as well as man, in the humiliation of his life, and in his death upon the cross, we behold the most stupendous instance of compassion, while, at the same moment, the law of God received more honour than it could have done by the obedience and death of any or of all his creatures. Access to God is now opened at all times and from all places, and to such as sincerely ask it he has promised his Spirit to teach them to pray and to help their infirmities. The sacrifice of Christ has rendered it just for him to forgive sin, and whenever we are led to repent of and to forsake it, even the righteousness of God is declared in the pardon of it. Consolation pours itself in on every side whilst we contemplate the Gospel, and refreshes our inmost souls. It gives us the prospect of our sins being pardoned, our prayers accepted, our very afflictions turned into blessings, and our existence prolonged to an endless duration. The great Redeemer will again appear, will send forth his angels, and gather his elect from the four winds; will abolish sin, and death, and hell; and will place the righteous for ever in the presence of his God and their God, of his Father and their Father.

REPENTANCE.

SINCE from Thy foot I dared to roam,
My soul has found no rest;
Chastised and contrite back I come,
To seek it in Thy breast.
And dost Thou say Thou wilt receive,
And call me still Thy own?
My spirit hear, accept, believe!
And melt, thou heart of stone.

Youths' Department.

HOW TO KEEP A SECRET.

"ARTHUR, can you keep a secret?"

"A secret!" said Arthur Manning; "what sort of one?"

"Well, you won't tell Mr. Strong, then?"

"What isn't fit for Mr. Strong's ears isn't fit for mine, I should think."

"Don't be a muff, Bignold," said another of the boys who was standing by. "What's the good of making a fuss? Arthur won't tell, I'm sure."

"You mustn't be too certain," he interrupted, gravely.

"Oh, nonsense. You are a better fellow than that. We'll risk it, anyhow. Look here; we are going to cut away after school this morning, and take old Peter's boat for a row down the river. Won't it be fun? Peter will do it for a shilling a head, on condition we all join; so you *must* come, you see."

"In old Peter's boat! I thought Mr. Strong had expressly forbidden us to go near the water."

"What a fellow you are, Arthur! And if he has? We can please ourselves, can't we? We are going, anyhow. Will you come?"

Now sailing on the river was an especial prohibition of their tutor, Mr. Strong. Arthur knew this, and he answered firmly, "I will not, Roberts."

"Come, there's a good fellow," Roberts was beginning, when Bignold stopped him. "It's no good trying to persuade him. Look here, Arthur; we want the six bob. If you don't choose to go, lend us your shilling, and keep quiet about the whole thing, will you?"

"Bignold," said Arthur, reddening, "I would gladly lend you the money for any other purpose, but I cannot for this. Mr. Strong put it to our honour not to go on the water, or suffer one another to do so."

"Now, Arthur Manning," said Travers, a tall, gentlemanly-looking boy, who had not yet spoken, "if you won't go, and won't lend us the shilling, we must try to do without either your money or yourself; but if you presume to meddle in the matter, or tell Mr. Strong, we will none of us speak to you again."

Poor Arthur! he was sensitively afraid of his companions' sneers, but he had been taught to hate deceit, and his conscience told him he would be guilty if he suffered the rest to do what he knew was wrong. The tears started in his eyes as he said, "Travers, and Bignold, and Roberts, be good fellows, and don't make me into a tell-tale. I cannot—indeed, I cannot—be any hand in deceiving Mr. Strong. Recollect how kind he always is."

Cries of "sneak" interrupted him. "And you mean to tell?" said Travers, motioning to the rest to keep quiet.

"I cannot do otherwise, Travers," said Arthur, in a low but resolute voice.

"Then, Mr. Arthur Manning, we can only say that you are a contemptible sneak and coward," said Travers; "and we all of us beg that you'll just keep away, and not bring your tell-tale tongue into our company. Eh, boys?"

A chorus of assent followed, and they rushed off, calling out every name they could think of, and Arthur was left alone.

A sneak and tell-tale! The worst character in a boy's eyes! To be driven from their company, and branded as a coward! This was what he had got for endeavouring to do right.

They believed him too well to go on the boating expedition. Arthur's life was well nigh a burden to him. Led by Travers and Bignold, the boys with one consent avoided him. If he came near the playground, they ran away. If he tried to talk to them, he was silenced with cries of "sneak." They never addressed him as anything else. At last he made no attempt to join them, but sat by himself in the deserted school-room, or wandered listlessly about the garden.

But this was not the worst. Mr. Strong was a kind man, but too apt to draw hasty conclusions. Several times he called Arthur to him, and inquired the reason of his being so much alone. What could Arthur say without disclosing the whole affair? He only sobbed in silence, and Mr. Strong began to think him a very sulky, uncompanionable boy, and, if the truth must be told, to dislike him. Oh, it was very hard that everybody should turn against him for doing his duty! And so several weeks passed on.

"I say, sneak," said Bignold, putting his head into the school-room, where poor Arthur sat with his pale face bent over a book, one summer afternoon; "I'm going to take your hat. Do you hear, sneak? My own has got lost, somehow; but if you want to go out, you can find it, if you like. Bye, bye." And he ran merrily away.

Of all his tormentors, Bignold was the worst. It was he who constantly invented every means of annoying him, and urged Travers and the rest to do the same. Arthur's face flushed as the door closed, and he felt for a moment as if he could have gone after and fought his persecutor. But then the teaching of his mother at home came into his mind, and he remembered the words which had been read to him from his little Bible: "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you; that ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven." And he knelt down, and prayed his heavenly Father to give him strength to persevere in that which was right.

"Boys," said Mr. Strong the next morning, when they were all assembled in the school-room, "there has been a grave charge brought against one among us by a neighbour. A valuable fruit-tree has been

partially stripped, and there is good reason to believe that a pupil of mine is the offender. Now, you are aware that nothing is so offensive to me as deceit or falsehood. The owner of the tree stands outside. Am I to call him in to give his evidence, or will the thief—I am sorry I can call him nothing else—come forward, and show that he is willing to confess his error, and ask pardon for it?"

No one spoke. There was an uneasy shuffling of feet. Mr. Strong looked earnestly from face to face, and especially at Arthur. After a pause, "Come in, Roger," he said.

A neighbouring cottager entered. He owned an orchard near the house. Amidst grave silence he related how, on returning home the previous afternoon, he had seen a boy hastily scrambling through the hedge that divided his orchard from the playground; how he had gone straight to the fruit-trees, and found one of the most valuable ones had been stripped; how he had waited quietly till Mr. Strong had come in, and then arranged to meet the school in the morning.

"Now, Roger," said Mr. Strong, "how should you know the boy in question again?"

"He had a white straw hat on, sir, with a blue ribbon round it." Arthur turned deadly pale. He understood all now.

"Who wears a white straw hat of the description?" said Mr. Strong, turning to the boys.

"Arthur Manning, sir," said two or three voices.

"Is there any other hat of the same sort about the place?" asked Mr. Strong again.

"No, sir."

"That will do. You may go, Roger. Rest satisfied that justice will be done." Roger retired. A deep silence reigned over the room. Mr. Strong still sat at his desk, with his hand over his eyes. Arthur scarcely knew what was going on; his brain was whirling round. At last, Mr. Strong spoke, in a voice very unlike his own—

"Arthur Manning, you are clear to my mind as a thief; and, I am afraid, a sullen, deceitful one likewise. Have you anything to say before I punish you?"

With one effort he was at his tutor's feet. "I am not guilty, sir; indeed, indeed, I am not. I never went into the orchard yesterday."

"Was it *your* hat that Roger saw?" asked Mr. Strong.

"It—it was, sir; but—but—oh! have mercy upon me, sir, for—for, indeed, I did not steal. I am no thief!"

"Who is, then?" said Mr. Strong.
Arthur was silent.

"I shall give you twenty-four hours to consider your conduct," continued Mr. Strong, rising. "If you do not confess before the end of that time, I shall flog you in the presence of the whole school. To your bed-room, sir."

And Arthur spent the day and night shut up alone, with a hard imposition to keep his mind from wandering; but unable to do anything but sob despairingly, as he thought of his lost character, his tutor's anger, his own sorrow, and all for another. Yea, Bignold was the thief, there was no doubt of it, and he (Arthur) was suffering for the sake of one who had cruelly ill-used him. A thought struck him. He dried his tears, and turned resolutely to his task. "I will show them that I can keep a secret," he said to himself.

The next day, after prayers, when all the house was assembled, Arthur stood before his tutor. To the questions put to him he returned a steady answer of his innocence. Mr. Strong, with a troubled face, took his cane, and called him to his side.

The first blow had fallen; the second was impending, when Travers suddenly rushed forward—

"Stop, Mr. Strong, I can't stay silent any longer! Arthur is no more guilty, sir, than you are. It was Bignold who took the fruit. He borrowed Arthur's straw hat, sir, before he went out. I am ashamed of myself for not speaking at first; but we all thought him a tell-tale—and, in short, I am ashamed of myself," repeated Travers. "Arthur, will you shake hands with me?"

"And with me?"—"And me?" said all the rest, except Bignold, who had turned very white, and sat trembling in a corner. Mr. Strong put up his hand, and then asked Travers for a straightforward account of the whole matter.

Little need to say how Arthur was the most popular boy in the school ever after; or how Bignold was immediately expelled with disgrace; or how Roger came in contrition and offered Arthur the finest basket of fruit he could pick in the whole garden. It was on the last day of the half-year that Mr. Strong called the happy boy into the room, and after presenting him with a beautifully-bound Bible from himself, took up a large, well-filled paint-box, and said, "Arthur Manning, your school-fellows have requested me to present you with this box, as a token of their affectionate esteem. Let me assure you that I appreciate your patience under injury, and your desire to show that you could keep a secret; but you and your friends must learn that there are times when it is our duty to speak and not to remain silent, for when an unlawful act is committed, silence makes us participants in another person's crime. As you have proved that though injured you could keep a secret, henceforth prove that you can speak when duty to God and man requires it."

"PRAY, FATHER."

A LITTLE Indian girl, seven years old, was wasting away with consumption. She had heard the missionaries preach, had been a constant attendant upon the Sabbath-school, and for some months had given good evidence that she was a pious child. Her father, a

proud, hard man, had once professed to be a Christian, but for some time had been a backslider, whose case was regarded as almost hopeless.

The little girl had been failing rapidly for several days. One afternoon, when she seemed brighter, she begged that her father might be called. He came. Then, looking up to him with her bright but sunken eyes, she said, "I want to be carried out of doors, father; I want to go to the brook once more. May I go?" He could not refuse, and, without saying a word, wrapped her up, folded her in his arms, and carried her across the green meadow, down to the little brook that wound its quiet way over sand and pebbles among the alders that skirted the meadow. He sat down in the shade where the little girl could see the water, and the bright play of light and shade between the alders. She watched them a moment, and then, turning away her wasted face, she said, earnestly, "Pray, father!"

"Oh, I can't, my darling," he said, hastily.

"But do pray, father; do pray," she pleaded.

"No, no, how can I? No, no."

"Father," said she, laying her little thin hand upon his arm; "father, I'm going to heaven soon, and before I go I want to know that my father prays!"

The strong man's head was bowed, and there went up from that brook side such a prayer of repentance, and confession, and supplication for forgiveness as must have rejoiced the angels of heaven. He unclosed his eyes—the little one was *dead!* Her freed spirit had fled on the wings of joy and faith, able to say—"My father prays!"

A FATHER AND A MOTHER'S CARE.

FATHER, watching o'er thy child,
Mother, filled with anxious care;
In the soil by sin defil'd
Sow the seed, and sow with prayer.
Though, through many an anxious year,
Neither fruit nor flower appear.

Though the winter o'er it spread
Hard and frozen, and the seed
Seem for ever lost and dead,
Only seen the noxious weed;
Yet refrain not in despair,
Though it sleep, the seed is there.

Sacred lessons thou hast taught,
Burst the ground and wake to life,
One by one, each word and thought,
Springing vigorous and ripe;
First the blade, and then the ear,
Last the ripened corn appear.

Till the golden harvest stand
Ready for the mower's hand.
Though, perchance, it meet thine eyes
Only when 'tis gathered in,
Hous'd and garnished in the skies,
Safe from every blight and sin;

Parent, friend, the soil prepare;

Sow the seed, and sow with prayer.

Short Arrows.

PRAYER.

LET prayer consecrate everything—your time, talents, pursuits, engagements, joys, sorrows, crosses, losses. By its rough paths will be made smooth, trials disarmed of their bitterness, enjoyments hallowed and refined, the bread of the world turned into angels' food. Without prayer! It is the pilgrim without a staff—the seaman without a compass—the soldier going unarmed and unharnessed to battle.

LIFE.

MAN'S life, what is it? 'Tis like a day in spring which dawns, unrivalled in its splendour, but ere the morning hours have passed away, come clouds of sorrow and adversity, which break in mercy, not in anger, over our heads. Time passes, and they too vanish and are seen no more. Then comes the evening of man's life. The Christian's sets like the sun in clouds of glory, to appear again when all on earth is ended, and time shall be no more.

HOW SOON WE FORGET!

A LEAF is torn from the tree by the rude gale, and borne far away to some desert spot to perish. Who misses it from amongst its fellows? Who is sad that it has gone? Thus with human life. There are dear friends, perhaps, who are stricken with grief when a loved one is taken; and for many days the new grave is watered with tears of anguish. But by-and-by the crystal fountain is drawn dry; the last drop oozes out; the stern gates of forgetfulness fold back upon the exhausted spring; and Time, the blessed healer of sorrows, walks over the closed sepulchre without waking a single echo by his footsteps. It is a benevolent provision of Providence that time removes griefs; for the accumulation of them would weigh so heavily upon the heart as to crush it.

HOW DARK IS ATHEISM!

ATHEISM is the most terrible of all professions. If we could believe a man to be in this state—not in his speculations, but also in his feelings—we should regard him with the most sorrowful wonder. If such a man there is, his spirit dwells in darkness; futurity is to him an eternal grave—an eternal sleep—an eternal night. To him the universe is a dead and dumb conglomeration of forms without souls, and of sounds without import. The sun is day after day in the heavens; the stars night after night in the sky; but unto him day unto day uttered no speech, night unto night sheweth no knowledge. Flowers bloom and fade; but he sees no meaning in the change. Ocean rolls its mighty waves, with the heavens bending over it in glory; he hears no voice of almighty power with which "deep calleth unto deep." The year revives; spring clothes itself with green; the genial sun melts the snow from the valleys; verdure covers the earth; and joy sweetens the heart of all that lives. Autumn comes, painting the leaves with various hues; gentle airs begin to murmur in the woods, that sound sweetly on the ear, with a thoughtful and solemn music. Winter enters last; the sky darkens, the wind is chilled, the beasts of the field all come for shelter to the abodes of man; the tempest gathers itself, beats the mount, and rolls down its deluge into the valleys; inmates dwell safely in the home, and comfort glows apace on the

hearth. Amid all these affecting phenomena the atheist acknowledges no God, and thanks no Father! Amid the affairs of nations, constituting the drama of destiny and time, in all their mysterious succession of causes and of consequences, the atheist discerns no sovereign intellect, no guiding Providence. Atheism makes a man acknowledge no rule but that of expediency, no standard but that of selfishness, no God but that of materialism.

PLEASING SCENES, OR HINTS FOR DOING GOOD.

NO. 4.—Dr. Morrison, the eminent missionary and distinguished Chinese scholar, says in one of his letters, "I beg to submit it to the consideration of Christians in England who possess a competence, whether or not the practice of *adopting an orphan child* of those faithful labourers who have died abroad in the Lord's service is not one of the most effectual modes of providing for the orphans of missionaria, and of showing the reality of the individual's love to Christ?"

THE COTTON FAMINE.

WE subjoin a few further extracts from our correspondence. It is a fact, which those persons whom God has prospered would do well to ponder, that among our subscribers are not a few inmates and children of union workhouses. One letter incloses "half-a-crown from the schoolmistress, and eighteen union children (girls) a penny each." In another instance the contribution of a number of workhouse children amounts to no less than sixpence per head—a sum which, if we estimate it on the same principle as the widow's mite was estimated, is munificent. The widows still give their mites. One "Poor Widow" accompanies hers with the prayer, in which we must all join, that her "Heavenly Father would remove speedily the evil that has brought so much distress." Many of our contributions, we are glad to observe, are from children, who have made a house to house visitation in their neighbourhood with our bills in their hands. Among other instances, we have a sum of £5 9s. 9d., "cheerfully collected by children between the ages of seven and fourteen years."

We would remind our readers that warm clothing, which is now greatly needed by the sufferers, may be sent to any of the Local Relief Committees, or to the Mansion House Committee, Bridewell Hospital, Bridge Street, Blackfriars, London, E.C.

We shall be happy to forward additional subscription bills to any readers on receipt of a stamp. We beg to acknowledge the following additional contributions:—

Amount already acknowledged ...			£ 144 0 4
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Cook of Sailors' Home,		Martha Harwood	... 0 6 6
Portsea ...	0 1 0	J. Orbron	... 0 4 0
Emily Parker ...	0 5 3	Emma Hotchkiss	... 0 8 9
E. Pearce ...	0 1 6	Jno. Aylett	... 0 9 0
B. Askew ...	0 4 2	J. D. Lewis	... 0 2 10
Mrs. E. Whiting ...	0 10 9	R. H. Kilwick	... 0 8 8
A Little Girl's Class in		A. E. Sim	... 0 8 0
St. Jude's Sunday		Eustace Hughes	... 0 16 0
School ...	0 1 6	Rev. M. Daggan	... 0 16 3

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Mrs. Southwell	0	10	4	Jno. Furnell	0	8	4
J. S. B., Dundee	0	1	1	Primitive Methodist, Sunday School Teacher	0	12	1
Wm. Libon	0	12	6	Samuel Simpson	0	7	0
Nicholas Lihon, jun.	0	8	6	Leonard Shipton	0	3	4
M. S. G., Hackney	4	10	0	H. Oxford	0	1	9
Edwd. Raven	0	2	8	S. Harradine	0	1	0
J. J. Jarrold	0	4	6	J. G. M. W.	0	3	3
H. B., Harold	0	2	0	Mrs. C., Dowgate Hill	0	17	6
A few Friends	0	8	6	M. T., Dumfries	0	9	0
Hope, Glasgow	0	3	6	Jas. Huxtable	0	13	0
J. C., Dumfries	0	1	9	E. G. R., Wandsworth Road	0	2	0
Wm. Simpson	0	8	6	A Little Girl, Holloway	0	3	0
Servants of S. Day,				M. W., Kilworth	0	7	4
Eq.	0	10	7	Phoebe Wheeler	0	3	2
W. S. Dalston	0	2	0	Mrs. Pool	0	8	0
E. A., Workhouse School, Wallingford	0	7	8	Benj. Petherbridge	0	4	3
C. Thirwall	0	11	0	F. H., Leadenhall St.			
Miss Brodie	0	8	6	1st week	0	13	2
Emily B., Brixton	0	6	6	Thos. Dawson	0	3	0
Jane H. Wheatley	0	9	6	A Young Mechanic	0	4	5
Ruth Worsley	0	2	0	Thos. Eadie	0	1	9
Jas. Goldfinch	0	11	0	R. E. Dunstan	0	4	0
S. A. Hudswell	0	7	7	D., Isle of Man	0	5	0
Journeyman Tailor, R.				Anna Lloyd	0	1	0
J. G. 1st week	0	0	6	Ellen Bailey	0	2	3
S. Welch	0	7	6	M. Fitzpatrick	0	1	0
W. H. Scott	0	4	7	Chas. Bishop	0	2	11
C. T. Gummerson	0	3	8	Fen Drayton School	0	10	0
Jno. Davison and W.				J. D. Narbether	0	3	0
Oliver	0	3	0	Jas. Hodson	0	1	0
E. H., Washington	0	4	6	Louisa Coram	0	4	0
C. H., Dauchet	1	3	11	E. K. Pynthon	0	3	0
Ebenezer Scott	0	4	0	Mrs. A. Dewing	0	3	0
Eliza Merleett	0	7	6	Jno. Bol on	0	1	6
T. Martin	0	7	3	Jno. Piggott	0	1	0
Thos. Aylett	0	14	10	J. B. H., Cornwall	0	4	0
Geo. Reid	0	16	6	Lottie Gosling	0	4	2
C. Wildsmith	0	10	2	Jas. Servant	1	10	0
E. Turner	0	17	7	Geo. Kelan	0	1	0
A. M. N., Oundle	0	6	1	J. W. Smith	0	1	0
H. C. Ricketts	0	6	6	Robt. Carnegie, 29th Regiment	0	11	6
J. D. W. and J. D.	0	3	6	H. K. Dalston	0	1	6
Mary Broughton	0	11	5	H. W. Buck	0	3	6
Margare Ann New- man	0	5	0	R. Forrow	0	2	6
Teteotaller	0	5	0	Mr. J. Williams	0	10	0
Caroline Pellet	0	2	0	M. J. Corner	0	6	0
Mrs. Hibble	0	14	0	F. Bionfield	0	9	7
Mr. P. O. B. Twigg	0	10	0	B. Morris	0	2	1
T. Wood	0	2	6	G. S. Horn	0	5	7
J. E., Sedgley	0	1	0	F. O. Riche	0	1	8
Sarah B.	0	6	0	R. French	0	6	0
A. A. L. B.	0	5	0	Phill. Shell	1	0	0
M. Marshall	0	15	0	K. Kennedy	0	14	0
G. F. Rose	0	10	6	Thos. J. Ovens	0	6	0
A. Logan	0	9	3	Wm. Br. gg	0	5	0
Mrs. Pudden and Sor- vants	0	6	0	Geo. Hucker	0	11	0
A. Trogaskas	0	1	0	C. W. Foot	0	5	7
H. Barber	0	4	1	A. Christie	0	2	3
S. M., Downpatrick	0	3	1	Wm. Nicholson	0	4	0
D. R. Kyd	0	7	6	Miss P. P.	0	7	0
Epsom, Cheshire	0	2	6	M. A. Dewett	0	1	0
Mary Ede	0	3	0	R. M. K., 44, Belize Road	0	10	0
Jno. Gunn	0	5	11	Jas. Edwards	0	10	0
Ann Mackie	0	2	6	Michael Lill	0	3	0
J. Beauland	0	12	11	A Lone One, Bexley	0	1	0
A. W., Kidwick	1	2	0	G. Ravenscroft	1	9	0
Miss Wright	0	5	0	Jas. Boyle	0	3	0
M. and A., Edenfield	0	5	0	Ellis. A. Williams	0	1	0
E. H. P., Bunting	0	5	0	Thos. P. Baptie	0	11	6
C. Reid	0	0	1	Mary Axford	0	5	6
J. Johnson	0	6	0	Thos. Knights	0	4	0
The Infant Sergeant	0	4	0	W. D., Gateshead	0	12	0
O. D. W., London, N. W.	0	1	9	C. Heape	0	8	0
F. A., Limerick	0	7	0	Jas. P. Barham	0	2	3
W. C. Shefield	0	2	1	J. P. Milford	0	2	4
T. H. Morton	0	1	6	Eva Skelton	0	8	0
M. B. H., Derby	0	2	2	Mary Slester	0	4	9
H. R., Ormskirk	0	4	0	G. Faulkner	0	11	0
E. A. Hawker	0	4	1	Fanny Mathis	0	4	8
Jno. Potts	6	3	0	Leslea May Hide	0	8	0
C. S. L., Aberystwyth	0	5	0	C. Underwood	0	2	3
Hy. Greaves	0	4	8	G. T. Ballis, Jun.	0	8	6
Wm. Stapleton	0	1	6	Samuel G.	0	5	6
Jane H. Taylor	0	6	7	W. Broadberry	1	17	1
Total amount ... £209 19 4				Arthur Reed	0	6	3

MRS. HALLIBURTON'S TROUBLES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CHANNINGS."

CHAPTER LXIII.

THE DOWNTWALL OF THE DARES.

IT was a winter's morning, and the family party round the breakfast table at William Halliburton's looked a cheery one, with their adjuncts of a good fire and good fare. Mr. and Mrs. Ashley and Henry were guests. And I can tell you that in Mr. Ashley they were entertaining no less a personage than the high sheriff of the county.

The gentlemen nominated for sheriffs, that year, for the county of Helstoneleigh, whose names had gone up to the Queen, were as follows:—

Humphrey Coldicott, Esquire, of Coldicott Grange.

Sir Harry Marr, Bart., of the Lynch.

Thomas Ashley, Esquire, of Dooffam Hall.

And her Majesty had been pleased to prick the latter name.

The gate of the garden swung open, and some one came hastily round the gravel path to the house. Mary, who was seated at the head of the table, facing the window, caught a view of the visitor.

"It is Mrs. Dare!" she exclaimed.

"Mrs. Dare!" repeated Mr. Ashley, as a peal at the hall-bell was heard. "Nonsense, child!"

"Papa, indeed it is."

"I think you must be mistaken, Mary," said her husband. "Mrs. Dare would scarcely be abroad at this early hour."

"Oh; you disbelievers all!" laughed Mary. "As if I did not know Mrs. Dare! She was looking scared and flurried."

Mrs. Dare, looking indeed scared and flurried, came into the breakfast parlour. The servant had been showing her into another room, but she put him aside, and appeared amidst them.

What brought her there? What had she come to tell them? Alas! of their unhappy downfall. How the Dares had contrived to go on so long, without the crash coming, they alone knew. They had promised to pay here, they had promised to pay there; and people, tradespeople especially, did not much like to begin compulsory measures to old Anthony Dare, he who had for so long swayed his sway in Helstoneleigh. His professional business had almost entirely left him; perhaps because there was no efficient head to carry it on. Cyril was just what Mademoiselle had called Herbert, a vagabond; and Cyril was an irretrievable one. No good to the business, was he; not half as much good as he was to the public-houses. Mr. Dare, with white hair, stooping form, and dim eyes, would go creeping to his office most days; but his memory was leaving him, and it was evident to all that he was relapsing into his second childhood. Latterly they had lived entirely by privately disposing of their portable effects—like Honey Fair used to do when it fell out of work. They owed money everywhere; rent, taxes, servants' wages, large debts, small debts—it was universal. And now the landlord had put in his claim after the manner of landlords, and it had brought on the climax. They were literally without ro-

source; they knew not where to turn; they had not a penny piece, or the worth of it, in the wide world. Mrs. Dare, in the alarm occasioned by the unwelcome visitor—for the landlord's man had made good his entrance that morning—came flying off to Mr. Ashley, some extravagant hope floating in her mind that help might be obtained from him.

"Here's trouble! Here's trouble!" she exclaimed by way of salutation, wringing her hands frantically.

They rose in consternation, believing she must have gone wild. William handed her a chair.

"There, don't come round me," she cried as she flung herself into it. "Go on with your breakfast. I have concealed our troubles until I am heart-sick, and now they can be concealed no longer, and I have come for help to you. Don't press anything upon me, Mrs. William Halliburton; to attempt to eat would choke me!"

She sat there and entered on her grievances. How they had long been without money, had lived by credit, and by pledging things out of their house; how they owed more than she could tell; how that a "horrible man" had come into their house that morning, an emissary of the landlord.

"What are we to do?" she wailed. "Will you help us? Mr. Ashley, will you?—your wife is my husband's cousin, you know. Mr. Halliburton, will you help us? Don't you know that I have a right to claim kindred with you? Your father and I were first cousins, and lived for some time under the same roof."

William remembered the former years when she had not been so ready to own the relationship. He remembered the day when Mr. Dare had put a seizure into their house, and his mother had gone, craving grace of him. Mr. Ashley remembered it, and his eye met William's. How marvellously had the change been brought round! the right come to light!

"What is it that you wish me to do?" inquired Mr. Ashley. "I do not understand."

"Not understand!" she sharply echoed, in her grief. "I want the landlord paid out. You have ample means at command, Mr. Ashley, and might do this much for us."

A modest request, certainly! The rent, due, was for three years; considerably more than two hundred pounds. Mr. Ashley replied to it quietly.

"A moment's reflection might convince you, Mrs. Dare, that the paying of this money would be fruitless waste. The instant this procedure gets wind—and in all probability it has already done so—other claims, as pressing, will be enforced."

"Tradespeople must wait," she answered, with irritation.

"Wait for what?" asked Mr. Ashley. "Do you expect to drop into a fortune?"

Wait for what, indeed! For complete ruin? There was nothing else to wait for. Mrs. Dare sat beating her foot against the carpet.

"Mr. Dare has grown useless," she said. "What he says one minute, he forgets the next; he is nearly in a state of imbecility. I have no one to turn to, no one to consult with, and therefore I come to you. Indeed, you must help me."

"But I do not see what I can do for you," rejoined Mr. Ashley. "As to paying your debts, it is—it is—in fact, it is not to be thought of. I have my own payments to make, my expenses to keep up. I could not do it, Mrs. Dare."

She paused again, playing nervously with her bonnet strings. "Will you go back with me, and see what you can make of Mr. Dare? Perhaps between you something to be done may be fixed upon. I don't understand things."

"I cannot go back with you," replied Mr. Ashley. "I must attend the meeting which takes place this morning in the Guildhall."

"In your official capacity," remarked Mrs. Dare, in not at all a pleasant tone of voice. "I forgot that you preside at it. How very grand you have become!"

"Very grand indeed, I think, considering the low estimation in which you held the glove manufacturer, Thomas Ashley," he answered, with a good-humoured laugh. "I will call upon your husband in the course of the day, Mrs. Dare."

She turned to William. "Will you return with me? I have a claim upon you," she reiterated eagerly.

He shook his head. "I accompany Mr. Ashley to the meeting."

She was obliged to be satisfied, turned abruptly, and left the room, William attending her to the door.

"What d'ye call that?" asked Henry, lifting his voice for the first time.

"Call it?" repeated his sister.

"Yes, Mrs. Mary; call it. Impudence, I should say."

"Hush, Henry," said Mr. Ashley.

"Very well, sir. It's impudence all the same, though."

As Mr. Ashley surmised, the misfortune had already got wind, and the unhappy Dares were besieged in their house that day by clamorous creditors. When Mr. Ashley and William arrived there, for they walked up at the conclusion of the public meeting, they found Mr. Dare seated alone in the dining-room; that sad dining-room which had witnessed the tragical end of Anthony. He cowered over the fire, his thin hands stretched out to the blaze. He was not altogether childish; but his memory failed, and he was apt to fall into fits of wandering. Mr. Ashley drew forward a chair and sat down by him.

"I fear things do not look very bright," he observed. "We called in at your office as we came by, and found a seizure was also put in there."

"There's nothing much for 'em to take but the desks," returned old Anthony.

"Mrs. Dare wished me to come and talk matters over with you, to see whether anything could be done. She does not understand them, she said."

"What can be done, when things come to such a pass as this?" returned Anthony Dare, lifting his head sharply. "That's just like women—'seeing what's to be done!' I am beset on all sides. If the bank sent me a present of three or four thousand pounds, we might get on again. But it won't, you know. The things must go, and we must go. I suppose they'll not put me in prison; they'd get nothing by doing it."

He leaned forward and rested his chin on his stick,

which was stretched out before him as usual. Presently he resumed, his eyes and words alike wandering:

"He said the money would not bring us good if we kept it. And it has not; it has brought a curse. I have told Julia so twenty times since Anthony went. Only the half of it was ours, you know, and we took the whole."

"What money?" asked Mr. Ashley, wondering what he was saying.

"Old Cooper's. We were at Birmingham when he died, I and Julia. The will left it all to her, but he charged us—"

Mr. Dare suddenly stopped. His eye had fallen on William. In these fits of wandering he lost his memory partially, and mixed things and people together in the most inextricable confusion.

"Are you Edgar Halliburton?" he went on.

"I am his son. Do you not remember me, Mr. Dare?"

"Ay, ay. Your son-in-law," nodding to Mr. Ashley. "But Cyril was to have had that place, you know. He was to have been your partner."

Mr. Ashley made no reply. It might not have been understood. And Mr. Dare resumed, confounding William with his father.

"It was hers in the will, you know, Edgar, and that's some excuse, for we had to prove it. There was not time to alter the will, but he said it was an unjust one, and charged us to divide the money; half for us, half for you; to divide it to the last halfpenny. And we took it all. We did not mean to take it, or to cheat you, but somehow the money went; our expenses were great, and we had heavy debts, and when you came afterwards to Helstonleigh, your share was broken into, and it was too late. Ill-gotten money brings nothing but a curse, and that money brought it to us. Will you shake hands and forgive?"

"Heartily," replied William, taking his wasted hand.

"But, you had to struggle, and the money would have kept struggle from you. It was many thousands."

"Who knows whether it would, or not?" cheerily answered William. "Had we possessed money to fall back upon, we might not have struggled with a will; we might not have put out all the exertion that was in us, and then we should never have got on as we have done."

"Ay; got on. You are looked up to now; you have become gentlemen. And what are my boys? The money was yours."

"Dismiss it entirely from your regret, Mr. Dare," was the answer of William, given in true compassion. "I believe that our not having had it may have been a benefit to us, rather than a detriment. The utter want of money may have been the secret of our success."

"Ay," nodded old Dare. "My boys should have been taught to work, and they were only taught to spend. We must have our luxuries in-doors, forsooth, and our show without; our servants, and our carriages, and our confounded pride. What has it ended in?"

What had it! They made no answer. Mr. Dare remained still for awhile, and then lifted his haggard face, and spoke in a whisper, a shrinking dread in his face and tone.

"They have been nothing but my curses. It was through Herbert that she, that wicked foreign woman, murdered Anthony."

Did he know of *that*? How had the knowledge come to him? William had not betrayed it, save to Mr. Ashley and Henry. And they had buried the dreadful secret, down deep in the archives of their breasts. Mr. Dare's next words disclosed the puzzle.

"She died, that woman. And she wrote to Herbert on her death-bed and made a confession. He sent a part of it on here, lest we might be for doubting him still. But his conduct led to it. It is dreadful to have such sons as mine!"

His stick fell to the ground. Mr. Ashley laid hold of him, while William picked it up. He was gasping for breath.

"You are not well," cried Mr. Ashley.

"No; I think I'm going. One can't stand these repeated shocks. Did I see Edgar Halliburton here? I thought he was dead. Is he come for his money?" he continued, in a shivering whisper. "We acted according to the will, sir; according to the will, tell him. He can see it in Doctors' Commons. He can't proceed against us; he has no proof; let him go and look at the will."

"We had better leave him, William," murmured Mr. Ashley. "Our presence only excites him."

In the opposite room sat Mrs. Dare. Adelaide passed out of it as they entered. Never before had they remarked how sadly worn and faded she looked. Her later life had been spent in pining after the chance of greatness she had missed, in losing the Viscount Hawkesley. Irrevocably gone, for her; for the daughter of a neighbouring earl now called him husband. They sat down by Mrs. Dare, but could only console with her; nothing but the most irretrievable ruin was around.

"We shall be turned from here," she wailed. "How are we to find a home, to get a living?"

"Your daughters must do something to assist you," replied Mr. Ashley. "Teaching, or—"

"Teaching! in this overdone place!" she interrupted.

"It has been somewhat overdone in that way, certainly, of late years," he answered. "If they cannot get teaching, they may find some other employment. Work of some sort."

"Work!" shrieked Mrs. Dare. "My daughters work!"

"Indeed, I don't know what else is to be done," he answered. "Their education has been good, and I should think they may obtain daily teaching: perhaps sufficient to enable you to live quietly. I will pay for a lodgings for you, and give you a trifle towards house-keeping, until you can turn yourselves round."

"I wish we were all dead!" was the response of Mrs. Dare.

Mr. Ashley went a little nearer to her. "What is this story that your husband has been telling, about the misappropriation of the money that Mr. Cooper desired should be handed to Edgar Halliburton?"

She clasped her hands upon her face with a low cry. "Has he been betraying *that*? What will become of us?—what shall we do with him? If ever a family was beaten down by fate, it is ours."

Not by gratuitous fate, thought Mr. Ashley. It's own misdoings have brought the fate upon it. "Where is Cyril?" he asked aloud. "He ought to bestir himself to help you, now."

"Cyril!" echoed Mrs. Dare, a bitter scowl rising to her face. "He help us! You know what Cyril is."

As they went out, they met Cyril. What a contrast the two cousins presented side by side!—he and William might be called such. The one, fine, noble, intellectual; his countenance setting forth its own truth, candour, honour; making the best, in his walk of life, of the talents intrusted to him by God. The other, slouching, dirty, all but ragged; his offensive doings shown too plainly in his bloated face, his red eyes, his unsavoury breath; letting his talents and his days run to worse than waste; a burden to himself and to those around him. And yet, in their boyhood's days, how great had been Cyril's advantages over William Halliburton's!

They walked away arm-in-arm, William and Mr. Ashley. A short visit to the manufactory in passing, and then they continued their way home, taking it purposely through Honey Fair.

Honey Fair! Could that be Honey Fair? Honey Fair used to be an unsightly and unodoriferous place, where the mud, the garbage, and the children ran riot together; a species, in short, of capacious pig-sty. But look at it now. The paths are nice and well-kept, the road clean and cared for. Her Majesty's state coach-and-six might drive down, and the horses not have to tread gingerly. The houses are the same; small and large, they bear evidence of care, of thrift, of a respectable class of inmates. The windows were no longer stuffed with rags, or the palings broken. And that little essay, the assembling at Robert East's, and William Halliburton, had led to the change.

The men and the women had been awakened to self-respect; to the obligation of striving to live well and do well; to the solemn thought that there is another world after this, where their works, good or bad, would follow them. They had learned to reflect that it *might* be possible that one phase of a lost soul's punishment after death will lie in remembering the duties it ought to have performed in life. They knew, without any effort of reflection, that it is a remembrance which makes the sting of many a death-bed. Formerly, Honey Fair had believed (those who thought about it) that their duties in this world and any duties which lay in preparing for the next, were as wide apart as the two poles. Of that they had now learned the fallacy. Honey Fair had grown serene. Children were taken out of the streets to be sent to school; the Messrs. Banks had been discarded, for the women had grown wiser; and, for all the custom the "Horned Ram" obtained from Honey Fair, it might have shut itself up. In short, Honey Fair had been awakened, speaking in a moderate point of view, to enlightenment; to the social improvements of an improving and a thinking age.

This was a grand day with Honey Fair, as Mr. Ashley and William knew, when they turned to walk through it. Mr. Ashley had purchased that building you have heard of, for a comparative trifle, and made Honey Fair a present of it. It was very useful. It did for their

schools, their night meetings, their provident clubs; and to-night a treat was to be held in it. The men expected that Mr. Ashley would look in, and Henry Ashley had sent round his chemical apparatus, to give them some experiments, and had bought a great magic-lantern. The place was now called the "Ashley Institute." Some thought—Mr. Ashley did—that the "Halliburton Institute" would have been more consonant to facts, but William had resolutely withheld it. The piece of waste land, behind it, had been converted into a sort of play-ground and garden. The children were not watched in it incessantly, and screamed after: "You'll destroy those flowers;" "You'll break that window;" "You are tearing up the young shrubs!" No: they were made to understand that they were *trusted* not to do these things; and they took the trust to themselves, and were proud of it. Believe me, you may train a child to this, if you will.

As they passed the house of Charlotte East, she was turning in at the garden gate: and, standing at the window, dandling a baby, was Caroline Mason. Caroline was servant to Charlotte now, and that was Charlotte's baby: for Charlotte was no longer Charlotte East, but Mrs. Thorneycroft. She curtsied as they came up.

"Good afternoon, gentlemen. I have been round to the rooms to show them how to arrange the evergreens. I hope they will have a pleasant evening!"

"They!" echoed Mr. Ashley. "Are you not coming yourself?"

"I think not, sir. Adam and Robert will be there, of course, but I can't well leave the baby."

"Nonsense, Charlotte!" exclaimed William. "What harm will the baby take? Are you afraid of its running away?"

"Ah, sir, you don't understand babies."

"I understand enough of babies to pronounce that one a most exacting baby, if you can't leave it for an hour or two," persisted William. "You must come, Charlotte. My wife intends to be there."

"Well, sir—I know I should like it. Perhaps I can manage to run round for an hour, leaving Caroline to listen."

"How does Caroline go on?" inquired Mr. Ashley.

"Sir, there never was a better young woman went into a house. That was a dreadful lesson to her, and it has taught her what nothing else could. I believe that Honey Fair will respect her in time."

"My opinion is, that Honey Fair would not be going far out of its way to respect her now," remarked William. "Once a false step is taken, it is very much the fashion to go tripping over others. Caroline, on the contrary, has been using all her poor endeavours ever since to retrieve that first."

"I could not wish a better servant," said Charlotte. "Of course, I could not keep a servant for housework alone, and Caroline nearly earns her food, helping me at the gloves. I am pleased, and she is grateful. Yes, sir, it is as you say; Honey Fair ought to respect her. It will come in time."

"As most good things do, that are striven for in the right way," remarked Mr. Ashley.

(To be continued.)

Literary Notices.

BISHOP COLENSO ON THE PENTATEUCH.

The Pentateuch and Book of Joshua Critically Examined.
By the Right Rev. JOHN WILLIAM COLENSO, D.D.,
Bishop of Natal. London: Longman and Co.

[SECOND NOTICE.]

We now proceed to notice Dr. Colenso's objections in order, and to indicate how some of them may be met. We shall only remark, that in a history of such profound antiquity there will necessarily be some points that are obscure.

Dr. Colenso's first objection is that in Gen. xlvi. 12; Hezron and Hamul, the grandsons of Judah, are mentioned with those who went down to Egypt. He says that Judah was only forty-two years old, and there was not time for these to have been born. The objector puts his case as strongly as he can, and this is true of all his objections, because his avowed aim is not to find out how difficulties can be reconciled with probability, but to prove that the Pentateuch is not worthy of credit, and that Moses did not write it. In the Book of Genesis we find the facts to be, that when Judah was grown up, he married and had two sons, who grew up and married also, but they died immediately after. After their death, their widow became the mother of Pharez, whose father was Judah. In due time Pharez became the father of Hezron and Hamul, when Judah must have been nearer sixty than forty-two. If, therefore, these two went into Egypt with the rest, Judah must have been nearly sixty years of age, when Dr. Colenso says Scripture makes him only forty-two.

This is an old difficulty, and in one form or another has been often solved. Our first remark is, that Judah was more than forty-two when he went into Egypt. Joseph must have been at that time about forty, and Jacob had no fewer than seven children born between Judah and Joseph, and we cannot find any passage in which Judah's age is indicated. If, as many think, Jacob was married to Leah soon after his seven years' service began, Judah may have been sixteen when he left Laban with his father, at which time Joseph must have been very young. There is, therefore, no impossibility in supposing that Judah was many years older than Joseph, who seems to have been born when Jacob had been nine years with Laban. This will make Judah fifty-five years old when he went into Egypt.

The previous calculation assumes that Joseph was only forty years old when his father came down to him. But it is very likely that he was more. He was thirty when he stood before Pharaoh. Now, did the seven years of plenty begin the next year? The Bible does not say they did. Genesis xli. nowhere intimates that they did, but rather that time was given for Joseph to make all his arrangements for the superabundance that was to come. From Gen. xiv. 10 we gather that Joseph had been so long from home that he might speak of his father's children's children—words which, in Hebrew, mean descendants of successive generations. For these and other reasons we conclude that Joseph was considerably over forty, and Judah nearly sixty. If this is

correct, Hezron and Hamul may well have been born in Canaan.

There is another argument, by which it is proved that, as heads of families, all who are named in Gen. xlvi. need not have been born when Jacob went into Egypt. They were the first founders of the Jewish nation, and are, therefore, all reckoned as going into Egypt. This view is supported by the fact that Joseph and his two sons are sometimes said to have gone into Egypt, and that Jacob himself, his daughter, and a grand-daughter are reckoned among his sons. To all which it may be added that the wives or husbands of those whose names are given are sometimes mentioned with the seventy and sometimes not.

In his next objection, Dr. Colenso says that all the congregation was summoned to the door of the tabernacle, and are recorded to have assembled there; a thing which was impossible, for the court would not at most hold 5,000, while the men alone were 600,000.

The answer to this is easy. We may accept Bishop Colenso's admission that only men may have attended. Of the 600,000 there would be an immense number unable to go. Those who were appointed to guard the camp, those who were engaged on necessary duties of all kinds within the camp, those who were sick, those who were keeping flocks and herds, those who were abroad for wood, water, &c., and all who agreed to make excuse, would be absent. After these deductions, doubtless many thousands remained who would go to the meeting (Lev. viii. 1-4). The reader will see that they were not ordered to come within the court, and that it is not said they came within the court. It was a general summons and a general gathering and all who went would get as near the door of the tabernacle as they were able. There would be a vast promiscuous assembly, both in the court and around it on every side. A narrative so brief as that of Moses trusts to common sense to supply such necessary details.

The following objection resembles the last. Moses and Joshua are described as addressing all Israel, and this, we are assured, was impossible, so as to be heard. Here, again, the answer is easy. A general meeting was called, and Moses and Joshua addressed those who were present; such as could hear did hear, and those who could not hear would learn from others the substance of what was said. The case is exactly like that of Wellington, or Napoleon, or any other general addressing his army; and so far from being an objection to the truth of the history, may fairly be considered as an argument in its favour. This remark also applies to the preceding objection. Nothing is more natural and truth-like than these notices of general meetings and addresses.

Another objection is based upon a comparison of the size of the camp with the duties of the priests and the wants of the people. The distance from the tabernacle to the outside of the camp, where the bodies of certain sacrifices were burned, was at least three-quarters of a mile. Dr. Colenso tells us that the priest had to carry on his back, on foot, a whole bullock the distance in question. We have studied the passages, and we find that there is no such requirement. The bullock was a calf, and the Hebrew does not say that the priest was to

carry it at all. Even the English does not say that he was to carry it *on his back*. The word translated to carry, signifies "to cause anything to go out." Hence it means to remove or convey in any manner. The same word occurs in such places as Exod. xii. 51; xvi. 6. We conclude, therefore, that the objector has quite missed the sense. The priest would, of course, use the Levites for the removal of these sacrifices.

A second difficulty on the score of distance relates to the removal of the ashes and refuse of the families to the outside of the camp. We can only say that there would be no lack of means for doing this by persons appointed for the purpose; and these daily duties may have been wisely designed not only to convey emblematical instruction, but to furnish employment for an immense number of persons who, had it not been for these constantly returning duties, might have been compelled to pass the greater portion of their time in that state of indolence which is detrimental to bodily health and also to mental vigour.

A third difficulty on the same ground relates to the getting supplies of wood and water. Here also, we say, each person would not do this for himself with his own hands, but arrangements would be made by which hewers of wood and drawers of water would furnish supplies when required.

In Exod. xxx. 11—13, the number of persons who pay a certain tax is the same as that of a census made six months later. Here we have another little cluster of objections, which will require a separate notice.

The words of Exod. xxx. 13 are these: "This they shall give, every one that passeth among them that are numbered, half a shekel after the shekel of the sanctuary (a shekel is twenty gerahs): an half shekel shall be the offering of the Lord." The gift in question is called "atonement money" in ver. 16; and Dr. Colenso asks respecting it, how there could be such a thing as the shekel of the sanctuary before there was a sanctuary. If this question had been put by a mere English reader, we might not have wondered, but it comes from a learned man, who has been translating the Scriptures for the Zulus of Natal. He therefore knows, and shows that he knows better, although he dwells upon the wrong explanation, and glances at the right one. The words, "the shekel of the sanctuary," are literally, "the shekel of holiness," i.e., the holy shekel, and have no connection with the place called the sanctuary. The translation was made when Christians had not such sharp critics to deal with as we have, and hence it stood its ground.

It is further asked, how there could be a sacred shekel before there was a sacred system. In the first place, the shekel was not a coin at all, but a certain weight of silver, or its equivalent in value. In the second place, the Israelites in all likelihood had been acquainted with what they called shekels in Egypt. In the third place, there is nothing more probable than that the Egyptians had weights agreeing in name and value with the sacred or holy shekel of the Hebrews. Thus, among ourselves, a pound is either a sum of money or a weight. As a weight, a pound is either troy or avoirdupois, of which the one is divided into twelve ounces and the

other into sixteen. The weights, measures, and money of many nations furnish us with similar examples.

We now come to the numbers objected to in Exodus xxxvii. 26 and Numbers i. 46. In both cases we find them given at 603,550. Dr. Colenso tells us that in the first of these passages "nothing is said of any census being taken." Yet in the very same sentence in which Dr. Colenso says this, he quotes the words, "every one that went to be numbered." In Numbers i. a census is of course distinctly recorded. The question is, how came the numbers to be the same when it is supposed that six months intervened between the two events? We answer that, in the first instance, we have the exact number of those who were enumerated, without respect to their tribes and families; that is, we have the gross total. But in the second instance, we have the same number arranged with reference to their tribes and families. That the second census was not taken with formal accuracy is clear enough, because in the case of eleven tribes the results are set down in round hundreds. Gad alone gives a fifty, and not one gives an odd number. To press the interpretation to the letter would be mere cavilling, and is unworthy of sound criticism.

The next objection is founded on the statement that the Israelites dwelt in tents. The bishop calls these cumbersome articles, and tries to show that the tents must have been made of skins. He calculates how many tents would have been required, and how many oxen would have been needed to carry them. He says they could not have found the materials for the tents, nor oxen sufficient to bear them. This difficulty is like many of the rest, imaginary, and may easily be met. We admit, first of all, that the Israelites had many tents of hair or skin, &c., and the bishop would not deny this. He would admit that so large a number of persons would gradually find means for multiplying their portable tents. We may also own that they never had a sufficient number of tents of skin and hair-cloth to lodge them all. Yet we do not conclude that the narrative is false. A tent is a portable dwelling, or a temporary expedient for a house. The Hebrew words do not decide the materials which were employed; these might have been not only skin and hair-cloth, but the branches of trees. It is our belief that the brick-makers and builders who came out of Egypt made extensive use of the stone which they found so abundant in the Sinaitic region. They would rear against the faces of the rocks, in the valleys and upon the open ground, huts of stone, which would serve them for the purpose of shelter. As temporary erections, only built to be abandoned and to fall to pieces, these huts, of any convenient materials, might be appropriately classed with the tents. The movements of the people were slow, and they often remained long in a place, and therefore they might easily throw up rude huts of earth or stone to any extent. The narrative nowhere tells us how the people were lodged, except, perhaps, on one or two special occasions. The Divine Author of the history has not given us these details, because he less designed to satisfy our idle curiosity than to record the general transactions of the wilderness, and such things as were of lasting interest and importance.

(To be continued.)

Progress of the Truth.

JAMAICA.

THE Rev. W. Dendy writes as follows:

At the time the report of the state of the church was made last year, the district was in a state of religious excitement; the house of God on the Lord's day, as well as on other occasions, was thronged with people, who listened with eagerness to the preaching of the glorious gospel of God's dear Son; the class-houses were thronged, and many were physically prostrated under a sense of sin. They cried to the God of heaven for mercy; and many being directed to Jesus, as the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world, believed in his name, found peace with God, and after giving evidence of having experienced a change of heart, offered themselves for Christian baptism and the fellowship of the church, and have been received. The number baptised at the two stations are, at Salter's Hill, 138, and at Maldon, 85, making a total of 223, nearly as large a number as had been baptised in the nine previous years.

During the year, including the names on the books in 1860, the number of inquirers in the two districts enrolled was 984; of this number, 223 have been baptised, and united with the church. The present number of inquirers is 648, leaving 113 to be accounted for. Of this number, 17 have left the district, 6 have left to join other societies, and 3 have died; the remaining 87 have been erased, some for immoral conduct, and others for neglect in attending the means of grace. Thus, it will be seen, that about one in eleven have relapsed, or, in other words, under nine per cent, of the number enrolled.

SOUTH AFRICA.

GLENTHORN.—THE Rev. J. P. Cumming writes:—“On a recent ~~memorial~~ occasion I admitted thirteen new members to the table of the Lord, who had previously been baptised by myself. Most of these were the fruits of that awakening which took place during the course of the preceding year. One thing which tended to mark this admission was the circumstance that five of the number belonged to one and the same family. There were the aged mother, the eldest son and his wife, and the second son and his sister. There are not more intelligent men in my congregation than these two men. They, together with their sister, had learned to read the Testament ere they entered the inquirer's class. The devout spirit which they all exhibit is exceedingly pleasing; and if it pleased the Lord to continue them in this neighbourhood, I should consider my hands well supported, by the eldest being added to my very small session. He rents his land from a neighbouring boer, and pays £75 per annum.

“On the above occasion the Lord's table was surrounded by a number of communicants, more numerous than ever I beheld upon any former occasion. While this is gratifying, I am by no means insensible of very many imperfections that attach themselves to my charge, which I would fain wish to see remedied. But I must suit myself to circumstances, and endeavour to do the best I can. I cannot, however, but feel amazed

and humbled that, in spite of many disadvantages, the Lord still continues to prosper my labours here. Since my return from the Engwali, I have admitted seven to my catechumen class of Caffres, besides six on a former occasion. This week five Hottentot women have been added to a separate class of the same kind, kept for that people.”

Temperance Department.

A TRUE TALE.

At a meeting held at Norwich, about twelve years ago, one of the speakers, a highly respectable person, of well-known benevolence and of eminent piety, thus addressed the persons assembled:

“In the town where I reside there were twelve young men, who were accustomed early in life to meet together for indulgence in drinking and all manner of excess. In the course of time some of them engaged in business, but their habits of sin were so entwined with their very existence, that they became bankrupts; eight of them died under the age of forty, without a hope beyond the grave; three others were reduced to the most abject poverty. Two of these had formerly moved in very respectable circles, but they are now in the most miserable state of poverty, wretchedness, and disgrace.

“One more, the last of the twelve—the worst of all—remains to be accounted for. He was a sort of ringleader, taking the head of the table at convivial parties, and sitting up whole nights drinking, and inducing others to do the same, never going to bed sober. This man was an infidel, a disciple of Tom Payne, both in principle and practice; a blasphemer of the Word of God, yet a good-natured man, and would do anybody a kindness. At length he went to reside at a distance, where for a time he refrained from dissipation, was married, and everything seemed prosperous around him; but instead of being thankful to God for his mercy, and watching against his besetting sin, he gave way to his old propensity, and brought misery to his family and friends, many of whom loved him dearly.

“One dark night, being in the neighbourhood of Stourbridge, he had been drinking to excess, and the road he took went over a canal; he missed the bridge, and rolled over the bank to the edge of the water. And here he seemed to have arrived at the end of his wicked course; but God, who is rich in mercy, had caused a stone to lie directly in his path, and thus spared him in this, the apparently last hour of his mortal existence. One turn more, and he would have sunk into eternal ruin, and his disembodied spirit been ushered into the presence of the Judge of all.

“This miraculous escape, it might have been thought, would have made a deep and lasting impression on his mind; but no, it was viewed simply as a lucky escape, and he continued to pursue his career of sin as ardently as before.

"In spite of his better judgment, the injury to his worldly interests, his desire to be esteemed by his friends, his ardent affection for his wife, together with his religious convictions, he frequently felt his old habit taking possession of him with demon power. But earnest prayers were daily offered for him by one who was indeed his guardian angel. As an encouragement to intercede for others, it may be mentioned that on one particular day there was special opportunity—even that he, whose life and love were dearer than all the world, might die at once, a penitent, rather than live on in sin. How great must have been the delight occasioned by finding him, an hour after, in tears, exclaiming, 'I have heard, as it were, a voice from heaven, saying, "If thou forsakes thy sin, thou shalt be forgiven." ' He began to reason with himself upon his guilt and folly—surrounded with blessings, yet abusing the whole; and in an angry, passionate manner, he muttered, 'Oh, it's no use for me to repent; my sins are too great to be forgiven.' He had no sooner uttered these words than a voice seemed to say, with strong emphasis, 'If thou wilt forsake thy sins, they shall be forgiven.' The poor man started at what he believed to be a real sound, and hastily turned round; but seeing no one, he said to himself, 'Surely I have been drinking till I am going mad.' He stood paralysed, not knowing what to think, till relieved by a flood of tears, and then exclaimed, 'Surely this is the voice of mercy once more calling me to repentance.' He fell on his knees, and, half suffocated by his feelings, cried out, 'God be merciful to me a sinner!' The poor wretch was broken-hearted, and now his besetting sin appeared more horrible than ever; but it must be conquered, or he must perish. Then commenced a contest more horrible than that of conflicting armies. The soul was at stake; an impetuous torrent was to be turned into an opposite course. He now began to search the Bible, which he had once despised. Here he saw that crimson and scarlet sins could be blotted out and made white as snow; that the grace of God was all-sufficient. He refrained from intemperance, commenced family prayer, and hope again revived. But his deadly foe still pursued him, and he was again overcome.

"Now his disgrace and sinfulness appeared worse than ever, and with melancholy feeling he cried out, in anguish of spirit, that he was doomed to eternal misery, and it was useless to try to avert his fate. His cruel enemy took this opportunity to suggest to his mind that he had so disgraced himself that it would be better to get rid of his life at once—frequently the end of drunkards. The razor was in his hand, but the Spirit of the Lord interposed, and the weapon fell to the ground. Still his enemy pursued him, and seemed to have new power with his sin of intemperance. He would sometimes refrain for days and weeks, and then again he was as bad as ever. Hope seemed now to be lost, and especially when, one

day, after having been brought into great weakness through intemperance, death appeared to be very near, and his awful state more terrific than ever. Not a moment was to be lost. He cast himself once more at the footstool of his long-insulted Creator, and with an intensity of agony cried out, 'What profit is there in my blood when I go down to the pit? Shall the dust praise thee? Shall it declare thy truth? Hear, O Lord; have mercy upon me! Lord, be thou my helper!' He sank down exhausted—he could say no more. That prayer was heard, and a voice from heaven seemed to reply, 'I will help thee! I have seen thy struggles, and I will now say to thine enemy, Hitherto thou hast come, but no further.'

"A physician was consulted as to the probability or possibility of medicine being rendered effectual to stop the disposition to intemperance. The poor man would have suffered the amputation of all his limbs, could so severe a method have rid him of his deadly habit, which, like a vulture, had fastened upon his very vitals. The physician boldly declared that if this poor slave would strictly adhere to his prescription, not only the practice, but the very inclination for strong drink would subside in a few months. Oh! could you have seen the countenance of that poor man when the physician told him of this! hope and fear alternately rising up, whilst he grasped the physician's arm, and said, 'Oh, sir, be careful how you open that door of hope! for, should it be closed upon me, I am lost for ever.' The physician pledged his credit that if his prescription was punctually followed, the happiest results would ensue. The remedy was a preparation of steel, and eagerly did the poor slave begin to devour the antidote to his misery. Every bottle was taken with earnest prayer to God for his blessing to accompany it. He commenced taking this medicine on the first week in March, 1816, and continued till the latter end of September following, and, to the honour and glory of the Lord God Almighty, who sent his angel to whisper in the poor man's ear, 'I will help thee!' be it spoken, that for upwards of twenty years not so much as a spoonful of spirituous liquor or wine of any description has ever passed the surface of that man's tongue!

"The narrative which I have thus detailed might appear almost as a fable, a tale, got up for effect; but every syllable is *truth*, and, to the glory and honour of Almighty God, the man who has been so marvellously delivered is now in perfect health, the happy servant of the Lord Jesus Christ; and he who has been plucked as a brand from the burning, and delivered from the power of Satan, now STANDS BEFORE YOU, and it is from his lips that you have heard the goodness of that God whose mercy endureth for ever!"

From this narrative let the intemperate man learn that the drunkard may be delivered from his bondage, and the sinner may obtain mercy.

THE AGREEMENT OF SCRIPTURE AND GEOLOGY;
THE WORKS OF GOD BEARING WITNESS TO THE
WORD OF GOD.

I.—INTRODUCTORY.

JONES. Ah! Williams, is that you? I suppose you are bound, as usual, for St. John's Well, our road is the same for nearly a mile, so we may have time for a little conversation as we go. Upon what were your thoughts occupied when I came up with you?

WILLIAMS. I had been pondering, as I walked along, the various confirmations which have been supplied, by recent geological inquirers, of the Mosaic account of the Creation. I had taken up the first chapter of Genesis this morning, and thus my mind was naturally led to the consideration of that subject.

J. Confirmations of the Mosaic account? Why, I thought that the fact was altogether of an opposite kind. I know many good people who have been greatly alarmed of late by the progress of geology; fearing that men's belief in the Books of Moses would be shaken or even overthrown; and knowing that the histories of Adam, Noah, and Abraham all rest upon his authority, and that the very fact of the Fall itself becomes a mere tradition, a doubtful story, the moment our trust in the Mosaic history is destroyed.

W. Yes, I am aware of all this—that is, I am aware that such a feeling of apprehension does exist; but I believe that the alarm is utterly groundless. It seems to me that the support which geology has been made to give to the Scripture narrative of man's creation, and of the preparation of the earth for his dwelling-place, is something quite marvellous.

J. Well, you rather surprise me. But I believe you have given some thought to these questions, and I shall be glad if you will explain to me these testimonies of geology to the truth of Scripture which have so struck your own mind.

W. I shall very willingly try to do so; but our present brief walk will scarcely give us time even for an opening of the subject. However, let us take the very first sentence in Genesis; that will supply us with matter enough for this morning's walk.

J. "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." I know that geology alters our view of this verse. Formerly, men supposed that this magnificent act of God took place

about 5,800 years ago; and they had two vague ideas: Eternity, the meaning of which was too vast to be comprehended; and Time, which began, they supposed, not quite 6,000 years ago. But now, geologists tell us that fish swam in our oceans millions of years ago, and that birds flew over the face of the earth hundreds of thousands of years before Adam was created. But how do these discoveries tend to the confirmation of the Mosaic narrative?

W. Nay, I do not limit my view to the first chapter of Genesis merely. But I am inclined to say, that the geological interpretation of these words, "In the beginning," which removes that "beginning" to some millions of years before Adam's day, is more consonant to the general tone and purport of Scripture, with reference to questions of duration, than the narrow view which was current until within the last fifty years. Reduce the whole measurement of Time to a mere 6,000 years, and you must "accommodate," or explain away, many explicit declarations of Scripture. "Behold, I come quickly," said the Lord himself. "Yet a little while," said St. Paul, "and he will come." "The coming of the Lord draweth nigh," said St. James. Now, measured by a standard whose maximum is 5,860 years, these expressions are hardly feasible. So, again, when a whole lifetime of seventy years is called "a handbreadth," and the passing over as a shadow—as "a vapour that appeareth for a little while, and then vanisheth away"—the language appears strained and hyperbolical, when we remember that seventy years is one-sixtieth part of the whole duration of the earth since the Flood.

But how exactly true are all these expressions the moment we enlarge our view as geology teaches us to enlarge it! An angel looks down upon this earth, and sees it revolving round the sun for many long millions of years. He remarks its palæozoic period, its secondary, its tertiary; for either of which, geology insists, a million of years is too small an allowance. Then a great change takes place, and the human period begins. What, to an angelic observer, is the life of man, but the passing away of a flower? How else can he regard a span of seventy years, compared with the—perhaps—seventy millions of years during which he has observed the earth's course? Such questions as—"Why was the Saviour's advent upon earth so long delayed?" Or, "Why must 1,800 years

elapse between his second coming and his first?" seem quite absurd. What are four thousand years with Jehovah, but as four days? And what are 1,800 years, or even 4,000 years, compared with the past life of the earth, but "a little while"—"a short space?"

J. Nay, now you are dislocating and throwing into confusion all one's long-cherished ideas of time and duration. Do you feel that you have solid ground for these vast suppositions or reckonings?

W. I apprehend that on this point there can be no room for doubt. This, at least, is clear, —that we must either shut geology out of view entirely, or else we must give some weight to the unanimous testimony of all its chief exponents. And here, you know, we have the late Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Chalmers, Dr. Buckland, Dr. Harris, and Hugh Miller, all concurring with the Lyells and Murchisons, and the other great teachers of geology in our day. Thus, Dr. Buckland speaks of the "millions upon millions of years;" and Professor Sedgwick testifies that the solid framework of the earth tells us of "a long succession of movements, each of which may have required a thousand ages for its elaboration." Hugh Miller asserts, that the different geological periods must each have required "millenniums of centuries" to produce the results which have come down to us; and Archdeacon Pratt speaks of "the vast and unknown antiquity of the earth, compared with which the 6,000 years of its supposed existence are but as yesterday." Hence, I repeat, we must either try to shut our eyes and ears to geology altogether, or else we must admit its first and most positive assertion, that this earth has a "vast and unknown antiquity."

J. But, do I understand you to say, that you deem the Scriptures to be rather confirmed than contradicted by this view advanced by geology?

W. Certainly I do. Surely you can see, that on the supposition formerly entertained, that the heavens and the earth were created not quite 6,000 years ago, there were difficulties in certain passages of Scripture which no interpreter could satisfactorily get over. Why was the Redeemer's advent postponed so long? How can his promise to return "quickly," or in "a little while," be reconciled with a delay of 1,800 years? Were the Apostles mistaken when they assured us that "the coming of the Lord draweth nigh"; and

that "the Judge standeth at the door," and in many other like expressions? All these questions arise from one mistake—i.e., in taking Time's whole duration at 6,000 years. But admit Archdeacon Pratt's view—that the real antiquity of the earth is "vast and unknown, compared with which the 6,000 years of its supposed existence are but as yesterday"—and all becomes plain. Or, accept the Psalmist's words in their plain meaning: "A thousand years are in thy sight as yesterday," and "as a watch in the night." Take them, not as figure, but as fact. So argues St. Peter. Not only has God existed from all eternity, but this earth itself has existed for millions upon millions of years. What, then, is a mere 1,800 years? It is "a little while." And what is man's life, even if it lasts seventy years? It is the life of a flower; it is in the shadow that departeth; it is a vapour which the next breeze scattereth away.

J. But what are the past ages of the world to us? And do not these large expressions of Scripture refer to God's eternal existence, rather than to anything else?

W. They, doubtless, do speak of God as he is; but I think that they also speak of the heavens and the earth as they are. We can imagine no comparison between earthly durations and eternity. Nothing can assimilate the one to the other. But between one portion of the earth's history and another comparisons may be drawn; and my remark is this: that if we adhere to the old supposition, that the heavens and the earth are not quite 6,000 years old, we must be perplexed by many passages of Scripture; whereas, if we accept the testimony of geology, that the life of the earth has already endured for "millions upon millions of years," all these passages become plain, simple, and strictly true. Hence I say that the discoveries of geology, which at first startled mankind, turn out to be more in agreement with the language of Scripture, than the more limited and erroneous views which prevailed in the last and previous generations.

J. Well, I confess that I feel more perplexed and amazed than satisfied.

W. Yes, I know that such a feeling is quite natural, and in fact, inevitable, when any one is suddenly called upon to give up long-cherished impressions. But I have reminded you of the only choice you have—"that we must either shut geology out of view entirely, or else we must

give some weight to the unanimous testimony of all its chief expounders." Our best commentators and expounders of Scripture of fifty or one hundred years back did not know much of what has been revealed to us. But now, hundreds of earnest students, many of whom have been Christian men, have prosecuted researches into the crust of the earth for fifty years past, and it will not be easy for you to shut your eyes and ears to the results of their investigations. If you go to the British Museum, you find long galleries filled with creatures whose history cannot be placed in the present or human period. If you go to Exeter Hall, you will hear lectures on Hugh Miller's discoveries and interpretations. In short, you must close your organs of sight and hearing very effectually to keep out the knowledge of these facts.

J. But suppose I do not !

W. Then you will soon come to a knowledge of what Archdeacon Pratt calls, "the vast antiquity of the earth." And what I want you to see, is, that however this fact may shock some of the preconceived notions of men, it is, in truth, more consonant with Scripture than the narrower view. All the language of God's word which has a bearing on duration of time, agrees with geological measurements, and is at variance with our older notions. Commentators have been for many long years straining many Scripture phrases, and trying to make them bear a meaning to which they are intrinsically opposed. Geology interposes, and merely remarks, that to recognise the plain and indubitable fact of the "vast antiquity" of this earth, removes the whole difficulty in a moment. Hence I say, that its investigations rather tend to confirm our belief in the Bible, than to shake it.

J. But is this your chief reason for claiming geology as a friend, instead of suspecting it, as a possible foe ?

W. Oh, no; I merely alluded to this topic, because it is obviously the earliest in the consideration. It arises from the very first sentence in the book of Genesis. I have much more to say, but we shall not have time for any further talk this morning.

RANDOM WORDS.

Oh ! many a shaft at random sent I never gave
Finds him the archer little meant ;
And many a word at random spoken
May soothe or wound a heart that's broken.

THE POWER OF FAITH.

" Whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall not perish, but have everlasting life." Christ invites men into his service, but he does not leave them to their own strength. They who enter the lists with sin and sense under the banner of Jesus, the great Captain of salvation, shall not fail to be supported by him in the heat of the battle. His power is almighty, and he hath promised it shall rest upon them. "*My grace is sufficient for thee; for my strength is made perfect in weakness.*" Blessed promise! If it were not for this, how soon should we faint and tire in the path of duty! how soon should we yield to the power and rage of the enemy! how soon should we sink under the weight of our own fears! But *through Christ who strengtheneth us we can do all things.* Difficult it is to make a bold stand against the world, its snares and temptations, its passions and prejudices. But having him on our side who hath said, "*Be of good cheer, I have overcome the world,*" the conquest will be easy. Difficult it is, in a word, to support the heavy weight of affliction which Providence sometimes judges it necessary to lay upon us. But can it be imagined that the merciful Saviour will call men to suffer for his sake, and desert them in the hour of trial? Have not some of the most timorous of his disciples, strengthened by his grace, approved themselves champions in these tremendous occasions? The habit, it is true, in which religion at such times appears is by no means pleasing to an eye of sense. Nature starts back at the sight. The yoke seems hard, and the burden heavy. But faith, that grand principle of religion, when in its full strength, can counteract all the false reasonings of sense, and convince a man that it is his interest, in the face of every possible discouragement, to follow Christ, and to be assured that, thus following, he shall finally be delivered from sin and Satan.

A HINT FOR THE OWNERS OF COTTAGES.

To encourage habits of thought, of neatness, and to guard against damage to property caused by carelessness, promise every cottager a present of a guinea at Christmas, but subject to this condition :—

That broken window panes are to be repaired, broken rails to be mended, and shattered bricks on the floor are to be replaced, and any damage to the walls to be made good and paid for out of the said guinea, and the balance, whatever it may be, handed over to the occupant.

The tenants quickly discover that if they allow their children to chop wood on the floor, to play at ball in the rooms, or for mischief's sake drive a pig through the fence, or for sport swing upon the garden gate, these detrimental acts will not fall upon the landlord, but upon themselves, and make sad inroads upon their guinea. Thus the owner of the property, at little cost, obtains the reputation of generosity, and the cottager's household learn to be prudent.

CHRIST OUR INTERCESSOR.

"He ascended into heaven, and sitteth on the right hand of God."

BUT he does not forget his suffering and tempted Church. He is our advocate and intercessor with God. He pleads our cause, secures pardon for us, obtains the help of the Holy Ghost, and accomplishes the final salvation of all who trust in him. "I ascend to my Father, and your Father." "I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter." "Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died, yea rather, that is risen again, who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us." "He ever liveth to make intercession for them that come unto God by him." "Christ is entered into heaven itself, now to appear in the presence of God for us." "If any man sin, we have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous." Every sincere Christian, therefore, relies on the intercession of Jesus, through whom our repentance, prayers, and good works, though unworthy to be accepted on their own account, will be graciously received by God, who is everywhere present to listen to our petitions, and through whom we are sure of obtaining every blessing that we need.

RELIGION.

WOULDEST thou be happy? serve and love thy God;
The soul is ever vacant till He comes,
And makes therein his dwelling; then it stands
On the world's edge, enwrapped in contemplation,
And ponders on futurity and heaven;
Until at last, expanding in its size,
It comprehends infinity, and swells
Into immortal and immense desires,
Gigantic as eternity; then flies,
Its sunshine Godhead, and its home the skies.

THE EXHIBITION

AND ITS ATTENDANT CHRISTIAN EFFORT.

Now that the great industrial hive at length is tenantless, and its busy occupants have duly winged their way, each to his several clime (each taking with him, too, such quota of honey as doubtless he deems sweet), it devolves upon us to treat of that which is "sweeter than honey, and the dropping of honey-combs," in connection with this gigantic international achievement.

In the hope that we may render service to such of our readers as will sympathise in the efforts which have been put forth by Christian men in the metropolis this year, we purpose, so far as in us lies, to give a brief but comprehensive narrative of the same; and, first, to speak of that form of effort which will have met the eye of millions who have, during the present year, paid a visit to the world's great market. We allude to that particular exhibition in the Cromwell Road, near the eastern entrance to the grand attrac-

tion—to that place of sale (if we may so speak) where Divine and not human principles received their daily illustration; where men whose hearts were kindled from above were not only saying, but acting accordingly, with regard to the Word of God, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy and eat: yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price." There were no 5s. or 2s. 6d. days with them; no, nor even shilling days, to admit the general public, and that for the simple but all-sufficient reason (incredible on 'Change and elsewhere) that they had learnt from One above, that "IT IS MORE BLESSED TO GIVE THAN TO RECEIVE." But it is time to make known by what agency this was brought about.

A City gentleman, who for some years had lived in the happy consciousness that prayer was something more than a matter to be done by deputy, under the heartfelt impression that a noble opportunity to labour for God was presented by the opening of this great building to the gaze of the civilised world, sought counsel of God as to the manner in which he should seek to honour him on this occasion. In answer to this petition, the gentleman was led to the conviction that his object would be best effected by circulating the Word of Life. This, then, he proceeded to carry into effect; and after being repeatedly thwarted in his efforts to introduce the Bible within the walls of the Exhibition, he at length (and not without yet further frustration) secured the spot whence from that time forth the Holy Scriptures have been daily distributed (and that gratuitously) in seven different languages. For the sake of such as have not witnessed this casting of the bread of life upon the waters, it may be well to state that the Scriptures have gone forth in the English, French, German, Italian, Spanish, Swedish, and Hebrew languages. During the concluding months of the existence of the Bible-stand, it has also been circulated in the Danish, Dutch, and Portuguese languages. The Hebrew department was superintended by a believing Jew from Russia. It has been the privilege of the writer to unite with this believing group, of varying tongues but united hearts, where prayer is wont to be offered by them, in broken but not less touching accents, immediately behind that Bible-stand. With regard to the details of the work conducted there, it is cheering to learn that the New Testament and other portions of Scripture, in little books, have been distributed in the following languages, to the number of about 136,946:—English, French, German, Spanish, Dutch, Italian, Swedish, Danish, Portuguese, and Hebrew.

Scripture cards have been given away in the following seven languages, to the number of 2,392,000: English, French, Italian, German, Spanish, Swedish, and Hebrew.

Leaflets, also, of a similar nature to the cards,

have been distributed to the number of 715,000, in English.

That the promoters of this labour of love have not been allowed exclusively to share the burden and the glory of it, is evidenced by the interesting fact that an average sum of £1 10s. 11d. was daily dropped into the subscription boxes, *the principal part of which was contributed in copper*. This work has increased as it advanced towards its termination, the month of September having witnessed, according to the testimony of our City friend, "an advance of 12 per cent." in the distribution of both books (portions of the Word) and cards. It remains now, since packing-cases are in the ascendant, to state the destination of this Bible-stand. The promoters of it have sought and have obtained a "local habitation" for it within the precincts of the Crystal Palace, in consideration of a rental of fifty pounds per annum (a little circumstance, this latter one, which the religious public will do well to bear in mind). Long may it prosper there, and bear triumphantly aloft, amidst the pleasure-seeking crowds which flock thither, its Christian motto, "GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST, ON EARTH PEACE, GOODWILL TOWARDS MEN."

As efforts in the right direction (happily no less than those in the wrong) are seldom isolated, so in the present instance the establishment of the Bible-stand was quickly followed by the setting on foot the kindred effort embodied in the Gospel Hall adjoining. This latter building had its origin from an equally simple source to that of the former. Two Christian men of business, in this case, "in simplicity and godly sincerity," acted upon the conviction that they were entitled to take God at his word with regard to any of his promises applicable to their case. They pleaded, therefore, such declarations as the following:—"Whosoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son."—John xiv. 13. And "Again I say unto you, that if two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven."—Matt. xviii. 19. Our two City friends did "agree as touching" the requirement of a Hall of Good Tidings in the immediate neighbourhood of the world's great mart; in reliance on the foregoing promises, they pleaded them before the Throne of grace; nor did they, as the sequel soon showed, by any means plead in vain. They had not any means at their disposal, at the outset of the undertaking, but the requisite funds were speedily contributed (chiefly from amidst the din of City business) by such of the inhabitants as "look for a city which hath (eternal) foundations, whose builder and maker is God." From the first erection of these two buildings to the close of their existence, a stream of dependent supplication has been daily offered up, not merely from under their own roofs, but from consecrated hearts which beat in unison with the efforts of

their promoters, both at home and abroad. It is but briefly, indeed, that we can speak of the results of these labours; but when we aver that not a day has passed since the opening of either building without being productive of fruit, in at least the apparent yielding of the heart to the claims of Divine love, it will be manifest that it is beyond our province to attempt a record of such cases. We shall be acting, however, in accordance with apostolic practice if, in the present instance, we select from the mass a few instances from among God's ancient people, Israel. On the testimony of the Christian Jew to whom was allotted the privilege of distributing the Word of Life to his brethren according to the flesh, we hear of one who, after having received the gift of "*the New Covenant*" for the first time in his life, returned to the stand in a few days, and addressing his believing brother, said, "Sir, do you remember that you gave me a book three days ago?"—"Yes." "Well, I would not sell it for five shillings. . . . I have been reading it, and my wife and two daughters have been reading it also. We were quite struck with the beautiful things contained in it, and with the good and holy words which Jesus taught the people. A Christian man, who is my landlord, explained the book to me, and now I am fully convinced of the truths of Christianity, and desire to be baptised with my house." An unadorned but not less welcome response is this to the words written in Hebrew (as in the six other languages over each compartment of the Bible-stand)—"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thine house." These words of inspiration arrested the attention of an Austrian Jew also, when seated outside an omnibus. The Jew forthwith descended from his seat, and advanced to the stand with this inquiry—"Is this the place where they give away Hebrew Testaments? I saw one of them in the hands of one of my countrymen, but he would not part with it at any price." By such simple means have the Holy Scriptures been made to germinate among the descendants of the men who penned them, and thus have they been scattered in blessing to the nation whose destinies they foretell—scattered, even as Israel herself is scattered, alas! judicially. By such means, in this case as in all others, does "mercy (in the end) rejoice over judgment." Jews and Jewesses from Turin, from Germany, Russia, Hungary, France, Denmark, Holland, and Poland, together with English Jews, to the number of about 1,300, and chiefly of the upper classes, have thus under these novel circumstances, become messengers of the "tidings," in comparison with which their brother Paul counted all else but dross. Many thousand portions of Scripture have thus been sown broadcast by their means alone. A Polish Jew, on being asked if he would make a good use of the book which had been given him (the fourth Gospel, in Hebrew), replied—"Who could make a bad use of such a book?" It will be well to add, in conclusion, that this kind of

labour resulted in the Jews calling at their Christian brother's house, and, in certain cases, in their accompanying him to places of Anglican worship. They expressed themselves as highly delighted with the services; and this was especially the case with such of them as live in Roman Catholic countries. We must hasten to a termination of this narrative by briefly mentioning the circumstance of an English Jew and his lady having made application at the Bible-stand for some portions of Scripture, and asserted at the same time their intention to pay for them. On being told that the only acknowledgment that could be accepted was that of a free-will offering deposited in the box hard by, the gentleman went at once and dropped some money into it, and his wife also asked him for money, that she might have a share in the contribution. All this, we trust, tells a cheering tale, that calls forth gratitude to God and praise.

BE NOT PROFITLESS.

HAST thou a talent? hide it not,
Nor let it idle be;
But let occasion e'er be sought
To use it worthily.

The Editor and his friends.

EDITORIAL CONVERSATIONS WITH J. W. H., ALPHA,
A. (Carlisle), COWBRIDGE, H. C., J. A. LIZZIE, S. C.,
T. H., J. M., H. J. P., J. R., W. A., F. B., AND OTHER
FRIENDS.

CHAPTER XIII.

F. How am I to understand this sentence, which I meet with in the writings of St. Paul?—"According to the eternal purpose which he purposed in Christ Jesus our Lord."

E. A celebrated Scottish divine has given a remarkable translation of this passage, which runs thus:—"According to the disposition of the ages which He made for Christ Jesus our Lord."

"The ages" denote the various dispensations of religion under which mankind have been placed: the *Patriarchal*, in which the Saviour was promised; the *Mosaic*, in which he was typified; and the *Christian*, in which he was manifested in the flesh, and preached to all nations as the Saviour of the world. All these ages God planned and brought to pass for the sake of Christ Jesus, to prepare for his reception, and to issue in Christ's exaltation as the Redeemer of mankind.

F. "When they arose early in the morning, behold, they were all dead corpses." Who are they that arose?—2 Kings xix. 35.

E. The troops of King Hezekiah and the inhabitants of Jerusalem.

F. "Then shall I know even as also I am known?"—1 Cor. xiii. 12.

E. Our knowledge will resemble that of the Divine mind, as far as the capacity of a finite creature will admit.

F. If there are to be different degrees of happiness in a future state of bliss, how can all be perfectly happy?

E. He that is blessed to the utmost extent of his capability of enjoyment may be said to be perfectly happy, though others around him may be in the enjoyment of a far higher degree of felicity. A thousand vessels of different degrees of capacity may be filled from the same pure stream—all may be perfectly full, yet no two contain alike, and the capacity of one vessel may be a thousandfold greater than that of another.

F. What is meant by the phrase, "Walking after the flesh?"

E. Following the desires and inclinations of corrupt nature.

F. "I judge no man," says our Lord; and yet our Lord adds, "For judgment I am come into this world."—John viii. 15, ix. 39. How am I to reconcile these passages?

E. I now appear in the character of a teacher, not of a judge; yet I am come into the world that justice may be done to all; so that they who are ignorant may be instructed, and they who suppose themselves righteous and enlightened may be left judicially to their own spiritual blindness; therefore, although I judge no man, yet for judgment came I into the world.

F. "A sword shall pierce through thine own heart."

E. This does not imply that the Virgin Mary would suffer martyrdom, but was a figurative mode of expressing the sorrows that she would be called upon to endure in consequence of her knowledge of the sufferings of her Son.

F. "As He is, so are we in this world."

E. As Christ is made known by his love to us, so we in this world are made known by our love to him. As Christ loves our cause, we love his cause—as Christ loves his people, we love his people. He loves us, and we love others. He loves us for his own sake; we love others for his sake. Therefore, "As he is, so are we in this world."

F. "They uncovered the roof." How could this be, without inflicting injury on those who were in the house?

E. The houses in the East generally consisted of four buildings so united as to form a square, or a parallelogram, in the interior, and in this part visitors were accustomed to assemble. To exclude the burning rays of the sun, and promote the comfort of the inmates of the house, this open space was covered with an awning. We may suppose that the friends who carried the sick man had obtained access to the roof by the stairs on the outside of the building, and uncovering the roof would be simply to remove this awning, in order that they might lower down the sufferer and deposit him at the feet of the Great Physician, whose healing powers they confided in for the restoration to strength of their afflicted friend.

E. How could Satan show all the kingdoms of the world?

E. This is by a figure of speech well known to grammarians, by which a part is put for the whole or the whole for a part.

F. "Apples of gold in pictures of silver."

E. Apples of gold in a net-work purse of silver is an Oriental speech to denote an object of delight.

F. Why could not the children of Judah drive out their enemies? The Scripture says:—"The Lord was with Judah; and he drove out the inhabitants of the mountain; but could not drive out the inhabitants of the valley, because they had chariots of iron."

E. We must suppose that Judah, by disobedience, had offended God, and that he withdrew from them that aid by which they had been enabled to vanquish their foes. No other cause could operate to weaken Judah.

F. In what way are we to understand the passage that speaks of Satan appearing among the sons of God.

E. By the sons of God, we understand the worshippers of Jehovah. No view given of the heavenly world sanctions the opinion that Satan is admitted to maintain intercourse with God or holy beings in heaven.

F. "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven." What is meant by the eye of a needle?

E. This is a proverbial mode of expressing a great difficulty, as appears from the Rabbinical writings; but an Eastern traveller has given another solution of the difficulty. His view is, that Jerusalem was a fortified city, surrounded with a high wall; and that in this wall, in addition to what were called the gates of the city, there were small apertures, called needles' eyes; and that these apertures were designed for the camels, to allow them to pass, that they might obtain water, even when the great gates were closed, but these openings were so contrived that they would admit a camel without his burden, but not with his burden: therefore no camel could pass unless he was divested of his load. Thus, the rich man must cease to cling to his riches, or he cannot enter the kingdom of heaven.

F. We read in the Gospel of St. Matthew of some that are greater than John. Who can be greater than one so great, and in what respect can he be greater?

E. The Baptist was more distinguished than former prophets, by being Christ's forerunner, by being himself the subject of ancient prophecies, by his miraculous conception and birth, by his office of baptising with the baptism of repentance, by his express testimony to the Messiah as personally present, and by the honour received from Christ himself. Still the preachers of the Gospel excelled John, in having a clearer knowledge of the doctrines of the Gospel, and the promised assistance of the Spirit, which was purchased for the people of God by the great work of Christ.

F. Where lies the justice of eternal punishment, when men's offences vary in their guilt?

E. As the sins of the finally impenitent vary in degrees of guilt, so we believe their chastisements will vary in degrees of intensity; but, as all the finally impenitent are guilty of one and the same act of awful wickedness—the very climax of crime—they all suffer alike the same duration of punishment; for the greatest of all crimes that men can commit is to reject the remedy which God has provided. Men perish not on account of their sins, but on account of their rejection of God's plan of pardoning sin. The sick man spurns the remedy provided, and therefore dies.

F. "By thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned." How can this be?

E. Strictly speaking, by the merits of Christ we are *justified*; and according to our trust in him, we are "accounted righteous before God." "Being justified by faith, we have peace with God, through Jesus Christ." But the reality of our faith, the soundness of our heart, is proved by its fruits, and among its fruits by our words. Make the faith good, and the fruit will be good. In this sense, "by thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned."

E. Our Correspondents CAROLUS, F. B., M. D., J. H., E. H. S., E. B. D., G. S., HENRY, R. P., S. H., J. S. R., C. (Liverpool), O. W., G. P. W., R. T., and W. P. will be so good as to accept this acknowledgment of their letters, and kindly consider that the insertion of the initials denotes that their questions have been already answered, or are such that the answers could not interest the generality of our readers, and therefore, from necessity are passed by.

We are thankful to find that the information contained in this periodical has proved useful to Sunday-school teachers.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE AND THE DOG.

The night after the battle of Bassano, the moon rose cloudless and brilliant over the sanguinary scene. Napoleon, who seldom exhibited any hilarity, or even exhilaration of spirits in the hour of victory, rode, accompanied by his staff, over the plain covered with the bodies of the dying and the dead, and, silent and thoughtful, seemed lost in painful reverie.

It was midnight. The confusion and the uproar of the battle had passed away, and the deep silence of the calm starlight night was only disturbed by the moans of the wounded and dying. Suddenly a dog sprang from beneath the cloak of his dead master, and rushed to Napoleon, as if frantically imploring his aid, and then rushed back again to the mangled corpse, licking the blood from its face and hands, and howling most piteously. Napoleon was deeply moved by the affecting scene, and turned to his officers, with his hand pointed towards the faithful dog, and said with evident emotion, "There, gentlemen; that dog teaches us a lesson of humanity."

BISHOP HOPKINS ON SLANDER.

If thou wouldest not be guilty of slander, be frequent in reflecting upon thine own miscarriages, or thy proneness to fall into the same or greater faults. When thou hearest or knowest of any foul and scandalous sin committed by another, look backward upon thine own life and actions. Canst thou find no blots in thy copy? Is the whole course of thy life fairly written upon thy conscience?

Methinks, our shame for our own sins should be a covering to the sins of others.

The Student's Page.

THE PARABLES OF JESUS, ARRANGED IN CHRONOLOGICAL ORDER.

No. Parable of the	
1 Sower	... Capernaum Matt. xiii. 1-23
2 Tares	... Capernaum Matt. xiii. 24-30;
3 Seed springing up	36-43
imperceptibly	Capernaum Mark iv. 26-29
4 Grain of mustard	seed ... Capernaum Matt. xiii. 31, 32
5 Leaven	... Capernaum Matt. xiii. 33
6 Found treasure	... Capernaum Matt. xiii. 44
7 Precious pearl	... Capernaum Matt. xiii. 45, 46
8 Net	... Capernaum Matt. xiii. 47-50
9 Two debtors	... Capernaum Luke vii. 36-50
10 Unmerciful servant	Capernaum Matt. xviii. 23-35
11 Samaritan	near Jericho Luke x. 25-37
12 Rich fool	... Galilee Luke xii. 16-21
13 Servants who waited	for their Lord ... Galilee Luke xii. 35-48
14 Barren fig-tree	... Galilee Luke xiii. 6-9
15 Lost sheep	... Galilee Luke xv. 8-7
16 Lost piece of money	Galilee Luke xv. 8-10
17 Prodigal son	... Galilee Luke xv. 11-32
18 Dishonest steward	... Galilee Luke xvi. 1-12
19 Rich man and Lazarus	... Galilee Luke xvi. 19-31
20 Unjust judge	... Perea Luke xviii. 1-8
21 Pharisee and publican	... Perea Luke xviii. 9-14
22 Labourers in the vineyard	... Perea Matt. xx. 1-16
23 Pounds	... Jericho Luke xix. 12-27
24 Two sons	... Jerusalem Matt. xxi. 28-32
25 Vineyard	... Jerusalem Matt. xxi. 33-46
26 Marriage feast	... Jerusalem Matt. xxii. 1-14
27 Ten virgins	... Jerusalem Matt. xxv. 1-13
28 Talents	... Jerusalem Matt. xxv. 14-30
29 Sheep and the goats	Jerusalem Matt. xxv. 31-46

SERMONS IN MINIATURE; OR, AIDS TO THE BIBLICAL STUDENT.

Consider the fall of man—

I. As it regards Satan.

1. His object:

To show his enmity against God.

To make man as miserable as himself.

2. His subtlety in accomplishing his object:

Undermining Eve's confidence in God (Gen. iii. 4).

Appealing to her weaker part,

Her appetites—her senses (ver. 5).

II. As it regarded man.

The inability of even perfect Adam to keep himself.

The gradual effect of the poison (ver. 6).

Eve tempted becomes the tempter.

The immediate fruit of shame (ver. 7)—

Fear—sense of guilt (ver. 8, 10)—prevarication

—laying the fault on others.

III. As it regarded God:

His law broken.

His love slighted.

His justice called into exercise (ver. 14-19).

Himself separated from his creatures (ver. 24).

His wisdom:

Contriving a marvellous way of recovery (ver. 15).

OBSERVATIONS.

Learn to dread being left alone in temptation.

Eve was weak.

Much more are we.

Watch against hard thoughts of God's commands or prohibitions.

Suspect all that falls in with the lusts of our own hearts.

Remember the constant need of self-denial.

When you fall into sin, beware of keeping from God, as Adam did; of hiding or excusing sin; of throwing blame upon others.

Humble yourself before God. The way to come to God is more plainly revealed than it was to Adam. Implore it for obtaining pardon.

See here all the principles of sin in disobedience, rebellion, and unbelief.

Learn to trace all the sin and misery in your heart, and in the world, to this source.

Learn to adore the plan that restores and raises the sinner, and glorifies God.

FEASTS OF THE JEWS

THERE were three principal feasts:—

The *Passover*, to commemorate their deliverance out of Egypt; called also the feast of unleavened bread. This commenced on the 14th of Nisan (March), and lasted seven days.The *Pentecost*, to commemorate the giving of the law, which commenced fifty days after the 16th of Nisan, the law being given at that period after their coming out of Egypt. At this feast the Jews offered the first-fruits of their wheat harvest, then completed; namely, two unleavened loaves and two measures of meal, having offered a sheaf of new corn on the second day after the Passover, at the beginning of the harvest. At this feast it was that the Holy Spirit descended to set up publicly the new law, or Gospel dispensation, and to testify Christ to be the firstfruits of them that sleep.The *Feast of Tabernacles* was to commemorate their dwelling in tents in the wilderness, which commenced on the 15th of Tisri (September), and lasted eight days. They celebrated it by residing in green bowers, by carrying and strewing branches of palm trees, and by singing hosannahs. At the end of it they offered the first-fruits of their later crops, and drank water from the pool of Siloam, brought to the Temple for that purpose, probably to denote the springs by which their fathers had been refreshed in the desert.At these three feasts all the males in Judea were to appear before the Lord. Several other feasts they had of less importance; as that of Trumpets, that of *Expiation*, and that of the *Dedication* of the Temple.

ROMAINE ON THE HOLY SPIRIT. and IT
 THE Holy Spirit is our guide through the journey of life. The whole work of sanctification is his. He cleanses the heart, purifies it, fills it full of faith, and hope, and love, and enriches it with all the sweet and heavenly tempers of the blessed Jesus. He sanctifies every visitation to God's people; if it be prosperous, he keeps them humble; if it be adverse, he arms them with patience; and thus he makes all things work together for their good. It is his office to give us a new heart and a new spirit, disposed to receive impressions of the divine law, and then to endue it with power to walk in the statutes of God, and to keep his judgments and to do them; so that every step we take from the first moment we set out, until we happily arrive at the end of our journey, is directed and supported by the Spirit of God.

Youths' Department.

MISCHIEF PUNISHED.—A TALE.

ARTHUR and Reginald were the sons of two country gentlemen, residing in a village hamlet, in Lincolnshire. They were fine youths; but one of them delighted in practical jokes, by which he often entailed trouble upon himself, and caused discomfort to others. To describe one of these acts of mischief, and the consequences that followed, is the object of our narrative.

Reginald, for several days prior to the commencement of our story, had been absorbed in some work upon natural history, and had risen up from the study with a determination to make a place at the end of his garden for the reception of divers kinds of fowls, pigeons, and rabbits. Full of the thought, he rushed off to the village carpenter, to borrow the needful tools to carry out his new fancy, by manufacturing certain nondescript boxes and bars, which were to bear the dignified names of rabbit-hutches, hen-coops, and cages. On his return from his friend Gimblet, the carpenter, he and Reginald met at the corner of a road.

"What are you doing here, Arthur?" cried Reginald—the said Arthur sitting at the time on a large stone by the road side, gazing at the clouds.

"Nothing," said Arthur. "I have nothing to do, and I am doing it well; and I'll tell you another thing: doing nothing is very tiring, and it's what I don't like; it's precious hard work, let me tell you."

"Why, then, do you stay here?"

"That monkey of mine has gone to Basley, and he told me to meet him at this corner."

From the point where the two lads met, one road led to the river, as it was called, and the other to a town about four miles off. The distance to each place was about the same. The spot was surrounded by a plantation, and there was no house in sight; but where the roads parted there was a sign-post

with two sides; on the one was written, "To the river," and on the other, "To Basley."

"What have you got in that basket?" said Arthur.

"Some carpenters' tools that I've borrowed; I'm going to make a rabbit hutch."

"That gives me a new idea," said Arthur, rising from his seat, and taking the basket from Reginald.

What sort of idea do you suppose the tools gave the mischievous boy? You cannot guess; and Reginald could not, so Arthur proceeded to explain his meaning.

"I wanted something to do, and now I have it. Let us knock off those finger boards, and change them, so that the one that points to Basley will point to the river, and the one which now points to the river will then point to Basley."

"And what do you want to do that for?"

"For the fun of the thing. Wouldn't it be jolly to have some man come along here, and look up and read the finger board, and then hear him say, 'Dear me, how lucky that I looked up, or I should have gone the wrong way,' and then to see him trudge on the way to the river, as he thinks, and in an hour or two he pulls up, all asthast, because he's at Basley."

"I don't see any fun in it; besides, it would not be right to do it."

"Oh, you have no fun in you; let me have the hammer."

"I won't; it's not right."

"Who cares for what is right, when there is some fun to be had?"

"I do; so give me my basket."

"But you'll let me take it, and I'll do it."

Reginald let him take the hammer, and some nails out of the basket. Poor Reginald had forgotten that if it is not right to do a thing, it is not right to assist other people to do it.

Arthur tried to clamber up, but found the boards were above his reach.

"Here, you come and help me to get up," said Arthur.

"No, I won't do it; it is not right."

Arthur argued that he ought to help him; it was mean not to help him; he would take all the blame. Finally, Reginald's good nature yielded so far that he held a broken rail against the post, for Arthur to stand upon while he carried his new idea into practice.

"Hand me up another nail, my friend, that I may make all fast."

While Arthur was thus engaged, a beggar passed, and, looking at him, cried out—

"I say, young gentleman, I hope you are after no mischief!"

"Don't you see?" cried Arthur. "I'm nailing this board to prevent it from falling."

"It ain't very usual for young gentlemen to do such things."

"All right, my good fellow."

"Well, I hope it is. I'm no scholar, and I can't

tell what's on that board; it's no business of mine. I know my way well enough without a sign-post."

"All right, my man."

"Well, well," said the beggar, "gentlefolks ought to know what's what; but now, mark my words, youngsters. If you've abin after anything wrong—any mischief, I mean—you'll rue it; it'll come upon your own heads, see if it don't." So saying, the poor fellow tramped off, leaving Arthur and Reginald by no means pleased with the first part of their adventures. Reginald hurried home with his tools; for, after the mischief was done, he did not feel comfortable at the chance of being met with the basket in his hand by somebody who knew him. Very shortly afterwards, Arthur's uncle arrived, and he and his nephew proceeded on their way to a friend's house.

They were scarcely out of sight when a boy about fourteen and a girl about six years of age came up to the cross road.

"Oh, Teddy," said the little creature, "is it much farther? I am so tired, I could sit down and cry."

"It's four miles, Meg; oh, it won't take us very long. The sign-post says this is the road; come, get on my back, and I'll try and carry you a little way."

"But you are so tired yourself, Teddy," said poor little Meg.

"Yes; as father would say, 'I'm done up.' Never mind, you're not very heavy, and I sha'n't be much more tired by your being on my back. Come, it's getting late; let's be off and away."

The good-natured boy started with his load, and as they proceeded they tried to cheer one another, while they almost counted the very footsteps; but when they thought they were at their journey's end, to their terror they discovered it was the river, and not their father's village, they had reached.

Teddy dropped down on the bank, and fairly wept from fatigue and grief. "Oh, Meg, Meg! what shall we do? We are eight miles from father, and it's getting dark. I'm sure I read that sign right. What shall we do? When we get to the village where father works we sha'n't be able to find him out; all the workmen will have gone away."

"Granny said anybody would tell us where father worked," said Meg.

"We can't find father to-night, Meg, and we have no money."

"Teddy, I wish you had something to eat, and then you would be better. I think I don't feel so tired now, and I wish I could carry you." So saying, she attempted to show how refreshed she was; but her weary limbs caused her to limp as she walked.

"Oh, Teddy," said the little comforter, "don't you remember granny said we must try to be good, and not complain, and God would take care of us. I hope God will take care of you, Teddy."

"Yes, Meg; and of you too. I am so sorry for you, Meg."

"Oh, never mind me; I'm so glad I'm with you."

These little travellers turned their weary steps towards the village; and they had just reached the cross road, and were thinking that they must sink on the road, when a baker's cart drove by.

"Please, sir," cried Teddy, "will you let me and my sister ride in your cart; we are so tired?" The man looked at them for a moment. "I don't mind if I do; so tumble up, for I am short of time." Tumble they did, for they both fell from fatigue; and the good-natured fellow, seeing this, jumped down and lifted them into the cart; and then, when he heard where they wanted to go, and the mistake they had made, he, with a pleasing kind of ferocity, for his fierceness was all in his words, cried out, "Now, you urchins, just hold your tongues, and go to sleep with you. Do you want to frighten my horse with your noise? Here, little one, take that coat; and you, young chap, push that bag under you." They both began to thank the man. "Hold your noise, I tell you, unless you want me to put you down in this dark lane. Here, lay hold of this, and just munch away, as fast as you can." So saying, he thrust the end of a roll into each of their mouths. Glad enough they were to "munch away," as the baker called it, for they were almost sick with hunger. The little they had eaten on the road, they said, seemed to have made them more hungry. "Don't chatter there," said the man, "but eat the bread, and go to sleep. Just do as I tell you. I suppose you wouldn't like, now, that I should drive back, and just drop you on the road where I took you up?"

The very mention of such a thing made poor Meg tremble, till she heard the strange man say in a whisper to himself—

"Catch me doing that. I should be a nice creature, shouldn't I?"

As the baker had to go a long round, they were for a considerable time on the way; and poor Meg whispered some of her fears to Teddy about their father, when the man, half turning, cried out, "Just answer me one question, you little chatterbox. What business on earth have you to do with troubles? they are made for us, and not for you. And you, young fellow; if you'd just mind your own concerns, and shut your eyes, instead of gazing at the stars. What have you got to do with the stars, or the stars with you, I wonder? If I don't hear you both snore in your sleep in five minutes, I'll do something."

This roughly-speaking fellow was a kind creature at heart, but afraid that anybody should know it. He contrived to learn from the children all that he wished to know, and, to their joy, deposited them at their father's cottage, shouting to Teddy as he was driving off, "I say, young Wearyfoot, I've got a big loaf too much in my cart; just trot in-doors with it, and come here again before I'm off."

Teddy did as he was told. He took the loaf in-doors, and returned.

"Do you know why I picked you urchins up?"

"Because you were good-natured," said Ted.

"No, you're out there; not a bit of it. I don't pretend to have anything to do with good-nature—can't afford it; so, guess again."

"Because, perhaps, you thought we might be lost."

"Lost! no. What's that to me? there's plenty more children in the world. That's not it. Shall I tell you?"

"Please do," said Teddy.

"Because I saw you carrying your sister on your back, and I said to myself, 'that's a fine fellow, and I don't care who knows it.' Now, Master Teddy, I haven't much time to be prating here; and I don't understand making civil speeches—it's a thing not in my line; but if at any time you want a little lift, in the way of work, or money, or bread, you go into that village, and inquire for Crusty, the baker. That's not my name, but they say it's my nature; and so, never mind; it'll do as well as any other, till I get a better."

Poor Teddy was so overpowered by this kindness that he could hardly speak, when, with a rough voice, the man roared, "Come, youngster, jump out of the way, or I shall run over you." So saying, he rolled off as fast as wheels could carry him, just as little Margaret came out in haste again to thank him.

As the man of leaves drove off, Teddy exclaimed, "Meg, I wish everybody was as kind to poor children as Crusty, the baker."

Here we pause. When we again meet we will talk over somebody else's afflictions, and see how far the poor mendicant's prophecy was fulfilled—

"If you do mischief, it will fall on your own head."

[END OF PART FIRST.]

A CHILD'S POWER TO DO GOOD.

ON one occasion a gentleman accompanied the officers of justice when they went to apprehend a criminal in the Canongate of Edinburgh. At first the man raged, cursed, and swore; but on the entrance of his little girl, he suddenly stopped his wild, bad language. The gentleman, surprised, made bold to ask the reason of this, when the father said, "Sir, this little girl is in the habit of saying her hymns to me when she comes from the Sabbath-school, and so I cannot swear before her."

THE POWER OF LITTLE WORDS.

"COME on Sunday," said an elderly gentleman to a little boy three and a-half years old; "come on Sunday, for I am at home all day, and want to see you."

"Why, do you stay at home all day on Sunday?" said the little fellow.

"Yes," said the old man; "don't you?"

"No: I go to church twice, and so does papa. It is wicked not to go to church if you are well."

It was only a little word, only a little voice that uttered it; but it went home to that man so old in sin, and it told him how wrong he was, and what a great sinner he was. Sunday came, and his wife and children were astonished to hear him say he was going to church! Ever afterward he was seen in his proper place, thus affording an example of the good that was accomplished by the wise words of a little boy.

THE COTTON FAMINE.

SUBSCRIPTIONS continue to reach us from those whom we might have supposed to be least able to give. A country schoolmistress writes:—"A few of my scholars have made up their minds to deny themselves their pennyworths of apples, &c., and devote the money for the poor starving little children of Lancashire. . . . This money is really their own, not begged from their parents for the purpose. Little ones of six and seven come with their pence." A friend at Inverness, who has collected £2 18s. 3d. among his fellow-workmen engaged in the erection of a lunatic asylum, speaks of the "warm-hearted and willing manner in which all responded to the call to help their English friends." One of our correspondents, who is "a cripple, and confined to the house entirely," has nevertheless entered heartily into the work, and has made a collection from those with whom he has come in contact. Another friend sends a second donation of 2s. 8d., and hopes "to be able to send this amount, or a larger one, every week." This plan of weekly contributions is an excellent one, and we are glad to observe that the suggestion of a "Lancashire box," as a means of obtaining such contributions, has been acted upon. A correspondent at the Sailors' Home, Portsea, says that the school children there "are giving their pennies, and the dock-yard men their shilling a week." These communications are very gratifying, and they confirm accounts which reach us from other sources. We are convinced that if the wealthy and the well-to-do classes only do their duty at this crisis as conscientiously as their humbler brethren, the distress in Lancashire, great as it is, will be effectually relieved.

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of the following additional contributions, and we shall have much pleasure in sending additional subscription bills to any address on receipt of a stamp.

	Amount already acknowledged	£	s	d	£	s	d
Chas. Pinniger	1 0 0	J. Tuff	0	7	7
Boys of British School		I. A. Adcock	0	2	0
Lowestoft	0 10 4	M. Webb	1	6	0
Young Men's Christian Association	0 11 6	S. W. Y. Islington	0	5	0
E. M., Liverpool	0 1 0	J. F. Alderney	1	2	10
Gwenllian Davies	0 4 0	Catherine Lukies	0	5	10
K. S. Walsh	0 6 9	Little H. Parker	0	2	9
Mrs. M. Swallow	0 4 0	Samuel Hinge	0	0	10
Mrs. R. Hawkins	0 10 7	J. Fleet	0	3	7
S. G., near Edinburgh	0 10 6	Stephen Dickins	0	5	6
J. G., St Heliers	0 7 0	J. B. Shetland Isles	0	1	0
H. C., Liverpool	0 5 8	Geo. Bartlett	0	2	4
Hart's Hill, Methodist		W. G. Skelton	0	3	5
New Connexion	0 6 0	Elizabeth Walker	0	6	0
Fredk. Townsend	0 8 4	S. Collet, aged 8	1	8	3
		S. Spacey	0	8	2

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
A Friend	0	1	0	P. Cousins	0	2	6
Margaret Murray	0	0	4	S. T. Croydon	0	3	0
R. S. Seaton Delaval	0	4	0	Contents of Lancashire			
E. Hewit	0	2	0	Box, W. M. B. D.	0	3	10
Laura Faulkner	0	11	2	A. M. G. Luton	0	2	0
R. S. J.	0	5	0	Alfred Sandes Harris	0	5	0
J. Roberts	0	8	4	E. M. Farnall	0	8	7
Grace Ward	0	11	0	S. H. Hodson	0	8	6
Annie Badcock	0	12	6	A Friend	0	2	0
Crosby Garrett, Westmoreland	0	5	0	Paul Priestley	0	6	6
J. A. H. Surbiton	1	0	0	W. Beardsworth	0	9	10
Jno. Kennedy	0	10	0	Jas. Williams	0	10	8
St. Matthew xxv. 40	0	2	8	J. F. A. South Molton	0	8	4
Miss Jane Heale	0	1	5	I. H. Oakhill	0	2	7
J. Crabtree	0	5	0	Geo. Harris	0	0	0
W. T. Johnson	0	4	2	H. Niceson	0	7	1
L. S. Brown	0	5	0	Charity Scholars, Tenterden	0	7	3
W. J. G. Dublin	0	12	0	S. W. Great Glaston	0	7	5
Robt. McDonald	0	5	9	A. Brown	0	2	1
Beta (Is. 6d. received, paid 8d. postage)	0	0	10	W. L. Harrison	0	5	0
Miss Gear	0	10	0	F. H. 27. Lendens-hall, street (2nd Sub.)	0	4	7
Jno. Phillips	0	14	6	Jno. Evans	0	2	6
D. Hard...	0	3	0	Richd. Wm. Bowen	0	4	6
A. Reader of QUIVER, Books of Doom	0	8	0	A. J. Pike	0	5	6
E. F. C....	0	3	6	A. Pom	0	16	0
Chas. F. Whale	0	6	0	Edith H. Tate	0	2	6
E. S. Orkneygate	0	6	0	Geordre A. Tate	0	2	6
S. P. Finch	0	0	0	M. S. P. Gray's-inn-ward	0	4	9
Maria Mason	0	2	8	G. B. Sation Works	0	16	0
A. G. E. Tonbridge	0	3	0	Isabella Bruce	0	4	0
J. G. P. ...	0	3	0	Thos. Knox	0	8	5
Wm. and E. Guy	0	4	0	Tom Jones	0	2	0
Jane Hattley	0	2	6	H. Kent	0	7	0
Allen Goldfin	0	11	0	Wm. Chase, jun.	0	11	2
G. H. Warwick	0	32	4	Edwd. Mann	0	3	9
G. H. Warwick	0	2	4	G. Julius Frome	0	16	8
E. B. Clarke's Pupils, Southampton	0	0	0	David McGregor	0	13	0
Caroline	0	0	0	Thos. Hilton	0	1	0
Mrs. Wood	0	9	0	Mirza, Glasgow	0	2	6
Miss Gardner's Pupils and Friends	0	19	0	A. G. Brett	0	2	6
R. Cooksey	0	10	0	Emilia C. Davis	0	1	6
M. A. Rowell	0	3	0	Wm. P., aged 4 years.	0	1	6
Geo. G. Stancomb	0	11	2	E. L. Cornhill	0	0	0
Wm. Richardson	0	3	4	W. Swain	0	0	0
Joseph Cosworthy	1	4	6	Jno. Greig	0	1	5
Pupils, &c., of Mrs. M. M. Brooke	0	6	0	Jane Bennett	0	1	2
E. Porter Persian	0	5	0	G. Gardner	0	1	2
S. F. Alester	0	0	0	S. S. Colleton-ward	0	2	8
G. Torquay	0	15	0	C. Marsden	0	0	0
T. R. Waller	0	2	0	W. B. Cowan	0	1	0
M. Roe	0	14	0	Collected by a Village Evening Class			
J. Reid	0	4	1	Martha Sutton	0	3	0
S. H. Brighton	0	4	0	A. Shepherd	0	6	7
Ann Snashall	0	1	0	H. Norrington	0	1	8
Jno. Venneil	0	1	6	J. Quickenden	0	0	0
E. W. B. Birmingham	0	3	0	S. Gaton	0	4	0
Jane Somersville	0	14	0	J. Thoms	0	4	0
J. C. Ditch of Connon-sy whole	0	1	6	Wm. Bassett	0	1	1
S. Atkins	0	2	0	Jno. A. Sturton	1	0	11
W. Howland	0	1	0	E. M. B. Coventry	0	12	0
Chas. A. Johnson	0	2	0	L. Ramsey, jun.	0	13	0
Ely	0	2	9	Chas. Marshall	0	10	7
E. Shepherd	0	18	5	Mrs. South	0	0	2
K. F. W. London	1	0	0	C. L. Gosport	0	7	2
I. M. E. B. Walton-on-Thames	0	3	0	Mrs. Rushmore	0	17	1
Andrew Payne	0	3	0	Emily West	0	2	8
Thos. Arney	0	1	8	Jno. Richardson	0	5	0
Catalina Syers	0	10	1	M. Herst	0	5	0
G. Coulthurst	0	2	1	S. Hurs	0	0	0
W. Joyce	0	10	8	Chas. Carr	0	1	0
J. Glublett	0	1	6	E. A. L. Camden-street	0	0	0
J. B., Old Meldrum	0	2	6	Edwd. Brookes	0	18	10
Richd. Crozier	0	1	6	S. A. Bennett	0	0	2
T. A. S.	0	2	0	G. W. R.	0	2	6
A. B. Buxton	0	4	0	Sarah Shields	0	0	6
M. R. E.	0	1	0	George and Annie	0	6	0
E. R. Wilson	2	12	3	Bloxwich Boys' School	0	14	7
Mrs. Youngman	0	0	8	Martha Harris	0	12	0
Mrs. Brotherton	1	12	6	Ada Brindley	0	7	1
F. E. Bailey	0	12	0	H. E. Bobbington	0	3	0
Jno. Owen	0	13	0	W. F. Glasgow	0	1	6
Jas. Mackay	0	0	3	J. Rodger	0	16	0
Wm. Moir	0	1	7	Susan Henkle	0	6	0
E. L. Melrose Villas	0	3	0	A. Anderson	0	4	6
A. Needy Sympathiser	0	0	0	Alfr. T. Chappell	0	4	6
North Devon	0	0	0	Geo. Barnaby	0	1	0
Harriette Monk	0	1	4	A. B. Little Britain	0	0	0
T. G. Ashford	0	0	0	A. Crosby	0	6	0
W. F. Turney	0	0	0	Total amount	£288	6	10

THE QUIVER.

(DECEMBER 6, 1862)

MRS. HALLIBURTON'S TROUBLES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CHANNING."

CHAPTER LXIV.

ONCE more, in this, the nearly last chapter of the history, are we obliged to take notice of assize Saturday. Once more had the high sheriff's procession gone out to receive the judges; and never had the cathedral bells rung out more clearly, never had the streets and windows been so crowded.

A blast, shrill and loud, from the advancing heralds, was borne on the air of the bright March afternoon, as the cavalcade advanced up East Street. The javelin men rode next, two abreast, in the plain dark Ashley livery, the points of their javelins glittering in the sunshine, hardly able to advance for the crowd. A feverish crowd. Little cared they to-day for the proud trumpets, for the javelin bearers, for the various attractions that made their delight on other days; they cared but for that stately equipage in the rear. Not for its four prancing horses, for its shining silver ornaments, for its portly coachman on the hammercloth, not even for the very judges themselves; but for the master of that carriage, the high sheriff, Thomas Ashley.

He sat in it, its only plainly attired inmate. The scarlet robes, the flowing wigs of the judges, were opposite to him; beside him were the rich black silk robes of his chaplain, the vicar of Deofum. A crowd of gentlemen on horseback followed; a crowd that Helstonleigh had rarely seen. William was one of them. The popularity or non-popularity of a high sheriff may be judged of, from the number of his attendants when he goes out to meet the judges. Half Helstonleigh had put itself on horseback that day, to do honour to Thomas Ashley.

Occupying a conspicuous position in the street were the Ashley workmen. Clean and shaved, they had surreptitiously conveyed their best coats to the manufactory; and, with the first peal of the college bells, they had rushed out, dressed—every soul; leaving the manufactory alone in its glory, and Samuel Lyan to take care of it. The shout they raised, as the sheriff's carriage drew near, deafened the street. It was out of all manner of etiquette or precedence to cheer the sheriff when in attendance on the judges; but who could be angry with them? Not Mr. Ashley. Their lordships looked out, astonished. One of the judges you have met before—Sir William Leader; the other was Mr. Justice Keene.

The judges gazed from the carriage, wondering what the shouts could mean. They saw a respectable looking body of men—not respectable in dress only, but in face—gathered there, bareheaded, and cheering the carriage with all their might and main.

"What can that be for?" cried Mr. Justice Keene. "I believe it must be meant for me," observed Mr. Ashley, taken by surprise as much as the judges were. "Foolish fellows! Your lordships must understand that they are the workmen belonging to my manufactory."

But his eyes were dim as he leaned forward, and acknowledged the greeting. Such a shout followed upon it! The judges, used to shouting as they were, had rarely heard the like, so deep and heartfelt.

"There's genuine good feeling in that cheer," said Sir William Leader. "I like to hear it. It is more than lip deep."

The dinner party for the judges that night was given at the deanery. Not a more honoured guest had it than the high sheriff. His chaplain was with him, and William and Frank were also guests. What did the Dares think of the Halliburtons now?

The Dares, just then, were too much occupied with their own concerns to think of them at all. They were planning how to get to Australia. Their daughter Julia, more dutiful than some daughters might prove themselves, had offered an asylum to her father and mother, if they would go out to Sydney. Her sister, she wrote word, would find good situations there as governesses—probably in time find husbands.

They were wild to go. They wanted to get away from mortifying Helstoneleigh, and to try their fortunes in a new world. The passage money was the difficulty. Julia had not sent it, possibly not supposing they were so very badly off; she did not know yet of the last finish to their misfortunes. How could they scrape together even enough for the cheapest class, the steerage? Mr. Ashley's private belief was that he should have to furnish it. Ah! he was a good man. Never a better, never a more considerate man to others, than Thomas Ashley.

Sunday morning rose to the ringing again of the cathedral bells—bells that do not condescend to ring, save on rare occasions—telling that it was some day of note in Helstoneleigh. It was a fine day, sunny, and very warm for March, and the glittering east window reflected its colours upon a crowd, such as the cathedral had rarely seen assembled within its walls for divine service, even on those thronging days, assize Sundays.

The procession extended nearly all the long way from the grand entrance gates to the choir, passing through the body and the nave. The high sheriff's men, standing so still, their formidable javelins in rest, had enough to do to retain their places, from the pressure of the crowd behind, as they kept the line of way. The bishop in his robes, the clergy in their white garments and scarlet or black hoods, the long line of college boys in their surplices, the lay-clerks, yet in white. Not on them; not on the mayor and corporation, with their chains and gowns; not on the grey-wigged judges, their fiery trains held up behind them, glaring cynosure of eyes on other days, was the attention of that crowd fixed; but on him who walked, calm, dignified, quiet, in immediate attendance on the judges—their revered fellow-citizen, Thomas Ashley. In attendance on him was his chaplain; his black gown, so contrasting with the glare and glitter, marking him out conspicuously.

The organ had burst forth as they entered the great gates, simultaneously with the ceasing of the ringing bells which had been sending their melody over the city. With some difficulty places were found for those of note; but many a score stood that day. The bishop had gone on to his throne; and opposite to him, in the arch-deacon's stall, the appointed place for the preacher on assize Sundays, sat the sheriff's chaplain, Sir William Leader was shown to the dean's stall; Mr. Justice Keene

to the sub-dean's; the dean sitting next the one, the high sheriff next the other. William Halliburton was in a canon's stall; Frank—handsome Frank!—got a place amidst many other barristers. And in the ladies' pew, underneath the dean, seated with the dean's wife, were Mrs. Ashley, her daughter, and Mrs. Halliburton.

The Reverend Mr. Keating chanted the service, putting out his best voice to do it. They had that fine anthem, "Behold, God is my salvation." Very good were the services and the singing that day. The dean, the prebendary in residence, and Mr. Keating went to the communion-table, to take that portion of the service, and thus the service drew to an end. As they were conducted back to their stall, a verger with his silver mace cleared a space for the sheriff's chaplain to ascend the pulpit stairs, the preacher of the day.

How the college boys gazed at him! But a short while before (speaking comparatively) he had been one of them, a college boy himself; some of the seniors (juniors then) had been schoolfellows with him. Now he was the Reverend Edgar Halliburton, standing there, chief personage for the moment, in that cathedral. To the boys' eyes he seemed to look dark; save on assize Sundays, they were accustomed to see only white robes in that pulpit.

"Too young to give us a good sermon," thought half the congregation, as they scanned him. Nevertheless they liked his countenance; it had a grave, earnest look. He gave out his text, a verse from Ecclesiastes—

"Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave, whither thou goest."

Then he leaned a little forward on the cushion; and, after a pause, began his sermon, which lay before him, and worked out the text.

It was an admirable discourse, very practical; but you will not care to have it recapitulated for you, as the local newspapers recapitulated it. Remembering what the bringing up of the Halliburtons had been, it was impossible that Gar's sermons should not be practical; and the congregation began to think they had been mistaken in their estimate of what a young man could do. He told the judges where their duty lay, as fearlessly as he told it to the college boys, as he told it to all; he told them that the golden secret of success and happiness in this life, lay in the faithful and earnest performance of the duties that crowded in their path, striving on unweariedly, whatsoever those duties might be, whether pleasant or painful; *joined to implicit reliance on, and trust in God*. A plainer sermon was never preached; in manner he was remarkably calm and impressive, and the tone of his voice was quiet and persuasive, just as if he were speaking to them. He was listened to with breathless interest throughout; even those gentry, the college boys, were for once beguiled into listening to a sermon. Jane's tears were dropping incessantly, and she had to let down her white veil to hide them; like that day, years ago, when she had let down her black crape veil to hide them, in the office of Anthony Dare. Different tears this time!

The sermon lasted just half an hour, and it had seemed but a quarter of one. The bishop then rose and gave

the blessing, and the crowds began to file out. As the preacher was being marshalled by a verger through the choir to take his place in the procession next the high sheriff, Mr. Keating met him and grasped his hand.

"You are all right, Gary," he whispered, "and I am proud of having educated you. That sermon will tell home to some of the drones."

"I knew he'd astonish 'em!" ejaculated Dobbs, who had walked all the way from Deoffam to see the sight, to hear her master preach in the cathedral, and had fought out a standing place for herself right in front of the pulpit. "His sermons ain't filled up with bottomless pits as is never full enough; like them of some preachers be."

That sermon and the Reverend Edgar Halliburton were talked of much in Holstoneleigh that day.

But ere the close of another day, the town was ringing with the name of Frank. He had led; he, Frank Halliburton! A cause of some importance was tried in the *Nisi Prius* Court, in which the defendant was Mr. Glenn, the surgeon. Mr. Glenn, who had liked Frank from the hour he first conversed with him that evening at his house, now so long ago—a conversation at which you had the pleasure of assisting—who had also the highest opinion of Frank's abilities in his profession, had made it a point that his case should be intrusted to Frank. Mr. Glenn was not deceived; Frank led admirably, and his eloquence quite took the spectators by storm. What was of more importance, it told upon Mr. Justice Keene and the jury; and Frank sat down in triumph and won his verdict.

"I told you I should do it, mother," said he, quietly, when he reached Deoffam that night, after being nearly smothered with congratulations. "You will live to see me on the woolsack yet."

Jane laughed. She often had laughed at the same boast. She was alone that evening; Gar was attending the high sheriff at an official dinner at Holstoneleigh. "Will no lesser prize content you, Frank?" asked she, jestingly. "Say, for example, the solicitor-generalship?"

"Yes; as a stepping-stone."

"And you still get on well? seriously speaking now, Frank?"

"First-rate," answered Frank. "This day's work will be the best lift for me, though, unless I am mistaken. I had two fresh briefs pushed into my hands as I sat down," he added, going off in a laugh. "See if I make this year less than a thousand!"

"And the next thing, I suppose, you will be thinking of getting married?"

The bold barrister actually blushed. "What nonsense, mother! Marry, and lose my fellowship?"

"Frank, it is so! I see it in your face. You must tell me who it is."

"Well, as yet, it is no one. I must wait until my eloquence—as they called it to-day in court—is more of an assured fact with the public, and then I may speak out to the judge. She means waiting for me, though; so it is all right."

"Tell me, Frank," repeated Jane. "Who is 'she'?"

"Maria Leader,"

Jane looked at him doubtfully. "Not Sir William's daughter?"

"His second daughter."

"Is not that rather too aspiring for Frank Halliburton?"

"Maria does not think so. I have been aspiring all my life, mother; and so long as I work on for it honourably and uprightly, I see no harm in being so."

"No, Frank; good, instead of harm. How did you become acquainted with her?"

"Her brother and I are chums. Have been, ever since I was at Oxford. Bob is at the Chancery Bar; but he has not much nose for it—not half the clever man that his father was. His chambers are next to mine, and I often go home with him; the girls make a great deal of us, too. That is how I first knew Maria."

"Then, I suppose, you see something of the judge?"

"Oh, dear," laughed Frank, "the judge and I are upon intimate terms in private life; quite cronies. You would not think it, though, if you saw me bowing before my lord when he sits in his big wig. Sometimes I fancy he suspects."

"Suspects what?"

"That I and Maria would like to join cause together. I don't mind if he does. I am a favourite of his. The very Sunday before we came circuit, he asked me to dine there. We went to church in the evening, and I had Maria under my wing; Sir William and Lady Leader trudging on before us."

"Well, Frank, I wish you success. I don't think you would choose any but a nice girl, a good girl—"

"Stop a moment, mother. You will meet the judge to-morrow night, and you may then picture Maria. She is as like him as two peas."

"How old is she, Frank?"

"Two-and-twenty. I shall have her. He was not always the great Judge Leader, you know, mother. And he knows it. And he knows that everybody must have a beginning—as he and my lady had it. For years after they were married he did not make five hundred a-year, and they had to live upon it. He does not fear to revert to it, either; he often talks of it to me and Bob—a sort of hint, I suppose, that folks do get on in time, by dint of patience. You will like Sir William Leader."

Frank had said his mother would meet Sir William the following night. Yes, for that would be the evening of the grand entertainment given by the high sheriff to the judges, at Deoffam Hall.

William was to drive his wife over in the pony carriage in the afternoon; they would dress and sleep at Deoffam. They went early; and in driving past the vicarage, who should be at the gate, looking out for them, but Anna. Not Anna Lynn now; but Anna Gurney.

"William, William, there's Anna!" Mary exclaimed.

"I will get out here."

He assisted her down, and they remained talking with Anna. Then William asked what he was to do. Wait with the carriage for Mary, or drive on to the hall, and walk back for her?

"Drive to the hall," said Mary, who wished to stay a little while with Anna. "But, William," she added, as he got in, "don't let my box go into the stables."

"With all the finery," laughed William. "It contains my dinner dress," Mary explained to Anna. "Have you been here long?"

"This hour, I think," replied Anna. "My husband had business a mile or two further on, and he drove me here. What a nice garden this is! See! I have been picking Gar's flowers."

"Where is Mrs. Halliburton?" asked Mary.

"Dobbs called her in to settle some dispute in the kitchen. I know Dobbs is a great tyrant over that new housemaid."

"But now tell me about yourself, Anna," said Mary, drawing her down on a garden bench. "I have scarcely seen you since you were married. How do you like being your own mistress?"

"Oh, it's charming!" replied Anna, with all her old childlike, natural manner. "Mary, what dost thee think? Charles lets me sit without my caps."

Mary laughed. "To the great scandal of Patience?"

"Indeed, yes. One day Patience called when we were at dinner. I had not got so much as a bit of cap on, and Patience she looked so cross; but she said nothing, for the servants were in waiting. When they had left the room, she told Charles that she was surprised at his allowing it; that I was giddy enough and vain enough, and it would only make me worse. Charles smiled; he was eating walnuts, and what dost thee think he answered? He—but I don't like to tell thee," broke off Anna, covering her face with her pretty hands.

"Yes, yes, Anna; you must tell me."

"He told Patience that he liked to see me without the caps, and there was no need for my wearing them until I should have children old enough to set an example to."

Anna took off her straw bonnet as she spoke, and her curls fell down to shade her blushing cheeks. Mary wondered whether the "children" would have lovely faces like their mother. She had never seen Anna look so well. For one thing, she had rarely seen her so well dressed. She wore a stone-coloured corded silk, glistening with richness, and a beautiful white shawl that must have cost no end of money.

"I should always let my curls be seen, Anna," said Mary; "there can be no harm in it."

"No, that there can't, as Charles does not think so," emphatically answered Anna. "Mary," dropping her voice to a whisper, "I want Charles not to wear those straight coats any more. He shakes his head at me and laughs; but I think he will listen to me."

Seeing what she did of the change in Anna's dress, Mary thought so too. Not but what Anna's things were still cut sufficiently in the old form to bespeak her seat: as they, no doubt, always would be.

"When art thee coming to spend the day with me, as thee promised?" asked Anna.

"Very soon: when this assize bustle shall be over."

"How gay you will all be to-night!"

"How formal, you mean," said Mary. "To entertain judges when on circuit, and bishops and deans, is more formidable than pleasant. It is a state dinner to-night. When I saw papa this morning, I inquired whether we were to have the javelin men on guard in the dining-room."

Anna laughed. "Do Frank and Gar dine there?"

"Of course. The high sheriff could not give a dinner without his chaplain at mamma's hand to say grace," returned Mary, laughing.

William came back, and they all remained nearly for the rest of the afternoon, Jane regaling them with tea. It was scarcely over when Mr. Gurney drove up in his carriage: a large, open carriage, with a seat for the groom behind, the horses very fine ones. He came in for a few minutes; a very pleasant man of nearly forty years; a handsome man also. Then he took possession of Anna, carefully assisted her up, took the seat beside her, and the reins, and drove off.

William started for the Hall with Mary, walking at a brisk pace. It was not ten minutes' distance, but the evening was getting on. Henry Ashley met them as they entered, and began upon them in his crossest tone.

"Now, what have you two got to say for yourselves? Here, I expect you, Mr. William, to pass the afternoon with me: the mother expects Mary; and nothing arrives but a milliner's box! And you make your appearance when it's pretty near time to go up to embellish."

"We stayed at the vicarage, Henry; and I don't think mamma could want me. Anna Gurney was there."

"Rubbish to Anna Gurney! Who's Anna Gurney, that she should upset things? I wanted William, and that's enough. Do you think you are to have the entire monopolizing of him, Mrs. Mary, just because you happen to have married him?"

Mary went behind her brother, and playfully put her arms round his neck. "I will lead him to you now and then, if you are good," she whispered.

"You idle, inattentive girl! The mother wanted you to cut some hot-house flowers for the dinner-table."

"Did she? I will do it now."

"Hark at her! Do it now! when it has been done this blessed hour past! William, I don't intend to show to-night."

"Why not?" asked William. "It is a nuisance to change one's things; and my side's not over clever to-day; and the ungrateful delinquency of you two has put me out of sorts altogether," answered Henry, making up his catalogue. "Condemning one to vain expectation, and to fret and fume over it! I sha'n't show, William must represent me."

"Yes, you will show," replied William. "For you know that your not doing so would vex Mr. Ashley."

"A nice lot you are to talk about vexing! You don't care how you vex me."

William gently took him by the arm. "Come along to your room now, and I will help you with your things. Once ready, you can do as you like about appearing."

"You treat me just like a child," grumbled Henry. "I say, do the judges come in their wigs?"

Mary burst into a laugh.

"Because that case of stoned owls had better be ordered out of the hall. The animals may be looked upon as personal."

"I hope there's a good fire in your room, Henry."

"There had better be, unless the genius which presides over the fires in this household would like to feel the weight of my displeasure."

Mary went to find her mother; she was in her chamber, dressing.

"My dear child, how late you are!"

"There's plenty and plenty of time, mamma. We stayed at the parsonage. Anna Gurney was there. Henry says he is not very well."

"He says that always when William disappoints him. He will be all right now you are come. Go into your room, my dear, and I will send Sarah to you."

Mary was ready, and the maid gone, before William left Henry, to come and dress on his own score. Mary wore a white silk, with emerald ornaments.

"Shall I do, William?" asked she, when William came in.

"Do!" he answered, running his eyes over her. "No."

"Why, what's the matter with me?" she cried, turning hurriedly to the great glass.

"This." He took her in his arms, and kissed her passionately. "My darling wife! You will never 'do' without that."

It was not a formidable party at all, in defiance of Mary's anticipations. The judges, divested of their flowing wigs and flaming robes, looked just like other men. Jane liked Sir William Leader, as Frank had told her she would; and Mr. Justice Keene was an easy, talkative man, fond of a good joke and a good dinner. He seemed also uncommonly to admire Mary Halliburton; and—there could be no doubt of it, and I hope the legal bench won't look grave at the reflection—seemed very much inclined to get up a flirtation with her over the coffee. Being a judge, I think the bishop ought to have read him a reprimand.

Standing at one end of the room, their coffee-cups in hand, were Sir William Leader, the Dean of Helston-leigh, Mr. Ashley, and his son. They were talking of the Halliburtons. Sir William knew a good deal of their history from Frank.

"It is most wonderful!" Sir William was remarking. "Self-educated, self-supporting, and to be what they are!"

"Not altogether self-educated," dissented the dean; "for the two younger, the barrister and clergyman, were in the school attached to my cathedral; but self-educated in a great degree. The eldest, my friend's son-in-law, never had a lesson in the classics subsequent to his father's death, and there's not a more finished scholar in the county."

"The father died and left them badly provided for," remarked Sir William.

"He did not leave them provided for at all, Sir William," corrected Mr. Ashley. "He left nothing, literally nothing, but the furniture of the small house they rented; and he left some trifling debts. Poor Mrs. Halliburton turned to work with a will, and not only contrived to support them, but brought them up to be what you see—lofty-minded, honourable, educated men."

The judge turned his eyes on Jane. She sat on a distant sofa, talking with the bishop. So quiet, so lady-like—nay, so attractive—she looked still, in the rich pearl-grey dress worn at William's wedding; not in the least like one who has had to toil hard for bread.

"I have heard of her—heard of her worth from

Frank," he said, with emphasis. "She must be one in a thousand."

"One in a million, Sir William," burst forth Henry Ashley. "When they were boys, you could not have bribed them to do a wrong thing: neither temptation nor anything else turned them from the right. Neither would they be turned from the right now, if I knew anything of them."

The judge walked up to Jane, and took the seat by her just vacated by the bishop.

"Mrs. Halliburton," said he, "you must be proud of your sons."

Jane smiled. "I have latterly been obliged to take myself to task for being so, Sir William," she answered.

"To task! I wish I had three such sons to take myself to task for being proud of," was his answer. "Not that mine are to be complained of; but they are not like these."

"Do you think Frank will get on?" she asked him.

"It is no longer a question. He has begun to rise in an unusually rapid manner. I should not be surprised if, in after years, he may find the very highest honours opening to him."

Again Jane smiled. "He has been in the habit of telling us that he looks forward to rule England as Lord Chancellor."

The judge laughed. "I never knew a newly-fledged barrister who did not indulge that vision," said he. "I know I did. But there are really not many Frank Halliburtons. So, sir," he continued, for Frank at that moment passed, and the judge pinned him, "I hear you cherish dreams of the woolsack."

"To look at it in the distance is not high treason, Sir William," was Frank's ready answer.

"Why, what do you suppose *you* would do on the woolsack, if you got there?" cried Sir William.

"My duty, I hope, Sir William. I would try hard for it."

Sir William loosed him with an amused expression, and Frank passed on. Jane began to think Frank's dream—not of the woolsack, but of Maria Leader—not so very improbable a one.

"I have heard of your early struggles," said the judge to her, in a low tone. "Frank has talked to me. How you could have borne up, and done long-continued battle with them, I cannot imagine."

"I never could have done it but for one thing," she answered: "my trust in God. Times upon times, Sir William, when the storm was beating about my head, I had no help or comfort in the wide world: I had nothing to turn to but that. I never lost my trust in God."

"And therefore God stood by you," remarked the judge, in a low tone.

"And *therefore* God stood by me, and helped me on. I wish," she added, earnestly, "that all the world could learn that same great lesson that I have learnt. I have—I humbly hope I have—been enabled to teach it to my boys. I have tried to do it from their very earliest years."

"Frank shall have Maria," thought the judge to himself. "They are an admirable family. The young chaplain should have another of the girls, if he'd like her."

What was William thinking of, as he stood a little

apart, with his serene brow and his thoughtful smile. His mind was back in the past. That long past night, following on the day of his entrance to Mr. Aashley's manufactory, was present to him, when he had lain down in despair, and sobbed out his bitter grief. "Bear up, my child," were the words his mother had comforted him with; "only do your duty, and trust implicitly in God." And when she had gone down, and he could get the sobs from his heart and throat, he made the resolve to do as she told him—at any rate, to try and do it. And he kneeled down there and then, and asked to be helped to do it. And, from that hour to this, William had never known the trust to fail. Success? Yes, they had reaped success—success in no measured degree. Be you very sure that it was born of that great trust. Oh!—as Jane has just said to Sir William Leader—if all the world could but learn this wonderful truth—

"BECAUSE HE HATH SET HIS LOVE UPON ME, THEREFORE WILL I DELIVER HIM: I WILL SET HIM ON HIGH, BECAUSE HE HATH KNOWN MY NAME."

THE END.

[We have the pleasure to announce that next week will appear the first portion of a NEW TALE FOR BOYS, by MRS. HENRY WOOD, Authoress of "The Hallibutons," "The Channings," "East Lynne," &c., to be followed by a NEW CONTINUOUS TALE, on which the talented Authoress is now engaged.]

Literary Notices.

BISHOP COLENSO ON THE PENTATEUCH.

The Pentateuch and Book of Joshua Critically Examined.
By the Right Rev. JOHN WILLIAM COLENSO, D.D.,
Bishop of Natal. London: Longmans.

[THIRD NOTICE.]

WHEN good Matthew Henry observed that in Genesis xli. the family of Jacob is seventy persons in the Hebrew, and seventy-five in the Greek and in Acts vii. 14, he did not allow the discrepancy to shake his faith. All he says of it is, "the reason of which we leave to the conjecture of the critics." In our days men are not content to leave these things to the critics; and yet, perhaps, the faith of our forefathers was as sincere and profitable as our curiosity. The reader must have felt, as he has gone thus far with us in noticing Bishop Colenso's objections, that our inability to see at a glance the reconciliation of apparent contradictions and inconsistencies may not prove anything beyond our own ignorance. We are very curious and sceptical; but we are very short-sighted; and we are positively unreasonable if we expect that Book, which contains, after all, only the shadow of good things to come, and which is some thirty-three centuries old, to be all plain and clear to our intelligence. All that is moral and doctrinal, and all that relates to the substantial record of God's providence in working out his plan, is clear and plain.

We now proceed with the arguments:—

The ninth chapter of the bishop's book objects, that in Exod. xiii. 8 we are told "the children of Israel went up harnessed out of the land of Egypt." In old English the word "harnessed" was applied to men in armour, equipped or accoutred for war. The reader who has

looked at the text in question will anticipate our remark, that the origin is obscure, for the marginal reading for "harnessed" is "or five in a rank." In Hebrew there is a word meaning "five" which greatly resembles that translated "harnessed," and is sometimes explained "to divide into fives," "to arm," &c. The verb may be found in Gen. xli. 34, where it is translated "take up a fifth part;" and Dr. Colenso himself would not ask us to render it "arm the land of Egypt." The participle of this verb occurs in Josh. i. 14, iv. 13, Judg. vii. 11, and Exod. xiii. 18. In the first of these passages Joshua commands the Reubenites, &c., to go before their brethren "armed" (margin has "marshalled by five"); the second records the fulfilment of the precept. In Judg. vii. 11 Gideon went to the outside of the "armed" men who were in the Midianite army. This single passage ought to have convinced Dr. Colenso of his error. We beg to ask him how many "armed" men he would expect to find in a troop of a thousand soldiers? The very expression, "armed" men who were in the host, shows as clear as noon-day that the word cannot mean armed men in general, but a special arrangement. We admit that the word is obscure, but for this very reason it is unjust to base an objection upon it. However, we believe that in every case it describes a "fivefold arrangement," or at least that the persons were ranged in regular order.

The institution of the Passover (Exod. xii. 21-28) furnishes the next difficulty. Our author understands the passage quoted to mean that, in one single day, the whole immense population of Israel, as large as that of London, was instructed to keep the passover, and actually did keep it. If we may complain that a sense is imposed upon an obscure Hebrew word for the sake of sustaining an objection, we may complain yet more when the common sense view of our English translation is overlooked or perverted. It is impossible to read Exod. xi. and xii. without losing faith in Dr. Colenso, and he is so well aware of it, that he coolly depreciates it as "perplexing and contradictory," when in truth it only perplexes and contradicts himself. No wonder that he constructs a new version of the history in which the "perplexing and contradictory" words find no place. The result of this process is to misrepresent the Bible narrative, and to make it square with Dr. Colenso's objections. Now let the reader take his Bible, and he will observe that in Exod. xi. Moses declares that God says he will smite the firstborn at the middle of the night, or about midnight (vs. 4-6). From ver. 8 it would seem that these words were made known to Pharaoh. After this (ver. 10), Pharaoh refuses to let the Israelites go. At length (chap. xii. 1-20) God gives new revelation in two parts: 1, that a new mode of reckoning the year shall now and at once begin (vs. 1, 2); 2, that the passover shall be instituted with other ceremonies, extending from the tenth to the twenty-first of the month (vs. 3-20). The first of these revelations fairly teaches that it was not made after the first day of the month. The other requires that on the tenth of the month the paschal lamb shall be taken (ver. 3), and that it shall be eaten on the fourteenth, on the night of the fourteenth, (vs. 6-8). In vs. 21-27, Moses makes

known God's message to Israel; and in ver. 28 their obedience is recorded. All this shows that more than fourteen days transpired between the threatened destruction of the firstborn and their destruction. It also shows that not less than fourteen days elapsed between the giving of the law about the Passover, and its celebration. What comes then of Dr. Colenso's twelve hours? They only exist in his own fancy. There is but one word which he can lay hold of. In ver. 12 God says of the day on which the Passover is to be eaten, "I will pass through the land of Egypt this night;" and again in ver. 14, "This day shall be unto you for a memorial." In both cases the word *this* means "the same," which the Hebrews could not otherwise express than by saying "this" or "that." The words "this night" and "this day" therefore mean the time of which God speaks, and not the time in which he speaks. Hence, instead of twelve hours, the Israelites had *ten days* for providing the lamb, and *fourteen days* for preparing the Passover.

Another objection in the same chapter is that Israel is represented as borrowing the wealth of the Egyptians at a moment's notice. This is an error. The precept is found in Exod. iii. 22; and Exod. xi. 2, 3 shows that it had been obeyed. Chap. xii. 36 states the result more explicitly, and does not say that the borrowing took place then and only then.

The objection to the Passover on the ground that so many lambs were required really fails to pierce of itself, because it assumes that the lambs had to be provided at a moment's notice, and not in ten days. For the rest, Dr. Colenso knows no better than we do how many sheep the Egyptians and Israelites possessed, nor where they were kept. It is absurd for him to compare Natal and Australia with the land of Goshen, and till he shows that Goshen was like them as grazing ground, we may be content with what Scripture records.

His eleventh chapter is an attempt to show that two millions of people, with flocks and herds, could not have marched out of Egypt "at a moment's notice." To this we answer that their arrangements must have been made for a considerable time, and that for two or three weeks they must have known the exact hour of their departure. The first is proved by the whole narrative from chap. iii. 11, &c. The second point is shown by the fact that the destruction of the firstborn and its results was known beforehand. Besides, the declaration that the Israelites went out in some regular order, implies all the preparations needful for starting at a given signal.

Dr. Colenso, in his twelfth chapter, objects that Israel could not have found pasture enough for their sheep and cattle in the desert. Our reply to this is, that we neither know how many cattle and sheep they had, nor what measures they took for pasturing them. That they had flocks and herds is certain, but it is by no means clear that they kept up the number of these during all the forty years. We think they did not, because it would have been difficult to find pasture for them, and also because they only seem to have required them for the sacrifices which they offered. There is no reason to believe that the Passover and other great

festivals were observed all these forty years, but the contrary; Exod. xiii. 5, 11, 12, &c. Even the rite of circumcision was neglected, Josh. v. 5, 7; and yet no uncircumcised person was allowed to eat the passover by Exod. xii. 48. We conclude, therefore, that the Israelites neither had, nor needed, the two millions of sheep and oxen which Bishop Colenso supposes.

The next objection is also a captions one; it is to the number of the Israelites compared with the extent of the land of Canaan. We are told that they peopled the land as thickly as Norfolk, Suffolk, and Essex are now inhabited; that only about three acres were allowed to each person; and that the population of Natal is very much smaller. If we assume that the dimensions assigned to Palestine or Canaan are correct, and the other sums also correct, we shall have seven millions of acres occupied by two millions of people. We find, however, that the English part of the comparison does not hold; it gives us 275,000 acres less, and 300,000 persons more, than we require on the bishop's hypothesis. This difference is quite sufficient to take off the point of his argument. Add to this the often avowed fertility of the land of Canaan, and the difficulty becomes still less. And if we bear in mind the hardy and abstemious character of the Hebrews, and their industrious habits, the difficulty disappears.

Another objection is found in the number of the first-born referred to in Numb. iii. 43. It appears that this enumeration was made the year following the exodus, but it is not stated on what principle it was made. Dr. Colenso supposes that all the first-born sons alive in Israel are intended, and he seems to argue truly that, if so, the number is far below the ordinary proportion. Indeed, the actual number is only 22,273. The difficulty has long been known, and various explanations of it have been suggested. We should suggest that only those first-born sons are intended who had been born within some certain period. The tribe of Levi alone contained 22,000 males of a month old and upward, and the first-born of the remaining tribes were numbered and found to be 22,273, of a month old and upward. The coincidence of these numbers is remarkable, and we believe the census was taken with a view to such a result. That the census was only partial seems to be proved by the very words, "of those that were numbered of them," which occur in this verse 43: in the original it is, "those that were visited of them." Of course, some were taken from every tribe.

Bishop Colenso's fifteenth chapter discusses the length of time which the Israelites passed in Egypt. The author concludes that they were there 210 or 215 years. Herein he agrees with most scholars, and, as it would seem, with Gal. iii. 17. We may therefore go on to chapter sixteen, in which "the exodus" is shown to have occurred in the fourth generation from entering Egypt, as predicted in Gen. xv. 18. Here we can admit that men of the fourth generation, as Moses, were living at the exodus, but it is highly important to bear in mind that persons of the sixth or seventh generation were born in Egypt. Joseph, who lived seventy years after his father came into Egypt, "saw Ephraim's children of the third generation," and the grandchildren of Manasseh. The

case of Joshua agrees with this beginning; for he was born in Egypt, and was ten descent removed from Joseph. Dr. Colenso's object in these two chapters is to prepare the way for the next, by making the *time as short as he can*, and the *generations as few as he can*. The next chapter, then, is designed to prove that the descendants of Jacob cannot have been so many at the exodus as they are said to have been. This is a very old question, and it has often been answered. Our objector gives us some very ingenious and fallacious calculations. Thus, starting from the generation to which Kohath, the son of Levi, belonged, and assuming that only one more generation was born before Moses, and one after him before the exodus, he concludes that instead of 600,000 men ("warriors" he calls them) in the prime of life, there were only 4,923. This calculation gives us just as many generations as Joseph lived to see (Gen. i. 23); and he died 146 years before the exodus. So much for the 4,923.

Secondly, we observe that the sixty-five who went out of Canaan with Jacob are in the list all males except two. Why were the names of the sons' wives, &c., omitted? Perhaps to puzzle our vain curiosity. The wife of Joseph is also named, but she is not numbered. Nor is any account made of other female members in Jacob's family. Dr. Colenso's calculation makes the increase threefold in about every fifty-five years. It is curious to notice that, in about the same period, Jacob alone had multiplied seventyfold. Now, suppose the females of his family nearly equalled the males in number, and we get, say 120; suppose again that to Jacob we add his two wives and two handmaids, and we have five persons multiplied to 120 in about fifty-five years, or about twentyfold. During the first fifty-five years in Egypt, they would, at the same rate, have increased to 2,400; during the second fifty-five, to 48,000; during the third fifty-five, to 960,000; and during the fourth, to 19,200,000, or nearly ten times as many as we require. There are many other ways in which we may obtain the number we want. Thus, assuming that there were 120 when Egypt was entered, and that they doubled their number only every fifteen years, we obtain 1,323,040 at the end of 210 years; and let us never forget that the extraordinary increase of Israel is ascribed to the special providence of God, and that therefore, until we can prove that God had nothing special to do with it, our calculations to disprove it are impertinent. God had promised this vast increase to Abraham, and it seems almost as if Bishop Colenso only denies the fulfilment in order that he may deny the promise itself. In the meantime our readers will find the cause and the explanation of the increase of Israel in that solemn promise to Abraham, in Gen. xv. 5, so often repeated, and so divinely fulfilled.

(To be continued.)

Progress of the Truth.

SMYRNA.—A LETTER from an American missionary at this interesting city states that "missionaries of different societies have laboured at Smyrna, more or less, for about thirty

years; but those connected with the American Board have devoted their strength mostly to the press, for the whole mission. Only within the last ten years have their efforts been at all concentrated upon the people of the city and vicinity. A church connected with the station was organised in the city twelve years ago, to which thirty-six members, in all, have been received. Another was organised at Thyatira eight years ago, and another, two years since, at Aitlin. To these three churches, six members have been received within the year. In five other places, also, more or less labour has been performed.

INDIA.

KAREN MISSION.—*The Friend of India* recently contained the following gratifying details of this important and prosperous mission.—"The Bishop of Calcutta, during his visit to Pegu, inspected the Karen Mission instituted at Rangoon. He reports that the answers of the lads in training for the native pastorate showed an accurate and thoughtful acquaintance with Scripture. Nothing can be more encouraging than the accounts given of the Karen mission, numbering 20,000 Christians. There are fifty candidates for the ministry, lodged in neat, but plain houses, built in Dr. Binney's compound, after the model of those to which they are accustomed in their native villages. This is the true style of work; but the Karens were prepared for the Gospel, as the Hindoos and Mussulmans are fortified against it.

"The bishop's intelligent but kind examination and deep interest were very beneficial to the pupils; and his kind approval and words of cheer were not less so to the teachers. In hot, we dwell so much and so anxiously on defects that are all the time before us, that we fail to appreciate our actual progress. Flattery does us no good; it may be very kind, but we know too much to be ourselves deceived by it. But when an intelligent, honest, disinterested man, like the bishop, gives us a kind word, it does the heart good, and the head too. For that reason I state it to the readers of the magazine. I fear you need it as much as I do.

"Let, then, our friends and supporters at home know that buried we may be, we are; but we are not dead. There is, certainly, both word and device in our grave. Let them pray for us, that we may not 'work in vain.'

Temperance Department.

TWO WORDS.

A LITTLE child sat alone, in the afternoon of a summer holiday. He held a book upon his knee, in which he had been reading a pleasant tale of a brave and daring man who had risked his life to save that of a fellow-creature. The eyes of the child shone brightly, and his cheeks flushed with joy and pride as he read; but now the eyes filled with tears, and the cheek grew pale; he rested his head upon his hand, and sadly he said to himself, "I wish I were a man, then I would seek to save people from death. Oh! I would do such brave things, I would be so much use in the world; but I am only a child, I can do nothing, I can save nobody."

As he sat in the pleasant shadow of the hawthorn hedge, two men passed by. They were talking and laughing, and one said to the other, "Nonsense! teetotal pledge, indeed! all stuff! You will come with me and have a glass? Begin your temperance to-morrow. Come, now, here we are; there's a public-house close handy."

The child had heard the words, and he understood them, for he belonged to a Band of Hope, and had learned all about temperance there. He rose to his feet, and scarcely heeding what he did, he walked by the two men. They came to the public-house door, and the man who wanted the other to drink called for the liquor, and having drank some, he handed it to the other. The younger man, he who had signed the pledge, refused it for some time, but the other laughed and jeered at him, and at last the young man took the glass. He was raising it to his lips, when a little soft voice said, "*I wouldn't.*"

The man started. They had never seen the child, and the voice seemed to come out of the earth, or in the air. The glass fell from his hand, the liquor was spilled. Looking down, the man saw the child.

"What is that you say?" he exclaimed.

"I said *I wouldn't.*" said the child, bravely, though the other man frowned upon him, and held up his hand threateningly.

"God bless you, child!" cried the man, fervently. "Surely Heaven sent you to rebuke me. Aye! to think that I should so far have forgotten myself, that a child should teach me reason. And you!" he cried, turning upon his tempter, "Heaven forgive you for your sin, as I do from my heart; but I will no longer keep your company."

Then he turned from the other, who sneered, and called him hard names; but the young man took the hand of the child, and went on his way, blessing God who had put into that little mouth the words of warning.

The man who had tempted the other was a thief and gambler: the younger man had money; when he had drunk one glass, he was no longer master of himself. Perhaps those two simple words, so bravely uttered by the child, saved that man from even worse than death. Oh! never say you are too young or too little to do good—there is work for all.

THE WHEAT AND THE TARES.

It is terrible to reflect that the very means which have been employed for the enlightenment and amelioration of savage nations have been made subservient to purposes of evil. Civilisation, which has conveyed to them the tidings of Christianity, has also carried to their shores the fruits of the still; thus with the one hand sowing the wheat, with the other the tares, which too often have grown rank, and flourished even to the spoiling and stifling of the wholesome grain. From Mrs. Balfour's "Morning Dew Drops," we quote the following:—

"A good and venerable man, named Daniel

Wheeler, a few years back, made a long voyage to visit the missionary stations at some of the islands of the South Seas; and he wrote a beautiful and affecting narrative of his interesting voyage, in which he plainly showed that the drinking habits of British sailors had, in many cases, quite prevented the Gospel from spreading among the people, and that, in addition to the labours of the missionaries in a strange land, and the trials they met with from the ignorance and sometimes the anger of the natives, the greatest trouble and trial was finding all their efforts rendered fruitless by the bad conduct of the British sailors.

"In some islands the sailors and others not only sold the natives large quantities of strong drink, and taught them to like it, but they also taught them to make it out of the fruits of the country. There is a beautiful vegetable production that grows in great abundance in the islands of the Southern Ocean, called the 'bread-fruit tree'; and this is a very nourishing fruit, and a great blessing to the people; but this blessing in some places was turned into a curse, for our seamen and others taught the inhabitants to distil strong drink from it, and they destroyed their wholesome provision, made it into a fiery drink that would intoxicate; and from that time peace, health, and comfort fled from the people, and they became sickly and wretched. In one island they had nearly all died off through the effects of this wickedness.

"These are Daniel Wheeler's own words—The island of Bolabola is one that has suffered most of any by the introduction of spirits, as it has caused the people to distil their bread-fruit, and every kind of food capable of producing spirit. I can never forget the abject, wretched state of the people, with scarcely rags to cover them, in want of everything, and possessing nothing to purchase anything with; their little property being consumed in order to obtain spirits. The famished appearance also of the more than half-naked children will long retain a place in my memory, in that love which must ever intercede on behalf, and plead in the cause of suffering humanity. The little things used to come on board to us, and when on shore we were surrounded in a few minutes by delighted groups of them. My heart often revisits Bolabola, and gladly would I bind up her wretched inhabitants in the Lord's bundle of life for ever."

"The North American Indians once possessed the great continent of North America, and were a numerous people, consisting of many tribes; they are now a scattered people, few in number, and many of them depraved in their habits. They have suffered, it is true, from war; but their greatest sufferings have been through the habits of intemperance taught them by the English settlers in America."

Thus the blessings of Christ's Gospel are daily opposed by the counteracting influence of STRONG DRINK.

THE AGREEMENT OF SCRIPTURE AND GEOLOGY;
THE WORKS OF GOD BEARING WITNESS TO THE
WORD OF GOD.

II.—“WITHOUT FORM, AND VOID.”

JONES. Good morning, Williams. Here we meet, as we met last Sunday. Shall we take up the same subject? You said, I think, that the point on which you then touched was only one of several, in which the truth of Scripture received support from modern investigations. Perhaps you will now mention some other?

WILLIAMS. Very willingly. Our last Sunday's conversation may be said to have turned on [the meaning of the very first verse in the Bible—“In the beginning.” And I endeavoured to show you that believers in the Bible gain, rather than lose, by that view of the text, in the light of geology, which throws the beginning back, perhaps, some millions of years; I will now say a few words on the second verse: “The earth was without form, and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep.” This is clearly intended to assert a certain state of the earth immediately before the commencement of that Divine work which, in a six days’ creation, gave to the human race our globe in its present condition.

J. I suppose so; for it is instantly followed by the words—“And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters.”

W. Well, then, the assertion with which we have to deal is, that when the Spirit of God began to act in this new creation, the material upon which he had to work was this globe of ours, in a state of darkness, confusion, or chaos, and emptiness of all living things. You see, this is not a vague or unmeaning statement, but one very definite and positive, and not at all like a guess or supposition.

J. It had not occurred to me in that light; but now you call my attention to it, I see that the fact is so.

W. Well, then, here is another opportunity for asking, What says geology to this statement? Is any light thrown upon the subject by modern researches into the nature of the formation of the crust of the earth?

J. Why do you lay so much stress upon this? What does it matter what geologists think on such a point as this? The fact, be it true or false, has long since passed away.

W. Surely, if you reflect, you will see its im-

portance. Some writers, within the last few years, have very coolly described the Mosaic account of the creation as a “speculation”—“the best account of the matter that could then be given.” Now, if this were the real state of the case, and if the whole were a guess or an hypothesis, let me ask you what probability there was that Moses, writing two thousand years after the days of Adam, should hit upon a true account? This chaos, or state of confusion, had for more than twenty centuries passed away. Moses had never seen it; nor had any man ever seen it, to hand down the fact of tradition. If, then, so remarkable a fact is stated by Moses, and if geology, more than three thousand years after Moses wrote, begins to dig into the crust of the earth, and from its researches derives a certainty of the very same fact, would you not say that the coincidence was very remarkable; and that the combined testimony of all geologists to this fact does go some way towards proving that Moses, in making this statement long before geology was so much as thought of, must have had some knowledge of the facts of creation greater than human skill or reflection could have given him?

J. Well, I do see that there is some ground for your conclusion. But are you not hastily taking for granted that geology establishes this fact—the second in the Mosaic account—that just before the six days’ work, “the earth was without form, and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep”?

W. No; I believe I am in no danger of error in this respect. I think there is scarcely any point on which geologists are more entirely agreed than this—that “it pleased the Most High to doom the past worlds to sudden destruction, by the secondary agency of geological convulsions.”* Or, to use Cuvier’s words, “Life has often been disturbed on this earth by terrible events—calamities which have moved and overturned to a great depth the entire outer crust of the globe. In these catastrophes the existing races of living beings have become extinct.”†

J. But how does the geological belief, that in past ages there have been such convulsions—how does it agree with or confirm the words of Moses?

W. It is a more definite belief than that

* Lardner, vol. xii., p. 157.

† Cuvier, p. 17.

which you have stated. Geology does not merely believe in convulsions generally, but it describes them, and it calculates the date of the last. Sir R. Murchison, one of the first of living geologists, tells us of traces now existing of "outbursts of great volumes of igneous matter from the interior, the extraordinary violence of which is made manifest by clear evidences." In another place he speaks of "convulsions utterly immeasurable and inexplicable," caused by "vast outpourings of the subterranean fires." It is quite clear that while these convulsions must have destroyed all kinds of life, and so rendered the earth "void," they must also have clothed it with a thick, impervious mantle of vapour or steam, and must thus have caused "darkness to rest upon the face of the deep."

J. Did you say that geologists go further than this, and venture to fix a date for these events?

W. Certainly they do. Baron Cuvier says—"I am of opinion, with Iness, Deluc, and Dolomieu, that if there is any circumstance thoroughly established in geology, it is, that the crust of our globe has been subject to a great and sudden revolution, the epoch of which cannot be dated much farther back than five or six thousand years ago."^{*} And Dr. Lardner says—"By the general accordance of geological facts, it appears that the present, the human period, has now continued for not more than six or seven thousand years."[†]

J. Will you, then, be so good as to sum up the evidence, that I may understand its combined force?

W. Yes, I will try. It is quite agreed that the various geological periods were divided from each other by vast and sudden convulsions, which again and again swept away one state of things, and commenced another—ended one race of living creatures, and introduced another; and I have just shown you that geologists hold that the present, the human period, was thus ushered in about five, six, or seven thousand years ago; so that here we have the chronology of Scripture substantially confirmed. And further, they allege that these convulsions were vast, immeasurable, and inexplicable, destroying all kinds of existing life, and pouring forth vast masses of subterranean fire. Now, every one can see that, while oceans of water lay floating

about upon the earth's surface, the coming forth of "vast masses of subterranean fires," commingled with them, must have formed prodigious clouds of vapour or steam, which, resting upon the earth's surface, must have produced a condition of darkness, compared with which our densest fog are noonday light.

J. So that geology tells us, in fact, of the day before the first day described by Moses, that it was just what Moses had declared it to have been—a scene of confusion, darkness, and absence of life?

W. Precisely so. Geology declares, with positiveness, that the state of things called "the Tertiary period"—when huge mammoths walked the earth—was ended by a prodigious convulsion, raising vast mountains out of the depths of the sea, and changing the position of whole continents, and confounding all things in one huge uproar. It adds, that subterranean fires were largely concerned in producing this revolution, and hence that the boiling up of oceans must have produced dense clouds of vapour, covering the earth with darkness, and effectually destroying life in all its various forms; and, finally, it declares that this must have happened about six thousand years ago. Now, Moses, who had never studied geology, had told us the very same thing more than three thousand years since. The question then is, how he came to know it. That he should have guessed at such astonishing, such apparently improbable facts, is a supposition of the most absurd kind. Hence we find that the simplest way of accounting for this wonderful knowledge is, by receiving his own testimony, that he had had long and intimate communication with "the Lord, the Creator of heaven and earth,"* and had learned from him the wonderful history which we read in the first chapter of Genesis.

J. Yes, I see that this is indeed the simplest way of accounting for the fact; and I see, too, that it is hard to surmise how else Moses should have learnt anything about this period of chaotic darkness. But did you not say that the date given by Moses agreed also with that which geologists fix, as the apparent epoch of the last great disturbance of the earth's crust?

W. Yes, they entirely agree. Geologists tell us, as I have shown you from Cuvier and Lardner, that the human period must have com-

* Cuvier, p. 171.

† Lardner, p. 157.

* Exod. xxxiv.

menced about five, six, or seven thousand years ago; and that that was the apparent date of the last great convulsion or revolution, by which the Tertiary period was ended. Now, Moses, in his books of Genesis and Exodus, is careful to give us precise accounts of the births and ages of all the chief descendants of Adam, so as to make it clear that Abraham was born about two thousand or two thousand and eight years after the creation of Adam, and that he (Moses) was born about four hundred years after that. The Jewish records then carry us on to the days of David and Solomon, and show us that the temple was consecrated in the three thousandth year, or nearly one thousand years after Abraham's birth. And here we are met by Greek, and Roman, and modern chronology, which unites with the Jewish, and runs on for two thousand eight hundred years, to the present time. Thus, the history of the world, in the human period, according to the Book, exactly agrees with the date assigned to the same human period by those who have calculated by "geological facts," or "natural chronometers." Again, therefore, in this second leading fact, we find the inspired books strongly confirmed and supported by the investigations of geology. But here, I see, we must end our conversation for the present.

(To be continued.)

A TRUE HISTORY.

In the choir of Gloucester Cathedral, some few years back, was a lad, sixteen years of age, a most admirable singer, a bright scholar, and excelling in all the pursuits of his age and station; giving good promise, in fact, of becoming a clever man, and a valuable member of society.

To such a one, of course, came at an early period the vision of "bettering" his lot, of rising in the world, and, as a necessary preliminary, leading him to seek some more ample field for advancement than could be found in his native town. His relatives, anxious to promote in every way the wishes of one for whom nature had already done so much, sent him to London. A distant relation keeping a tavern there welcomed the youth, who subsequently was induced to take service with him. He thus fell under the influences abounding in such a situation, to which the very nature of his disposition and previous training rendered him but the more susceptible. He drank, gradually became a slave to the habit, sank from one pitch of degradation to another, and finally died the death of a drunkard at the age of nineteen years, leaving an example of talents rendered useless, and of life destroyed, by Intemperance.

AN ANCIENT HYMN.

Now, from the altar of my heart,
Let incense flames arise;
Assist me, Lord, to offer up
Mine evening sacrifice.
Awake, my love; awake, my joy;
Awake, my heart and tongue!
Sleep not; when mercies loudly call,
Break forth into a song.
This day God was my sun and shield,
My keeper and my guide;
His care was o'er my frailty shown,
His mercies multiplied.
Minutes and mercies multiplied
Have made up all this day;
Minutes came quick, but mercies were
More fleet and free than they.

CHARLES V.

THE Emperor Charles V., we are told, retired at the close of life to a monastery, and there, says Dr. Robertson, "he was particularly curious with regard to the construction of clocks and watches; and having found after repeated trials that he could not bring any two of them to go exactly alike, he reflected, it is said, with a mixture of surprise as well as regret, on his own folly in having bestowed so much time and labour in the more vain attempt of bringing mankind to a precise uniformity of sentiment concerning the intricate and mysterious doctrines of religion."

DEVOTION TO THE CAUSE OF CHRIST.

By your money millions or mites, be your talents two or ten, be your hearts young and green, or seared and withered, lay them at a Saviour's feet, and let the advancement of his kingdom be your one glorious aim.

INFLUENCE OF RELIGION.

One day an Indian girl left her school, and going to a missionary, put four sixpences into his hand, saying, "That is your money."

"No," was the answer, "you do not owe me anything."

"Yes, I do," said the child; "and I will tell you how. At the public examination you promised sixpence to the one in my class who wrote the best specimen on a slate. I gave in my slate and got the sixpence, but some one else wrote the specimen for me. Yesterday you read in church about Zacchaeus, who said, 'If I have taken anything from any man, I restore him fourfold; I took from you one sixpence, I restore you back four.'

THE CHILD'S QUESTION.

A MAN on his death-bed was arrested by the Holy Spirit, through the instrumentality of his child putting the question—"Father, can you spell repentance?"

The Student's Page.

THE BOOKS OF THE NEW TESTAMENT, ARRANGED IN THE ORDER IN WHICH THEY ARE BELIEVED TO HAVE BEEN WRITTEN, AND THE DATES ATTACHED, FOR THE USE OF OUR YOUNG READERS.

	WHERE WRITTEN.	A.D.
Matthew	Judea	38
Galatians	Macedonia or Corinth	52
1 Thessalonians	Corinth	52
2 Thessalonians	Corinth	52
1 Corinthians	Ephesus	56
2 Corinthians	Macedonia	57
Romans	Corinth	58
Ephesians	Rome	61
James	Jerusalem	61
Philippians	Rome	62
Colossians	Rome	62
Philemon	Rome	62
Luke	Greece	62
Hebrews	Rome	63
Acts	Greece	64
1 Timothy	Macedonia	64
1 Peter	Rome	64
Titus	Macedonia or Greece	64
Mark	Rome	65
2 Timothy	Rome	65
2 Peter	Rome	65
1 John	Judea	69
2 John	Ephesus	69
3 John	Ephesus	69
Jude	Unknown	70
Revelation	Patmos	96
John	Asia Minor	97
Destruction of Jerusalem		70.

NUMBERING DAYS.

IN numbering days, the sacred writers sometimes exclude the first and the last of the series, but more generally include them. Thus two of the evangelists say, after six days Jesus was transfigured; but Luke says eight days afterwards. Thus Christ is said to have been three days and nights in the heart of the earth, as Jonah was in the whale's belly—the first and the last being reckoned. This way of speaking is common among ourselves. Physicians call that a tertian ague, which, strictly speaking, returns the second day after it has intermitted, but the former day of its ceasing is included.

NUMBERS.

IN Scripture, we find an even number generally preferred to an odd one, though less exact, for the sake of speaking in round terms. The 480 years in Exod. xii. are in Gen. xv. called 400. By referring to this custom, an apparent discrepancy may be often removed. They who are called 24,000 in Numbers xxv. 9, and 23,000 in 1 Cor. x. 8, were most likely between both, but made less in one and more in the other place, from the same common habit of speaking in round numbers. Compare 2 Sam. v. 5 with 1 Chron. xxix. 27.

ST. AUGUSTINE'S PRAYER.

SUFFER me not, O thou strength of my soul's health, suffer me not, I implore thee, to be one of those thy weak servants, who "for a time believe, and in time of temptation fall away," but cover thou "my head in the day of battle;" for thou only art my hope in the hour of trouble, and thou only art my safety in the time of peril.

SERMONS IN MINIATURE; OR, AIDS TO THE BIBLICAL STUDENT.—V.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

"And they came to Elim, where were twelve wells of water, and threescore and ten palm trees: and they encamped there by the waters."—Exod. xv. 27.

CONTEXT.—"Elim," usually understood as the name of a place, but by some supposed to be a forest.

Wells of the highest importance in the Eastern countries.

Heat, &c.

Here then, in a forest, where there were several wells, they encamped.

I.—IN THE JOURNEY OF HUMAN LIFE THE LORD AFFORDS US MANY KIND ACCOMMODATIONS, MANY MERCELES.

These mercies are—

1. *Necessary.* What more so than water? So are his favours.

2. *Refreshing.* "Palm-trees." Journey wearisome. Their shade delightful, &c.

3. *Various.* Wells and palm-trees.

4. *Plentiful.* Twelve wells and threescore and ten palm-trees. They are plentiful if we compare them (1) with the enjoyments of others; (2) with our deserts.

II.—REFRESHING MERCELES AFTER SEASONS OF DISTRESS ARE PECULIARLY SWET.

Many seasons of afflictions—trials of mind, family, &c. Then these mercies sweet—why so?

1. *We have a higher relish for them.* So, spring after winter, health after sickness, &c.

2. *They give a proof that God has not forgotten us.* Apt to think so when he tries us, and we do not receive any peculiar marks of his favour.

Then he *returns*, &c. This has a peculiar effect on our minds.

3. *They will increase our faith in future trials.* We shall expect in them fresh displays of power and goodness; this will cause us to love him more—serve him better.

III.—THE BLESSINGS WITH WHICH WE ARE FAVoured SHOULD BE USED AND ENJOYED.

They *encamped*—not only drank, but, &c.: all our mercies should be enjoyed—

1. *With humility.*

We do not deserve any of them—are entirely dependent on God for them. God designs by such dependence to keep us humble and obedient.

2. *With gratitude.* Ingratitude hateful to God and man. Gratitude pleasing, and ought naturally to flow to God, &c. Our mercies are great, and call loudly for it.

3. *With a firm resolution to devote strength derived from them to God, &c.*

Thus they will answer the end, &c. Then may we expect more. Devote yourselves, therefore, to his glory, &c.

IV.—AMIDST ALL OUR ENJOYMENTS, WE SHOULD NOT LOSE SIGHT OF OUR PILGRIMAGE STATE.

They encamped—did not build a city, &c. Christians are travellers. World not our rest. We should—

1. *Cherish the idea that all earthly things are fading, withering.* Dew, flowers, &c. So human life. We know it—we should act accordingly.

2. *Prepare for changes.* Changes of condition, circumstances, feelings. These are to be expected—will come. This generally acknowledged, and yet how few prepared!

3. *Wish to go forward.* Arguments for it deduced from what is said above. Heaven is at the end. How worthy of all our toil!—how refreshing, &c., will it be!

ADDRESS—

1. *Such as are now on the march.*
2. *Such as are now encamped at Elsin.*

How many valuable lessons may be drawn from this portion of God's Word! We must bless God for the fulness of Holy Writ.

Eminent Christians.

NONNA.

It is remarked by a French author, from whom we derive most of the following details, that Christianity is not only the religion of the strong, but of the weak, and has often selected its heroes from the feeblest. It is well to consider not only what Christianity has done for woman, but what woman has done for Christianity. Among the Greeks and Romans of pagan times, woman was the toy of a capricious affection or the chief slave in the house; she had no high calling of her own, nor did she share in her husband's. Some women of antiquity have made themselves a name, but they only serve to illustrate the general abasement of their sex. The Gospel has restored woman to her proper place, as the companion and the helpmeet of man, and has opened up for her new and noble spheres of usefulness. Our Lord himself set the example of kindness and due consideration for women, and was the first to place woman in her present elevated position. This course was followed by the Apostles, and the claims of women were recognised by the Church. The dark ages detracted something from the privileges of woman, but they were fully restored at the Reformation. In the early ages of the Church, as well as in modern times, we often meet with noble examples of female courage, devotion, and piety. In the early Church, especial prominence is given to Anthusa, the mother of Chrysostom; to Monica, the mother of Augustine; and to Nonna, the mother of Gregory of Nazianzum. To the latter of these we shall direct the attention of our readers.

The family of Nonna had long professed the faith of Christ, and her education was in conformity with the principles of her parents. She was born at Nazianzum, a city of Cappadocia, about the year A.D. 300. The inhabitants of the place were not yet all converted from idols. Paganism still struggled obstinately for its existence, and the struggle increased in fierceness as the truth of the Gospel prevailed. Hence, we do not wonder to find on the part of Nonna a lively and constant opposition to all that was not Christian; indeed, her zeal seems sometimes rather exclusive and exaggerated to us who live in less exciting times. But we

must bear in mind that the Cappadocians were not generally men of good report. They had a reputation for courage, but they were crafty and perfidious, and in their manners coarse, depraved, and uncivilised. Amid such influences, it is no wonder if Christians were urged to the opposite extreme, and became strangely austere in their manner of life.

Notwithstanding these things, the father of Nonna gave her in marriage to a man who belonged to a sect which knew not the pure Gospel. Her husband, who was named Gregory, was of the sect called Hypsistarians, or worshippers of the Most High. Their principles were deistical, with a mixture of Jewish practices and Persian ideas. Nonna was very anxious for the conversion of her husband, and this was the object of her constant prayers. Her end was attained, less perhaps by her exhortations than by her loving and holy example. "She was," says her son, "the virtuous woman of whom Solomon speaks; looking well to the ways of her household, and not eating the bread of idleness; in all things submissive to her husband, but anxious to lead him to the faith of Christ. She understood the difficult task of directing her household well, and of not neglecting, at the same time, either the cultivation of her mind or the care of her soul. When she attended to her domestic duties, one might have fancied that she was a stranger to devotion; and when she was engaged in the exercises of religion, it seemed as if she had forgotten earthly things, so heartily did she give herself to what she had to do. Experience had taught her to place complete reliance upon the efficacy of prayer. Hence she prayed much, and by this means she forgot the griefs which her own or others' troubles caused her. Such was the self-control to which she attained through this habit of prayer, that, when any painful circumstance occurred, her first impulse was not to weep, but to betake herself to the Lord. She counted it unworthy for a Christian to weep over earthly afflictions. She placed her duties to the poor and sick, to widows and orphans, above those studies which tended to her own edification. Her charity was unbounded, and she would have parted with everything for the relief of the needy."

No one will be astonished that such a life was blessed to her husband, who became a sincere believer, and was baptised in A.D. 325. Gregory was a man of action, and would not keep to himself the light which grace had shed into his heart. He, therefore, soon afterwards received ordination, and before long he was made bishop of the church at Nazianzum.

As soon as her husband was converted, the house of Nonna was wholly ordered after a Christian pattern. The moral training of her children was left to herself. When her son Gregory was born, like Hannah, she consecrated him to the Lord. She took her infant to the church, and made him touch the Bible with his little hands, in token of what she desired him to

be. The education of her son was in harmony with her hope and prayer that he might one day be a good minister of Jesus Christ. At a very early age he was taught to read the Scriptures and to meditate upon them; and his mother did her utmost to induce in him a love of retirement and of reflection. These cares were greatly blessed, and bore abundant fruit in after days.

Nonna had two other children, who became distinguished Christians, of whom we shall speak at another time.

When Gregory went to the famous school of the time, at Athens, he felt as if his mother's prayers protected him. In a storm at sea, he was sustained by this thought, and it was this which attended him when exposed to the seductive influences of Athenian paganism.

It was the will of God that his servant should be disciplined by afflictions, and in the course of a few years he was called to mourn over the loss of his brother, his sister, and his father, all of whom died rejoicing in the faith.

Gregory delivered a funeral sermon over his father, and it may still be read. Towards its close, he addresses his mother, the almost only surviving member of the family. "O my mother!" he exclaims, "the things which we call life and death, however unlike they seem, become confounded with each other, and take each other's place." He then compares and contrasts the two, and adds: "O my mother, let us have this thought continually before us, and then life will no longer be our boast, nor death our dread. What harm shall we suffer, then, in leaving earth? We leave its troubles and its weariness, and our dependence upon what is not unalloyed, to fly away to that which is eternal and cannot change; to take our place as stars around the great celestial Sun."

Nonna's life was, in fact, a long preparation for death, in the love of God, and faith in Christ. We know not precisely when she was called from this vale of tears, but it is not probable that she lived very long after the loss of her husband. She was considerably advanced in years, and felt the burden of natural infirmities, although her intellect remained clear and vigorous, and her spiritual sensibilities quick and active as ever. Her end was worthy of her course. One day she went to church, and while there was seized with an apoplectic fit. She was only able to lift up her hand towards heaven, and to exclaim, "O Jesus, be merciful unto me!" These were her last words. That Jesus who had been her joy and confidence for so many years was near to her in thought and in deed at that solemn moment, and with his name upon her lips her spirit ascended to the presence of her God and Saviour. She was buried by her husband, in what was called the cemetery of the martyrs, and her eloquent son pronounced an oration over her. He cherished her memory with

affectionate respect, and often alludes to her in his poems. In one of these he says, "O mortals, you may weep over our mortality; but I shed no tears for her who died in prayer to her Lord."

Such was Nonna's life. The facts are few, but they are instructive. The beauty and the power of such a life can be seen by us in its effects upon her husband and her children. Grace made her what she was, and enabled her to adorn the Gospel by her personal piety, and by the success which attended her efforts for the salvation of her husband and family. Christian mothers should study a life like this.

The Editor and his friends.

EDITORIAL CONVERSATIONS WITH H. C., CROSBY, F. B., THROPHILUS, W., C. H. L. (Lichfield), G., ANXIOUS, AND OTHER FRIENDS.

CHAPTER XIV.

F. Is there any mention in Scripture of David's mother?

E. No. It is only to be known by a reference to the genealogical tables that are preserved among the writings of the Hebrews. The information, we imagine, can be of little use; but we give it, as requested. NAASH was the name of David's mother. Naash was the wife of Jesse. Her name is to be found in Scripture as the mother of David's sister. David's father had several children by a former wife.

F. "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not."—Luke xviii. 16.

E. This passage is one among others quoted in favour of infant baptism. The children were not brought to Christ for baptism, for Christian baptism was not yet appointed; and they were not brought that they might be healed of any bodily distemper, for then the disciples would not have hindered them. They were brought to the Saviour that they might obtain from him some spiritual blessing. "The children were those of such as esteemed Christ a prophet sent from God, for no unbelieving Jews would have sought a blessing from Christ."

F. What is the distinction between a *righteous* man and a *good* man, as mentioned in Rom. v. 7?

E. The term "righteous," as used in this verse, means "just." The *just* man is one who faithfully complies with the requirements of the law, and a "*good*" man is one who voluntarily abounds in kind and generous actions to which no human laws can compel him. A just man is therefore approved, but a benevolent man is loved.

F. Is it not the design of punishment to reclaim the offender?

E. Not always. God's punishment of transgressors is sometimes paternal and sometimes penal. When it partakes of the paternal or fatherly character, it is designed to reclaim the offender; when it partakes of the penal or judicial character, it is designed to punish and not to reform. In God's dealings

with his children, the condemnation of the Judge is only exercised upon the "children of disobedience" after the punishment of the father has proved to be of no avail. By human laws, men who wilfully violate the law and despise warning are punished, that the honour of the law may be preserved; so, also, by the laws of God, the despisers perish, and the law is honoured by the tribute paid to Divine Justice. Thus, the offender that refuses to honour God by accepting his mercy, must honour God by submitting to his justice. The design of punishment in such cases is the glory of God, and not the reformation of a finally impenitent offender.

F. What is there peculiarly wonderful in the words of 1 Samuel xii. 16, 17?—"Now therefore stand and see this great thing, which the Lord will do before your eyes. Is it not wheat harvest to-day? I will call unto the Lord, and he shall send thunder and rain; that ye may perceive and see that your wickedness is great, which ye have done in the sight of the Lord, in asking you a king."

E. The harvest in Judea began, says Stackhouse, about the end of June or the beginning of July, in which season thunder and rain were never known. The seasons of rain in Judea are only in the spring and autumn—the one called the *former*, and the other the *latter* rain. Therefore, Samuel by this question, "Is it not wheat harvest to-day?" meant to signify the greatness of the miracle which God was about to work, namely, that he could in an instant, and at a time when they least of all expected it, deprive them of all the comforts of life, as they justly deserved for their great wickedness in rejecting him and his prophet.

F. How could crucifixion for a few hours cause the Saviour's death? Other crucified men did not expire in three hours.

E. A physician, of no ordinary talent and attainments, published a very able work a few years since, which professional men highly commend, and in this work the writer professes to show scientifically to his medical brethren, and to others who are capable of following him in his illustrations and argument, that the Saviour did not expire in consequence of the wounds and injuries received while upon the cross, but by a *broken heart*, arising from the intensity of mental anguish; and consequently we are justified in believing that the agonies of the cross formed but a minor portion of the sufferings of "Him who bore the iniquities of us all, and by whose stripes we are healed."

E. A correspondent, who scoffs at Scriptural truth, deems it "a great offence that men should be threatened with eternal punishment, when they cannot understand what eternity means." We imagine that it only requires a very small amount of intellect to understand what is meant by a state that shall always continue, "be it for weal, or be it for woe." Happily, by the mercy of God, many who have rallied against the wisdom of God and everlasting punishment have been brought to embrace the faith which once they opposed. May our correspondent be among the number! We exhort him faithfully to search the Scriptures, and to ask for Divine assistance, and we feel assured that his tendency to scoff at the Word of God will no longer prevail. May he,

through the grace of Almighty God, be led throughout eternity to rejoice in his God and Saviour Jesus Christ, and while his days are spared on earth, may he welcome Christ as the sinner's friend!

F. "Being justified by faith." How is the union between justification and faith produced?

E. The term "justification" involves one of the principal doctrines of the Christian faith. An eminent theologian thus speaks of it:—"Justification" is the opposite to "condemnation," and in its evangelical use it denotes that act of God's sovereign grace by which he accepts and receives those who believe in Christ as just and righteous. When God has pardoned a sinner, he treats him as righteous, or as if he had never sinned. This is called justification. And because there is no way of being pardoned, except by believing and trusting in the Lord Jesus Christ, it is called justification by *faith*. For Christ's sake such persons are accounted or regarded *just* or righteous, and will not be punished for their sins. Clear views on this subject are essential to a right understanding of the Gospel method of salvation." Martin Luther brought it to view at the Reformation, and declared it to be "the article of a standing or of a falling church." This gratuitous justification supplies the most powerful motive for gratitude, for obedience, and for all the graces that adorn the Christian life.

F. In what sense are we to understand the terms—the kingdom of God, and the kingdom of heaven?

E. The expressions, "kingdom of heaven," and "kingdom of God," in the New Testament, refer, says Parkhurst, to the prophecies of Daniel ii. 44, vii. 13, 14, and denote that everlasting kingdom of the God of heaven which he would set up and give to the Son of Man, which kingdom was first to exist upon earth, and afterwards to be perfected in the world of glory. In some places in Scripture the kingdom of heaven refers to the prevalence of Christ's Gospel here upon earth, and sometimes the kingdom of God signifies the state of glory hereafter; and occasionally the terms embrace both views, namely, Christ's sway upon earth, and his final government in the state of future felicity.

F. Which is the best way of retaining the senior scholars in a Sunday-school, and afterwards inducing them to embrace the offers of the Gospel as the real followers of Christ?

E. We do not feel ourselves competent to answer this difficult question. Among other means that we might think fit to employ, did we deem their continuance desirable, would be the formation of a Bible-class expressly adapted to the attainments of a superior order of scholars; and while we endeavoured to communicate information of every kind that would bear upon the Scriptures, and come within the capability of enjoyment which well-informed senior scholars might be expected to possess, our efforts would be to add an exposition of Scripture, of a heart-searching and spiritual nature, so that if they were desirous of religious knowledge, the scholars might find it; and if they sought for the consolation arising from a rich vein of spiritual counsel, they might also obtain it. This process would prove beneficial to both the teacher and the taught. It would

be well, also, to call the attainments of the senior scholars into exercise by appointing them to be teachers to the teachers, and we are of opinion that great good would arise if, where practicable, the teachers were themselves examined in, and drilled and taught, the lessons that they were about to teach. We would say, encourage the teachers in these preliminary lessons to ask questions, and, if needful, to confess ignorance, and never to be ashamed of anything in their office of teachers but *want of knowledge when teaching*. Induce them also to cultivate a lively mode of instruction—clear, simple, and scriptural; in other words, that they may become “apt to teach.” The delight arising from an increase of knowledge, from spiritual instruction, and the pleasure experienced in imparting knowledge that is well understood, and, above all, the cheering conviction that they, as the children of God, are doing the will of God, and benefiting others, would, we think, make the withdrawal of the senior scholars the result not of a willing mind, but a matter only of necessity.

KNOWING CHRIST.

“AND this is life eternal, that they might know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent.” What is there that doth more highly concern men to know than God himself? Or what more glorious and excellent object could he discover than himself to the world? In the Scriptures we read the most rich and admirable discoveries of the Divine goodness, and all the methods he uses in alluring sinners to himself. With what majesty he commands; with what condescension he entreats; with what importunity he woos men to be reconciled to him; with what favour he embraceth; with what tenderness he chastiseth; with what bowels he pitith those who have chosen him to be their God; with what power he supporteth; with what wisdom he directeth; with what cordieth he refresheth the souls of such who are dejected, and yet their love is sincere towards him! Behold the kindness and love of God our Saviour!—*Bishop Stillingfleet.*

Youths' Department.

MISCHIEF PUNISHED.—PART II.

THE order of our narrative brings us again to the spot where little Margaret and her brother were picked up by the rough man in the cart.

Some hours after our mischievous young friends, Arthur and Reginald, had finished their labours by changing the hands of the sign-post, two gentlemen on horseback rode by, and as they drew near the cross road one of the gentlemen laughingly exclaimed, “That sign-post reminds me of my brother Jack.”

“What can your brother have to do with it? he is not a commissioner of the roads.”

“No; but he is always urging men to temperance, and yet he is not temperate; and I said to him, yesterday, ‘My dear Jack, you are like the sign-post;

you point in the right direction, but you never move a foot towards it.’”

“Hollo! how is this?” cried his companion, as he rode up. “Here is my old friend the sign-post, who has been telling the truth for years, has taken to telling fibs; he says this is the road to Baseley!”

“I protest,” said his friend, “that Baseley stood in its old spot yesterday morning, whatever it may do to-day. I suspect that there has been some ill-disposed people at work here, and as I am going to meet the magistrates I will tell them, for this may cause some people a terrible amount of trouble; and when I see my brother Jack I shall say, ‘Well, Jack, you are better than the sign-post, after all; for you do tell the truth, and that does not.’”

Thus chatting and laughing, they rode on.

Within the next few hours several foot passengers passed, apparently without noticing the board, but one young man in great haste was seen to turn towards the sign-post, and the moment he had read it he changed his course, and went on by the opposite road. Shortly afterwards, two men, tempted by the trickling brook and the grass bank, paused to rest themselves, and from their conversation it was easy to discover that their past history was an ugly one; in fact, these worthies had only recently come out of prison, and were busily talking over their future plans. While they were seated on the bank, one said to his companion—

“I should just like to give that fellow a punch that gave me all that good advice yesterday.”

“Why, Dick, what did he say to you?”

“He called me up, and said he wanted to speak to me, and I thought he was going to give me something; instead of that, he said—

“Now, my man, your time's up.”

“Well, I knew that.”

“And you're going out.”

“That I knew.”

“It's not right your coming here; you ought to work and live like an honest man.”

“Well, I think I had heard that before. But you see, Jim, the very thing I wanted to know he didn't tell me; that is, how I was to get work.”

“I suppose it's all right that we should be honest, and I think I would, if I had a chance; but who gives me a chance? Lots of people cry out loud enough when I have done wrong, but who is there that comes to me and says, ‘My man, you got into trouble once, don't get into it again. Now, if I don't help you, you will go wrong, as sure as fate; so, now, listen to me. Do you trot off to Number so and so, in such a street and such a place, and there, bad as you are, they'll give you work, and if you want it they'll give you food and give you shelter; so that you needn't go back to your old companions, who are sure to do you no good; and if you mind what you're about, the people who manage matters where I'm sending you will make a good man out of a bad one. Here's ten

shillings to keep you from stealing. Now, brush off!"

"I am sure if any man had talked to me in that way I should have said, 'Well, master, I'm afeard its a tough job to make a good man of me, but I'd be precious glad if anybody would try!'"

"Well, Jim, that's what it should be, to help a poor fellow out of a fix. Now, what's my case? I had, when I came out of yon place, a broken pipe, a 'baccy box, and threepence. Well, the threepence, as you know, is gone, and the pipe and the 'baccy box won't do much for us in the eating way, and I can't starve to please myself, and I won't starve to please other people. Therefore, I'm for mischief."

"Dick, whatever you do, mind what you're about."

"Pooh, pooh; you just hold your tongue, and do as I tell you. Go into that barn and wait till I come to you." So saying, the man whom his companion styled "Dick" walked up to the sign-post, but the boards having been changed, the man chose the road he wished to avoid, and that road happened to be the one in which Arthur's father resided. The man hastened on, looking about, as if unwilling to let anything escape his notice. The cottages were too poor to attract his attention; but seeing a fine house, he walked up to the back door and knocked boldly. A good-natured damsel came to him.

"Do you want, ma'am, any work done in the garden?"

"I think they do," said the girl; "but I'll find my mistress, and ask."

As she passed away in search of the lady of the house, a fine boy rushed by, and flew up the stairs, and Mr. Dick, who was waiting, heard a lady say—

"Arthur, dear, what have you done with the money that your uncle gave you this morning?"

"It's in my pocket, mamma."

"Then do not keep it there."

"Mamma, it's all my own. Uncle said it was to buy me a pony, and for pocket-money."

"I know; but do not keep it in your pocket; it's not safe. Lock it up in your little box, and put the box on the drawers in your bed-room, until your papa comes home."

At this moment the servant returned, and said, "I couldn't go directly, for somebody called me. Mistress says there is work to be done; but, as the master is out, she cannot say anything about it."

"I can come again," said crafty Dick. "Pray, when does the master return?"

"Master's gone," said the girl, "with his brother, to some friends, and they don't come back till tomorrow." The poor girl never thought how dangerous it was to talk of her master's affairs to a stranger.

Our new acquaintance, Mr. Dick, hearing this, thanked the girl, and promised to come again—a resolution which he resolved to keep, but not in a way the servant-girl ever dreamed about. With great

cumming, Dick crossed the road, and, seating himself upon a heap of gravel, he took off his shoes, as if to wipe out the dust and sand, keeping, at the same time, a strict watch upon the windows of the house. As he expected, so it happened; the youth he had seen rush up the stairs appeared at the window, with something glittering under his arm, which something, whatever it was, he deposited upon a chest of drawers in the little room over the porch.

Mr. Dick, very well satisfied with what he had heard and what he had seen, hastened back to his comrade in the barn. When night approached, Dick suggested that they should sally forth and get possession of that young gentleman's money-box.

"It'll promote Master Arthur's health," said Mr. Dick, facetiously, "if we oblige him to walk a little more."

"But they are sure to know you again," suggested his companion.

"No, they won't. You'll see I'll take care of that; and as I'm going out to an evening party, I'll just begin and dress." He then took out his knife and cut a square piece from the black lining of his waistcoat. In this piece of cotton he cut two holes for the eyes, and another for the mouth, and then fastened it to the lining of his cap. His next act was to turn his jacket, which had a red lining, and put it on with the red outside, and the jacket buttoned up to his chin. When thus attired, he said, "I'm sorry I haven't my card of invitation; but never mind, the young gentleman won't ask me for it; but now, Jim, what are you going to do?"

"I'm not going to spoil my jacket, I can tell you." So saying, he slipped out of the barn, and returned with mud and clay, which he daubed over his face; he then rolled back his waistcoat so as to exhibit to the eye little but the woolen garment underneath.

"Well," said Jim, "we are a nice-looking pair, ain't we? What's the name of that young fellow?"

"Arthur."

"Well, if Master Arthur catches a sight of us about twelve o'clock to-night, I think he'll remember us for many a long day. I say, Dick, you won't hurt anybody, will you?"

"No; and I hope nobody won't hurt me! I want that young fellow's money, and if he holds his tongue he'll get no harm from me; but if he roars out, I fear I shan't be civil to him. Jim, as it's too soon, let us turn in for a snooze."

A little before one in the morning these marauders stole forth on their deed of darkness. Jim lamenting on the way that the moon was showing itself too clearly. Before they arrived, Dick proposed that they should turn into a plantation and provide themselves with what others would call "bludgeons," but which he termed "knock-em-hards." Thus armed, in case of resistance, they drew near the house, and Dick, knowing the premises, was to look round for the best way of getting in. He effected this part of the busi-

ness very quickly by pushing back with his knife the catch of the kitchen window. When they had made good their entrance, they struck a light and made their way to the pantry; there they found an abundance of provisions, which they conveyed into the kitchen, and sat down to devour. When they had committed no small havoc upon the contents of the larder, Mr. Dick, greatly refreshed, intimated that it was time to proceed to business. So saying, he desired his companion to keep watch below stairs, and he would do what was needful up-stairs. Dick took off his shoes, adjusted his coat to its proper degree of ugliness, and pulled down his mask; he then crept upon his hands and knees up the stairs, and worked his way to the little bed-room over the porch. The chamber-door was closed, but not locked, and in a few minutes Dick was in the room, and by the light of the moon quickly discovered the box which contained poor Arthur's treasure. When the thoughtless boy was laughing and hammering at the sign-board, he little fancied how dearly he would pay for his folly, for had it not been for the deception, Mr. Dick would not at that moment be standing by Arthur's bed-side with the money-box under his jacket; but the loss of the pony and the loss of his pocket-money were not to be the only misfortunes Arthur was to suffer, for just as Dick was making off with the spoils, he stumbled, and in saving himself caught at the bedstead, and the shock awoke Arthur, who leaped up in bed, and his eyes no sooner fell upon Dick's mask, and the frightful appearance of the thief, and his deadly-looking bludgeon, than Arthur attempted to roar out, but his tongue refused utterance, his hair stood erect, his teeth chattered, and his whole body shook with terror, so great was his alarm; nor was this terror diminished by Dick seizing him, and whispering in his ear "to lie still, if he didn't want his head knocked off." The thief, mindful of his promise, did not hurt the poor boy; but shaking his stick in his face, he thrust Arthur's head under the clothes, and told him if he moved hand or foot, or spoke for one hour, he would come back and do for him! The terrified boy was too glad to comply, and, ensconced among the bedding, he remained frightened and trembling, and longing for the morning. At the return of daylight, Arthur's courage returned, and he made use of it by frightening the servant-girl almost out of her senses, for he no sooner discovered that he could roar, than he did roar. Bless all our hearts! What a noise he made! The agitated girl, half dead with fright, thought it her duty to scream, and, if it was her duty, she certainly discharged it, as Arthur's mamma and Arthur himself could testify, for when Arthur heard the servant's screams he felt some fear lest the thieves had come back to punish him as they threatened.

When the family assembled at breakfast, Arthur was in sad affliction at the loss of pony and money, and the recollection of his fright, and wondered what

could ever have brought the thieves to their house; but, some days afterwards, the thieves were apprehended for another offence, and then Dick confessed to the robbery, and said it was all owing to some fellow that had changed the sign-boards; for, of his own accord, he never intended to go in that direction.

Arthur now began to think that the beggar-man's prophecy was certainly coming to pass—"Be sure if you do mischief, it will fall upon your own head." Arthur thought he had a large share already.

But other troubles awaited Arthur. What they were, and how poor Reginald suffered, must be reserved for another part of our story.

(To be continued.)

THE COTTON FAMINE.

AMONG the contributors of the past week is one who, being so poor as to have no more to give, "is not ashamed to send a penny." He need not be ashamed. No shame, but honour attends upon his gift. Let those persons be ashamed who, having much more of this world's goods than he has, send nothing. Another of our subscribers is a servant-girl in a country village, whose sole earnings are one shilling per week, and two meals per day. Yet, out of this poor pittance, she has set apart twopence to send to us. Instances of sympathy and self-denial, on the part of the very poor, almost as striking, might be multiplied, if it were necessary. From distant parts of Great Britain and the Channel Islands we receive warm expressions of interest in our plan of obtaining subscriptions, and active co-operation. We trust that our friends will not relax their exertions with the advance of winter, but that they will rather increase them, so as to assist other agencies in meeting the daily increasing wants of the sufferers.

Additional subscription lists will be forwarded to any address on receipt of a stamp.

We beg to acknowledge the following additional contributions:—

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Anne Clifton	...	0	7	4	Joseph Willlett...	0	5	0
J. T. Wilson...	...	0	6	1	Friends...	0	3	2
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E. J. Guirron	...	0	2	7	J. W. Baker...	0	18	0
T. McDonald	...	0	2	6	H. T. Foley...	1	1	0
A. Read...	...	0	6	0	F. Foley...	0	10	6
F. J. B. Horsleydown	...	0	3	6	Selina Green...	0	3	3
B. A. Girls of Stow	...	0	5	6	R. W. Bell...	0	14	6
School, Paisley	...	0	17	6	James Bridgeman...	0	6	7
Maria, Hampstead	...	0	10	0	Hy. Woodcock...	0	5	0
Children attending the	...				T. J. Andrews...	0	9	6
North F. C. School,	...				Fredk. Key...	0	12	6
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Chas. Law & Sons	1	0	0	0	M. Harland...	0	10	6
Jno. Currie	...	0	5	0	W. R. Carlyon, Mylor	0	10	6
Mr. Thor. Bygrave	...	0	14	0	Bridge...	0	5	10
B. C. L., Turnham	...				M. A. Paddon...	0	3	3
Green...	...	0	10	0	No Name, Combe Raven	0	6	9
Joseph Kingsbury	...	0	4	6	E. B. C. A. broath...	0	2	6
William Bunn	...	0	2	7	Samuel Shepherd...	0	4	8
Mary M. Brooks	...	0	6	2	H. S. Icke...	0	12	0
Eliza Hassell	...	0	8	6	M. E. S. Randall...	0	15	0
F. F. Aberdare	...	0	3	0	C. Thistleton...	0	11	0
Peter McKerchar, Jun.	...	0	3	2	Jno. Chapman...	0	10	6
W. R., Newchurch	...	0	7	9	Edwin N., Bath...	0	2	0
W. J. B., North Cray.	...	0	7	9	II. Biddle...	0	3	2
Mary Ann Pitcher	...	0	8	6	Margaret S. Adamson...	0	5	0
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Geo. B. Scott	...	0	2	6	M. E. White...	1	2	8
Jno. G. Harrison...	...	0	5	0	Mary Short...	0	4	10
Wm. J. Bradley	...	0	2	0	Mark Young...	0	8	3
J. X. H., Manchester	...	0	3	1	Anna Fibling...	0	7	0
G. E., Newark	...	0	16	Mrs. Holroyde...	0	5	1	
S. Wells	...	0	5	M. F. Chatterton...	0	4	6	
Emilie Davies	...	0	18	A. Rhind...	0	5	0	
Edwin R., London	...	0	2	Jno. Frogien...	0	3	6	
M. A. R., Bristol	...	0	10	Hy. Taylor...	0	10	0	
H. & E. B., Ormskirk	...	0	5	Lizate Walden...	0	12	0	
Thos. Brown	...	0	13	Miss G. A. Snowdon...	0	5	0	
Hy. Munro, Jun.	...	0	10	Jno. Howard Jones...	0	6	0	
Thos. Rice	...	0	1	Miss Sarah Pafty...	0	5	6	
H. G. J., Liverpool	...	0	17	Maria Brock...	0	2	0	
E. S. Birmingham	...	0	6	A. Rhind...	0	5	0	
Sam'l. J. Williams	...	0	1	Jno. Frogien...	0	1	6	
Eliza Batty	...	0	5	Hy. Taylor...	0	10	0	
Edwin D. Morris	...	0	5	Lizate Walden...	0	12	0	
C. Woodward	...	1	0	J. B. Derby...	0	4	8	
J. H. H., Gloucester	...	0	6	Jno. Hughes...	0	6	0	
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Daniel Gow	...	0	10	Mr. C. Harmer...	0	6	2	
George Elliotts	...	0	10	Edward Hann...	0	1	6	
Eleanor Summers	...	0	6	Kate Large...	0	5	0	
W. J. J. M., Morthayr	...	0	2	M. A. C., Liverpool	0	2	6	
Wm. Kimber, per	...	0	4	Jno. Hawks...	0	6	11	
Brown & Co.	...	0	6	C. R., Gr. Portland St.	0	1	0	
Mary Ann Allsopp, per	...	0	6	R. Peregrine...	0	2	6	
Brown & Co.	...	0	6	Willie Phillips...	0	3	0	
Frank Wootton	...	0	2	E. and A. Herbert...	1	1	0	
W. North	...	0	4	J. Exton, Narbore, Son...				
Wm. Wall	...	0	6	Day School...	0	12	0	
W. Waring	...	0	6	Mrs. Steannett...	0	11	3	
L. M. Honeyby Biss	...	0	5	Jno. Charlesworth...	0	7	0	
Thos. H. Aston	...	0	1	E. E. Wiles...	0	1	1	
A. J. Henderson	...	0	1	F. Chappell...	0	8	0	
J. G. Birmingham	...	0	4	S. R. Wicks...	0	8	1	
Jas. Tibble	...	0	8	Dundalk Female School...				
Par. E. Hunt	...	0	15	per Mrs. J. Stokes...	0	4	6	
J. Glover	...	0	11	Dundalk Infant School...				
H. M. A.	0	4	per Miss F. Walsh...	0	2	10	
M. F. W. Mann	...	2	1	Geo. Gray...	0	4	2	
E. L. Cornhill	...	0	6	Maria Bell...	1	0	0	
T. J. Norwich	...	0	8	John H. Stoke Devon...	0	1	0	
J. G. O., Norwich	...	0	6	J. R. Musselburgh...	0	5	0	
Collected by another	Village Evening Class—			Maria Barnett...	0	1	0	
...				Chat. Harvey...	0	6	8	
...				G. Appleby...	0	5	6	
...				A Reader of "Quiver"...	0	4	0	
...				Mrs. Stewart...	0	1	0	
...				W. Sharwood...	0	8	0	
...				E. S. A., Kew Green...	0	6	0	
Geo. Grove	...	0	2					

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WILLIAM ALLAIR;
OR, RUNNING AWAY TO SEA.
BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CHANNINGS," "MRS. HALLIBURTON'S
TROUBLES," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

THE TWENTY-NINTH OF MAY.

I LIKE writing for boys, and I am going to tell them a story of real life. I hope all those who are especially inclined to be sycophants will learn it by heart.

Never was there a pleasanter village than that of Whittermead, situated in a charming nook of old England. It had its colony of gentlemen's houses, its clustering cottages, its farm homesteads. An aristocratic village, it was pleased to call itself, and a loyal village, too; which was the cause, possibly, why sundry old-fashioned customs, that had become obsolete in most places, reigned there still in triumph. Its enemies were apt to ridicule it, and reproach it as being, in reference to the world in general, "a day behind the fair."

Two days in the year were kept as public holidays, Whittermead priding itself, in its loyalty, upon the fact: the days were the twenty-ninth of May, and the fifth of November. Had the show on the one day, and the Guy Fawkeses and fireworks on the other been done away with, the boys would have broken out into open rebellion. It is with the twenty-ninth of May that we have to do; but not a very recent one; I am telling you of years ago.

The church bells rang out a merry peal with the early morning, heralding in the day. Their sound awoke many: and amongst others, a fair looking boy of fifteen, who started from his pillow. It was William Allair.

"The bells already!" cried he, winking and blinking his blue eyes between sleep and wake. "And—if I don't believe it's a fine morning!"

Taking a flying leap from his bed, he pulled aside the window curtain, and the glorious beauty of a bright morning burst upon his delighted view—all the more beautiful from its contrast to many preceding days. The weather had been dull and gloomy up to the very last night, and bets were pending that the twenty-ninth would be the same. Boys ought not to bet; but they do: and I see no use to ignore the fact, when writing of them. It was a lovely landscape that met William's sight, as he looked forth: for the house of Mr. Allair, built on a gentle eminence, commanded a view of the surrounding country. The blue sky, dark and serene, was without a cloud; the grass, fresh with the bright green of spring, glittered with dew drops; the hedges were gay with the white and pink-flowering May; the early birds were singing sweetly; and the many coloured flowers were opening to the morning sun. William Allair took it all in with greedy eyes, with a rapt movement of half-disbelieving delight.

"What a stupid I was, not to take Jenniker's bet that the day would be a bad one!"

He glanced at his watch, and found that it had stopped. In his flurry of anticipation the night before, he had forgotten to wind it up. Perhaps it was already late! Bursting out of the room with dismay at the thought, *en chemise-de-nuit*, as he was, he sprang across the corridor, and drummed sharply on the opposite door.

"Who's there? What is it?" cried a drowsy voice from the inside—that of his sister Alice.

He opened the door, and thrust in his head. "Now, you girls! Are you going to sleep all day? I knew what your boast was worth—that you'd be up first and call me."

"Is it late?" asked Alice, turning her head upon the pillow: while a pretty little face beside her rose up and stared.

"I am afraid it is. I forgot to wind up my watch. Of course! that's sure to be the case—the only morning I cared to know the time."

"I do believe it is fine!" exclaimed Alice. "Is it, William?"

"If you get up, you'll see. It's not pouzing cats and dogs. Get up, Rose. I'll give you ten minutes to dress in."

Bent upon a congenial expedition, they were not long preparing themselves for it. They were going out to observe the custom of the place on the twenty-ninth of May—that of starting abroad with the sun, to gather and gild oak-balls.

The clock struck six as they went out—William, Alice, and Rose Allair. Quiet enough looked the village in the early morning, but few shutters being open or blinds undrawn. The publicans had been abroad early, however; for great branches of oak, nearly as large as trees, were already raised in triumph over their several signs.

"I wonder whether the Vans are ready, or whether we shall have to wait?" said Alice, as they were approaching a handsome white house, its portico supported by Corinthian pillars. "I hope they will not have turned lie-a-beds!"

"Trust to Harry Vane for that," was William's answer. "He is never behindhand."

Scarcely were the words spoken, when the door of the house opened, and out leaped an agile, fine boy, about the age of William. A dark-eyed, noble, fine boy, careless and random in manner; but good at heart, truthful, generous. Caroline Vane followed; a handsome girl. But she descended the steps decorously; not, as her brother did, in a flying leap.

"Hallo! how are you?" shouted out Harry Vane, catching sight of them in the distance.

"Hallo!" came the response from William. "I say! is it not prime to see this splendid morning?" he added, as they came nearer.

"First-rate" was Harry Vane's answer. "Oh, I said we should have it," he carelessly added. "Some of you croakers prophesied it would be a peeler: I knew better. As if we should get anything but sunshine on the twenty-ninth of May!"

"You always do look on the bright side of things," said William, as they all went on in a heap. The manner of their walking could be called nothing else.

"And you on the dark."

"At any rate, we were justified in croaking, in this instance," returned William. "The rain threatened us yesterday; and had been threatening us for days past."

"The more reason for its changing to fine," argued Harry Vane. "The longest and darkest night gets

morning at the end of it. Summer will come in brightly now. You'll see."

"It is to be hoped it will; we have had a pretty good share of all that's dull," remarked William. "The grass wants fine weather; the farmers are complaining."

"Did you ever know the farmers do anything but complain?" laughed Harry Vane. "Some of them will be found to find fault with to-day. In fine weather they want it wet; and in wet weather, they grumble that it is not dry. I say, have you met any of the fellows on your road?"

"Not one. Perhaps Robertson's man has turned crusty, and won't let the boarders out!"

"He had better try that on! They'd climb the chimneys, but what they'd come. Or make ropes of the sheets and get out that way. I would. Robertson would look over it, too; he'd never attempt to stop the oak-balling on this day. Where's Jenniker, I wonder?"

"Talking about Jenniker," said William, "I met him last night. I left my Euripiades at school by mistake, and in coming back from getting it, came across Jenniker. He said—But there's no depending on a word he says," broke off William. "He is always romancing."

"Romancing, you call it! He is the greatest—cram teller—in all the school. I use a genteel appellation, young ladies, in deference to your presence," said Harry with a laugh, raising his hat to his sister and to Alice and Rose Allair. "Jenniker will get sent to Coventry one of these days, as sure as he is alive."

"The wonder is, that he has not been sent long ago. Look at that tale of the traps, the other day! How we were all taken in!"

"What was his romance last night?"

"He said he had just seen Vane—you; and that you were boasting of some jolly news. That it was decided you were to go to sea."

"That's tolerably correct, for Jenniker. I told him it was nearly decided. It would only have been in keeping, had he said I was gone."

"That will never be decided, Harry," interposed Caroline Vane. "Never, in the manner you hope for."

"Won't it, Carry! Do you know what mamma said last night?"

"What did she say?" eagerly asked William.

"I had got into hot water with her; chopped a piece off the table, in chopping some wood for my new boat. So she told papa I was fit for nothing but the sea, and the sooner I was off, the more tranquil the house would be. She was angry at the moment, you know."

"Oh, yes, we all say things, at times, the very opposite to what we mean," remarked William, rather testily. "Of course she objects, in reality, just as much as ever?"

"Of course; mothers always do. Mine thinks I shall come to grief among the fishes. Papa laughs at her."

"He sees no objection," observed William, who appeared to hold a remarkably strong interest in the point. "Does he?"

"Not he; though he won't say as much to me. The mother thinks—the fishes sparing me—I should return from my first voyage utterly unrepresentable; a cross

animal between a Robinson Crusoe and a tattooed wild Indian; and never come into a civilised being again. But, mark you, Allair, she has never said I shall not go."

"What if she did?"

"Don't talk about that," said Harry, hastily. "The having to give up my golden visions would be a climax I'd rather not contemplate. Oh, it won't come to that! Papa sympathises with me. I know he does. He cared as much for the sea as I do, and they forbid his going. His father was a brave old commander, and fought many a battle under Nelson."

"Who forbids his going?"

"His mother. She said it was bad enough to have her husband at sea, without having her son there. Papa says he never regretted the not going but once, and that has been ever since. I suppose I inherit my taste from him. The mother often says she is thankful Frederick has no liking for it."

"And I'm sure I am thankful," cried Caroline Vane. "A grievous calamity, it would be, to have two brothers, one's only brothers, obstinately bent upon turning themselves into rough, roving, disagreeable sailors."

"There are worse misfortunes at sea than that would be," said Harry, nodding his head. "However, Carry, you have your wish, as to Fred. He hates the sea and all things connected with it. He would rather do anything on earth than go to sea; turn day-labourer, or lion-feeder at a wild beast show."

Alice Allair laughed. "I don't think your brother Frederick betrays great inclination for labour of any sort."

"Not he," said Harry. "He is the laziest fellow alive. It is a good thing for him that he was the eldest son, born with a silver spoon in his mouth. Otherwise, I fear Mr. Fred. would have stood a chance of starving."

"I can tell you what," said William. "It is the being born to the silver spoon that does the mischief. When a fellow knows he has got to work, he does work, but if there's not a necessity, he won't make it. I have heard my father say so a hundred times."

"I suppose that's it," returned Harry. "Idleness is Fred's besetting sin."

"One would suppose the sea, as a profession, would just suit him, then," remarked William. "A nice idle life, it is, that of a sailor's."

"An idle life!" repeated Harry Vane. "What on earth are you talking of, Allair? A sailor's work is never done."

"Rubbish!" cried William. "What can there be to do on board a ship? Get her once under weigh, the sails set, and all that, and you have only to walk about the deck and watch the waves. Except, of course, in a storm. In calm weather, you may shoot at the sea birds all day."

The remark amused Harry Vane excessively. He stared at William. "Well, you have got a rum notion of a sailor's life!" he said. "Where did you pick it up? Just you go out before the mast for a few months. That would help you to a little general knowledge in the nautical line."

"I shouldn't mind," was the answer. "Before the

mast, or behind the mast, it would be all one to me, so that I got there. Anything's better than being chained to a desk all day; to have to scratch, scratch, scratch, at a pen until your teeth are set on edge, and your eyes are dazzled."

"A desk!" scorned Harry Vane. "I would not stop at a desk, I would not lead such a humdrum life, to be made Lord Chancellor of England. Better cut a fellow's legs off at once!"

"Yes!" grumbled William, his tone one of warm resentment. "And they wish to condemn me to the life. It's a shame!"

"You have often said you should like the life," said Alice Allair. "You always said so, until you got this sea freak into your head."

"What do girls know about it?" retorted William, who had no better confuting argument at hand. "You hold your tongue, Alice."

Alice Allair did not choose to take the hint. "When boys talk of wanting to go to sea," cried she, "it is generally an excuse for a fit of idleness."

"Call it idleness, if you like," said William. "If you got the choice, you might think idleness—which of course means only that you have your time to yourself—preferable to being shut up in an office, glued down to a desk."

"But, for how short a time you would be glued down! At least, closely. Three or four years, and then—"

"Oh, my service to you, Madam Alice! Years count for nothing, I suppose. What next, pray? I wish I was going for a sailor," continued William, in a fretful tone. "Voyaging about from port to port, and seeing foreign countries! That would be something like a life."

"Oh, it is a jolly life!" burst out Harry Vane, in one of his fits of enthusiasm. "The very sight of a ship sends my blood into a thrill. It does, Caroline: and you need not look at me so mockingly. To see a vessel with her white sails spread, sounding through the water; to be at the main-top-gallant mast head and watch her speed, the glorious sun stretched out around; to feel the motion of the good ship as she rides along majestically, the breeze fanning your face, perhaps the sun, a blaze of splendour, rising in the east!—oh, you cannot, any of you, tell the enjoyment that it is. You have never experienced it."

"Ah! that was an unlucky voyage of yours, to Spain and back!" observed Caroline Vane, in a tone of vexation.

Harry laughed out gleefully, and came down from his imaginary perch on the main-top-gallant.

"Why do you call it an unlucky voyage?" asked little Rose Allair. "He did come back."

"I'll explain it," said Harry. "When Captain Marsh was going to Spain with his ship—only a merchantman, you know, of two or three hundred tons—he invited me to make the voyage with him. 'Oh, dear, yes, and thank you,' cried mamma. 'He will be dreadfully sea-sick, and that will cure him of his passion for the sea.' Accordingly I started; and was sea-sick, not much, though; and I made the voyage, there and home; and when I got back, poor mamma found she

was out in her reckoning. The taste had been confirmed in me. If I had only longed for the sea before, I loved it then. Ever since, mamma and Carry have called it my unlucky voyage."

"It was the most unlucky step you ever took," persisted Caroline.

Harry laughed. "It was a mistake, Carry, that's all," said he, quietly. "As if a trifle of sea-sickness could put me out of conceit of the sea! Why, I'd rather be seasick for ever, than not go!"

They had now reached the grange meadow, an especially favoured resort, and were scrambling over the stile.

"There stands Jenniker!" exclaimed William, pointing with his finger.

"And there's another with him! Who is it?"

"Where? Oh, I see, behind the tree."

"Why, I declare it is that ignoramus, Tom Fisher! Of all dolts! Whatever brings Jenniker out with him?"

CHAPTER II.

THE SHOW.

Of the two boys, standing there, one was of a tall, powerful frame, almost a man. That was Jenniker. The other was tall, also; but slight and delicate. That was Fisher. In point of fact, Fisher was an overgrown dandy of sixteen, wearing a gold chain across his waistcoat, and two rings on his left little finger: a garnet set round with pearls, and an emerald studded with paste diamonds. His hands were white, his nails faultless, and his coat out in the height of fashion. His manner was slow, his brains were not particularly bright. He had been reared in the heart of London, had scarcely ever been beyond it, until this visit, which he was paying to some friends in Whittermead. In his utter ignorance of country sights and country habits, Dr. Robertson's pupils, with whom he was brought in contact, felt inclined to convert him into a sort of butt for their mocking sport. What with his dandy-cut coats, his white hands, his rings, his effeminate altogether, and his real ignorance, the boys enjoyed a treat.

"I say, Vane, what d'ye think?" called out Jenniker, at the top of his voice, as they approached. "Fisher, here, does not know one tree from another: can't tell an oak from an ash, or a birch from a willow. He says he only knows a poplar, and that because it's tall and thin, like the wooden trees they sell with children's toys in Arcadia."

"I did not say in Arcadia," hastily corrected Fisher. "I said in the Lowther Arcade."

"It's all the same," said Jenniker, putting on the full tide of ridicule. "My patience and conscience! Not to know a tree when you see it! I've heard of girls not knowing lots of things, but I never did hear of a fellow not knowing trees. You are a curiosity worth taking about the country in a travelling caravan, Master Fisher."

"Be quiet, Jenniker," said William Allair. "Why do you begin upon him? He has always lived in London, where there are no trees to be seen."

"Right in the midst of it," put in Harry Vane. "By Aldgate Pump."

"No, I don't live by Aldgate Pump," resentfully

spoke Fisher. "I have not seen Aldgate Pump above half-a-dozen times in my life."

"It's by Temple Bar, then."

"Well, Temple Bar is not Aldgate Pump," retorted Fisher. "Aldgate Pump's down Whitechapel way."

"Are there any trees round Temple Bar, Master Fisher?" cried Jenniker, returning to the charge.

"You had better go up to London and see," retorted Fisher, who by no means relished their aggravating salutation of 'Master.' "If there are no trees in London, there are plenty outside it. At Clapham, where my aunt lives, they abound. I daresay I could tell the names of plenty, if I wanted to."

"Let's hear, Fisher," said Harry Vane. "Do you know what these trees are?" pointing to those underneath which they were standing.

Fisher looked up at the trees. He did not know them, but he did not like to confess to the ignorance. Another moment, and his face brightened.

"Perhaps they are ivys?" suggested he.

The boys leaned against the trees in their agony of laughter, and the young ladies—who were not upon their drawing-room manners—shrieked aloud with it, driving Fisher wild.

"What is there to mock at?" said Fisher. "Come! This is ivy that's around them. I know ivy when I see it, as well as you. My aunt's house at Clapham is covered with it."

"That's ivy, but the trees are not," jerked out Harry Vane, in the midst of his convulsion. "We'll give you three guesses of what the trees are, Fisher; and if you can't hit upon the right thing, you shall go up them and get down some boughs."

"Up a tree!" uttered the dismayed Fisher. "I'd go up a ladder to please you, but I never went up a tree in my life. I wish you may get it! My hands and my clothes are not going to be torn, I can tell you."

At this moment a whole troop of new-comers came in sight, and more were heard in the distance, many of Dr. Robertson's scholars being amongst them.

"Fisher thought these trees were ivys," grinned Jenniker, eager to impart the news. "We are going to give him three guesses, and if he can't hit upon the right name, he pays forfeit and goes up the tree."

"Why don't you ask me to climb up to the moon at once?" cried Fisher. "You don't get me up the stem of a tree."

"The stem! the stem! ha, ha, ha! ho, ho, ho!" shook the boys, holding their sides. "He calls the trunk the stem!"

"The trunk, then," said Fisher. "A thick, round, high trunk, like that, where there's nothing to lodge your feet upon! Go up yourselves, if you want somebody to go up. I'd as soon try at mounting a greasy pole at a fair."

"You'll have to try it," shouted the boys. "Let's hear the first guess. I'll bet the contents of my pockets against Dick Jenniker's, that Fisher does not name them."

"Wouldn't you like it, Harris!" returned Mr. Dick Jenniker. "I have got a valuable bank note or two in mine."

Another laugh, at Jenniker's boast of bank notes. Of all the school, his pockets were generally the most empty; he was one who spent his money faster than it came in.

"Come, Fisher, we are waiting for you."

"Oh, well, I don't mind guessing," said Fisher. "Let's see. They are not poplars — — —"

A shout of derision drowned the conclusion of Fisher's sentence. "Go ahead! That's the first guess."

"That was not a guess at all," disputed Fisher. "I knew they were not poplars."

"That's a fine shuffle! You want to do us out of four guesses."

"He knows poplars. Jenniker said so," observed William Allair.

"Yes, yes, let that go," added Harry Vane. "He said he knew poplars, before this was brought up."

"Poplars are tall, straight, upright trees," said simple Tom Fisher. "You can't suppose I mistook these for poplars."

"Well, go on. Take your first guess."

"An elm," ventured Fisher, scanning the tree.

"That's one guess. Off again."

"A fir," hesitated Fisher.

"That's rich, that is! Go at it."

"Well, you give me no time to remember names."

"Plenty of time. Off for the third."

"Is it a mountain-ash, then?" concluded Fisher, who never having, to his knowledge, seen a mountain-ash, thought that might be a reason for this being one.

"All over, all over! He has had his three guesses. Why, you can't, could you look up at these trees, and not know what they are? Don't you see the balls on them? Have you never heard of oak balls?"

"Haven't I? We call them oak apples in London. Is it an oak tree?"

"To be sure it is."

"Well, I was stupid! I thought of oak once, and meant to guess it, but you put me out with that bother about the poplars. I said you did not give me time."

"Any donkey would have known it was an oak tree by the balls, Master Fisher," politely observed Jenniker.

"I saw no balls," grumbled Fisher, who did not relish Jenniker's allusions.

"Don't you see them now?"

"Yes, now you tell me they are there. But one has to squint to do it, mixed up as they are, amongst the leaves."

"Now for the penalty. Let us see how you can climb."

"I can't climb, I tell you."

"A bargain's a bargain! Up with you."

"A bargain's no bargain when it's made only on one side. I did not agree to it."

"How long are we to wait? Up with you, and fling down a cart-load of sprays. Choose those that have balls. We want to gild them."

"What do you say you want to do?" inquired Fisher, not understanding.

"Gild them. Are you deaf? It is the custom here to carry gilded oak balls on the twenty-ninth of May."

"How do you gild them?"

"With sheets of gold leaf. Don't you see our paper

books here, with the gilt leaves between? The girls gild: perhaps you'll help them. Come, Fisher, no shuffling! Up the stem, as you call it."

"Now, look you here," returned Fisher, taking out a penknife to trim his finger nails. "You won't get me up that tree, if you badger for the whole day; any more than you'll get me up that church steeple yonder."

There might have been a forced ascent and some disturbance, but the girls—as they had just been unmercifully styled—interfered, saying they would go home if any quarrelling took place. So Fisher was left to repose on mother earth, in peace and safety; and the others mounted the trees.

When as many sprays were torn off as were wanted, and the young ladies, many of whom were assembled now, had finished the gilding, they all roved about, enjoying themselves. Conversing, laughing, giving chaff to Tom Fisher and to each other; and plucking the May and the hedge flowers. Some chased each other over the meadow, snatching handfuls of buttercups and daisies, only to scatter them; plucking, in gleeful merriment, the cowslips and blue bells; seeking for late primroses, for remaining violets. Their happy laughter mingled with the sunshine, with the sweet fragrance of the blossoms; whilst the ringing of the distant bells fell on the ear with the softest melody.

Presently some of them heard the cuckoo, and the rest stood still, their voices hushed. But the bird ceased its notes, and flew away to a distance.

Then the shouting and laughter was renewed, and the running through the long grass on its many coloured flowers, which was not exactly beneficial to the future crop of hay; and it was well, I think, that Squire Jones, to whom the field belonged, had not come oak-balling, himself, and caught them there. Little cared they for the hay, that was to be: the present grass and its flowers were enough for them; the cowslips had never been so yellow, the May so pink, the clover so sweet, the bluebells so blue. All things were lovely. The weather had been gloomy so long that this warm sunny morning seemed like a very glimpse of Eden; it might have spoken to them of God.

But these hours of enjoyment passed quickly, and the village chimes told eight all too soon. It was the signal for returning home to breakfast; and away they trooped, bearing their gilded oak sprays. Other days they had to be in school by seven o'clock, but there was holiday on this one.

Breakfast over, and morning attire changed for best, they waited with feverish impatience for the great event of the day—the procession, popularly called the "show;" a show which had annually enraptured the juvenile eyes of Whittermead for not far short of two centuries.

At half-past ten the church bells rang out for service; not with their Sunday ding-dong—as Dr. Robertson's boys irreverently expressed it—but with the same joyous chimes as in the early morning. Whittermead, in its loyalty, made a point of attending divine service on the twenty-ninth of May. And this show, passing down the street amidst the throng of admiring eyes, was on its way to attend service as they were,

It was heralded by two great branches of oak, borne abreast, as large as trees. Large streaming flags and silken banners followed, preceding a band of music, which, to the ears of those assembled, rivalled anything that could be achieved by the band of her Majesty's life guards. Then came a stream, two and two, of decorated men, their coats gay with ribbons, and their hands with a spray of gilded oak. Next appeared a high spreading canopy of evergreens, garnished with blossoms and stars, wondrous to behold, underneath which walked two men, each bearing on his shoulder a lovely child, fancifully and gaily dressed, half covered with flowers and ribbons, some with gold and silver spangles, anything that was beautiful to the eye. They were called pages. And this was repeated over and over again—banners, flags, decorated men, green canopies, and the charming little children; all save the music and the heralding oak boughs. Now followed the grand object of interest, especially to the boys—the Iron Man. He wore a complete suit of iron armour, hence his appellation, and was mounted on a ponderous horse. His left hand held the bridle of his charger, and his right hand grasped a long, sharp spear, which was brandished terrifically, and thrust close to the face of all who ventured within its reach.

"What's that for?" cried Fisher, who had looked on with amazed eyes. "Who is he meant to represent?"

"Oliver Cromwell," said Jenniker.

"No," interposed Griffin. "Not Oliver Cromwell. It's meant for Charles himself, I think."

"Then, were I you, I wouldn't 'think' till I could think better," retorted Jenniker to Griffin. "Who ever heard of a king riding in iron armour from top to toe, face and all?—unless he were going to battle. Charles was never called the Iron Man."

"It's meant for Cromwell, just as much as its meant for Jenniker," observed Griffin to Fisher.

"Jenniker's right," said Harry Vane. "It is meant for Cromwell."

"It is not."

"Very well," laughed Harry Vane. "Have it your own way, Griffin, and then perhaps you'll live the longer."

"But don't let Master Fisher carry a cock-and-bull story back to Temple Bar with him, informing the natives there that Charles II. rides annually in armour at Whittermead," persisted Jenniker. "Once for all Fisher, understand: that Iron Man is Oliver Cromwell."

"What had Oliver Cromwell to do with it at all?" asked Fisher.

"Why, don't you know that this is the anniversary of King Charles's restoration," said Jenniker.

"Is it?"

"Well, you are a green goose, Fisher! Any young lady, but you, would have known that. That's why we go to church."

"What has our going to church to do with King Charles? He has been dead long enough, hasn't he?"

"Oh, we go to pray for the continuation of Royalty, and all that. At least, that's the popular understanding: goodness knows whether anybody does."

"And what are those children for?" again demanded Mr. Tom Fisher. "They are not ugly."

"Those are the pages."

"Pages?" debated he. "I thought they were meant for angels, or Cupids. They look much more like that sort of thing."

"Our nurse used to tell us they were meant for baby angels," timidly observed a young gentleman of eight, who had just been entered at Dr. Robertson's.

"Your nurse is an old woman," responded Harry Vane.

"An out-and-out one," added Jenniker. "If they represented angels, they'd dress them with wings, wouldn't they, little donkey?"

"Besides," quoth Griffin, "what had angels to do with King Charles's procession?"

"Or with Charles, either?" struck in Monitor Seymour. "If we may believe all that's told, an angel's opposite had more to do with him."

"And Cupid most of all," rejoined Jenniker, with a broad grin.

There was a laugh in Jenniker's immediate neighbourhood, and the remark was passed on through the line of senior boys.

"I consider those pages the best worth seeing in all the show," said Fisher.

"Do you hear that!" cried Jenniker to the throng of boys. "Master Fisher considers the pages the best worth seeing! Is he a lady, or is he a junior?" Both of which "species"—as Mr. Jenniker gallantly expressed it—being known to favour the pages. The school boys curled their lips at them, and talked largely of the Iron Man.

Arrived at the church, the procession entered it. The Iron Man, after being assisted from his charger and divested of his spear and helmet, clanking himself up the aisle to his appropriated seat. The boys pressed forward, and got as close to him as they could.

The church was very full; as full as on Sundays: and at the conclusion of the service, a large portion of the congregation hastened, somewhat indecorously, from it, that they might secure good places to see the show pass back again. It did so in the same order that it had come. The Iron Man, resuming his helmet, contrived, with a great deal of difficulty and some assistance, to re-mount his steed: but the weighty armour had fatigued him, and the spear was not brandished quite so fiercely as in coming. The pretty dresses of the pages were tumbled, and their little faces flushed from their having gone to sleep; but all thing looked as well as before, to the general eye: and the ringing bells again chimed out soothingly to the ear.

Ah! what show in after life could be ever equal to that rustic show of childhood? Look well at it! boys, girls, children, look at it well! gaze your fill; feast your eyes upon it, ere it shall have passed; another sight and yet another, before it shall quite fade away in the distance. Remember it well. It will recur to your memory in after years as a vision of all that was beautiful. When you are men and women, it may chance that you will see sights ten times as fine. The Lord Mayor's show, with its tinsel and glitter of coaches, and soldiers, and scarlet robes, and ponderous gold chains; a royal coronation, with its imposing gorgeousness; or a *fête-dieu* in France—and in that

See there will be canopies, and banners, and lovely children, fancifully habited as are your pages—and incense-scattering priests in their golden-worked robes, singing their deep, harmonious chant; but although their splendour may dazzle the eye, and a momentary gratification be excited in the mind, where will be the delight with which you gaze upon this simple show, now, in your childhood? Gone. For the fresh feelings that caused you to find rapture in external things will have left you with your youth. So, gaze your fill, I say, at the show, and be happy while you may. Now is the reality of existence; the conscious, glowing sense of enjoyment in all things: hereafter little of it will remain to you but its name and its remembrance.

More pleasure yet: for in Whittermead it was a day consecrated to it. Dinner-parties and tea-parties, and cakes, and sweetmeats, and happy faces; and boys upon their best behaviour, and young ladies radiant in blue ribbons and white muslin, with green and gilded oak-leaves sparkling in their shining hair.

But it came to an end. All things bright must, as well as all things sad. And the joyous revellers went home to bed in a trance of happiness, to dream it all over again, and to wish that every day in the year was the twenty-ninth of May.

(To be continued.)

Literary Notices.

BISHOP COLENSO ON THE PENTATEUCH.

The Pentateuch and Book of Joshua Critically Examined.
By the Right Rev. JOHN WILLIAM COLENSO, D.D.,
Bishop of Natal. London: Longman and Co.

[FOURTH NOTICE.]

At least three centuries ago, a learned writer complained that some men were not satisfied with a record of events unless it agreed with their notion of what history ought to be. Had he been living now he might have made the same lament, but over a perhaps larger number. For in our times men are not content to "leave behind them footprints on the sands of time;" they go so far as to alter, or try to alter, the footprints left by past generations. This taste for re-constructing history is a dangerous one, for there are histories which refuse to be reconstructed; they must either be taken as they are or rejected. Such is the Pentateuch, or five books of Moses, which has enjoyed the confidence and reverence of thirty-three centuries. We are too far from the events it records to re-construct it, and it is too widely disseminated for any alterations to be incorporated in it. It has always and everywhere formed part of that Book which "has God for its author," and it cannot be taken away without destroying the foundations; and, "if the foundations be destroyed, what shall the righteous do?"

We have already noticed some of the ways in which Dr. Colenso seeks to re-construct or undermine the Pentateuch, and we have suggested some of the means by which his assaults may be met. We proceed to notice the rest of his objections, and to indicate the conclusions to which we have arrived respecting them.

Our preceding inquiry related to the large increase of the Israelites in Egypt. We showed what was the rate of increase, and that God is declared to have therein fulfilled his own promise. The bishop follows his objections to this general increase by a special objection to the increase of the tribes of Dan and of Levi. Dan, he says, ought to have had but twenty-seven warriors descended from him at the exodus, whereas he has sixty-two thousand seven hundred; and Levi would have had but forty-four, whereas he had eight thousand five hundred and eighty. In Gen. xli. 23 Dan is represented as having only one son, Hushim, and but one family of Danites is reckoned in Num. xxvi. 42, 43. In the genealogies of 1 Chron. the tribe of Dan seems to be omitted altogether. To this we can only reply that Gen. xli. 23 affords no evidence that Dan had no more children than one, although Num. xxvi. 42 renders it probable. If there was but one, it was only necessary for him to leave as many children as Jacob, for his family to amount at the exodus to as many as are assigned to it. The question is wholly as to the rate of increase.

The same reasoning applies to Levi. Nor is there the shadow of a pretence for supposing that the genealogies give us all the names, a thing which would be impossible. The calculations of Dr. Colenso assume that we have all the names of those who had sons, and the names of all their sons down to a certain period; but this is assumption and nothing else. As it respects the difference in the spelling of names, this is traceable to the mistakes of copyists, and is much smaller in Hebrew than it looks in English. Nothing can be more one-sided and unfair than the whole argument of the bishop on this head, but a detailed refutation of it would carry us into obscure questions which would have no interest for the general reader. We may, therefore, go on to the next topic, omitting altogether chapter xix., in which the opinions of critics are discussed.

The next chapter treats of "the number of priests at the exodus compared with their duties, and with the provision made for them." This chapter opens with a list of the duties of priests, and an intimation that these duties were to be performed in the wilderness. Next, we are told there were but three priests to perform all these duties. First, as for the duties, we may repeat that we do not know how far the laws were to be observed in the wilderness; we know that some could not be, and that others were not binding. We know that even the Passover and the redemption of the firstborn came under this last head, as shown by Exod. xiii. 5—13. It is also an undeniably fact that idolatry was practised under the very shadow of Sinai. Various isolated expressions do not prove that the laws were to be observed in the wilderness. Thus, such language as "the priests," "the priest," "Aaron's sons," "the camp," "the tabernacle of the congregation," &c., rather point to the circumstances in which the laws were given, than to those in which they were to be observed; certainly they do not refer merely to the wilderness. The term, "the sons of Aaron," as proved by 2 Chron. xxxv. 14, meant the priests in general, and

not merely Aaron's natural sons, just as "sons of the prophets," &c. In fact, the word "son" was applied to any subordinate relation, as may be seen by reference to any concordance. Even the word "priest" is used in various senses, and would apply to all who took part in sacerdotal functions. The "tabernacle" is a term which proves merely the date of the law, and was the only word which could be used for the holy place, because the temple was not then built. But without going into all these matters, it is evident that many religious services were performed in the wilderness, although the laws were not all kept. It was the disobedience of the people that destroyed them. Not content with the delay which God permitted in the execution of his laws, they neglected even the laws which could have been obeyed. Such was the law of circumcision, as we learn from *Josh. v. 2-7*. This neglect of circumcision proves the neglect of the Passover, as *Exod. xii. 48* will prove to any one.

Bishop Colenso says there were but three priests in the wilderness, and they could not have offered all the sacrifices required. Without entering into calculations as to the number of sacrifices required, because no man can say how many were offered in the wilderness, we may readily admit that three priests could not have offered them all. Now, were there only three priests? Beyond all question, Aaron and his two sons, Eleazar and Ithamar, were the priests in a strict and special sense.

Nor do we doubt that their labours were very heavy; so heavy were they indeed, that Korah, Dathan, and Abiram said to them, as well as to Moses, "Ye take too much upon you." This is what Dr. Colenso says they did. But is it reasonable to imagine that these three priests did not employ the thousands of Levites about them, in all holy duties possible? The passages quoted by the bishop against this view have nothing to do with the case. Until he can prove that the Levites were called "strangers" (*Num. iii. 10, 38*) the texts he quotes will rather make for our opinion. The word rendered "stranger" means any layman or ordinary person, and not a Levite. We conclude, then, that Aaron and his fellow-priests employed the Levites to assist them as much as they thought proper. We do not find that Aaron and his own sons had no assistants, but we do find that the tribe of Levi was wholly set apart for sacred functions. The duties of Eleazar in particular are specified in *Num. iii. 16*, and this is, after all, the best answer to our objector, especially if taken in connection with such texts as *Num. xvi. 8, 9*. The truth is that Aaron and his own sons were chief priests, and were responsible for the right performance of what was done under their direction. What was done under their direction was regarded as done by them. Thus Solomon is said to have built the temple (*1 Kings vi. 14*); Jacob carried away all his cattle and goods (*Gen. xxxi. 18*); and Nebuchadnezzar carried away all Jerusalem, and all the princes, and all the mighty men of valour (*2 Kings xxiv. 14*).

Bishop Colenso marvels where the Hebrew women got ninety thousand pigeons annually for sacrifices. There is no marvel in the case; the pigeons were not obtained. We learn from *Lev. xii. 3-8*, that the sacrifices were to be

offered after the rite of circumcision; but *Josh. v. 5-7* shows that circumcision was not practised in the wilderness; we therefore see that the pigeons would not be required.

The bishop complains that the provision made for the priests was more than they needed or could use. This is true if there were only three priests, and if their assistants the Levites had required nothing, or had not been permitted to receive anything from the priests. *1 Sam. ii. 12*, &c., shows that the priests could and did make a profit out of their perquisites. It would appear that the command to eat of certain sacrifices was understood at most to mean that they were to be tasted, or belonged so far to the priest.

Some of the foregoing arguments apply to several of Dr. Colenso's objections, and in particular to the one now to be named—"the priests and their duties at the celebration of the Passover." We have already shown that the Passover was not binding upon Israel in the wilderness, as Dr. Colenso assumes. We have shown that even if there were in the strictest sense but three priests, it is no proof that they could not do their duties with the help of the Levites. We have shown that "the door of the tabernacle" is an expression which would apply to anything like proximity. We have admitted that the Israelites once observed the Passover in the wilderness. We now add that the law of the Passover was solemnly re-published a short time before the death of Moses, who tells the people to keep it in Canaan. After reaching Canaan we find the Passover actually observed again.

Our readers will scarcely be prepared to learn to what an extent Dr. Colenso has drawn upon his imagination in this chapter on the Passover. First of all, he goes to *2 Chron. xxx. 16; xxxv. 11*, for a description of the ceremony, and hence infers that the paschal lambs in the wilderness (*Num. ix. 5*) were killed in the court of the tabernacle! He further argues that it must have been so, because all burnt offerings, &c., had to be killed at the door of the tabernacle. It is sufficient answer to this to say that not a word in the Pentateuch justifies the argument. We cannot discover one place in which it is said that the priests must slay the Passover, which was not an ordinary sacrifice. We cannot discover one place in which it is said the lambs were to be killed and their blood sprinkled in the court of the tabernacle. It is nevertheless true that all animals slain by the people were subject to a general law, laid down in *Lev. xvii. 2-6*; but the reader will perceive that all the blood of these animals could not be intended and could not be brought. Neither does it appear that the blood was sprinkled for each animal individually. Portions of the blood of ten thousand lambs might have been mingled together and sprinkled at once. In this way Dr. Colenso's impossibility would be no impossibility whatever. We may admit, if we like, that at the Passover (*Num. ix.*) the blood of all the lambs was sprinkled by the priests; but we are not compelled to admit even this, because the Passover was on that occasion to be kept according to the previous law (*Num. ix. 8*, and *Exod. xii. 3-25*), and by the previous law the lambs were killed by the people, and without the intervention

of the priest at all. After a long examination of all the passages which bear upon it, we conclude, first, that the Israelites only kept the Passover once in the wilderness; and secondly, that they there followed as near as possible the ceremonies they had observed in Egypt a year before. In our opinion Dr. Colenso's great difficulty arises entirely from the errors into which he has fallen.

His next and last formal objection relates to the war on Midian, which is prefaced by some miscellaneous statements, by which we need not be detained. We will only remark respecting them that on his own showing, his faith has been shaken in the whole Pentateuch by its account of the number of the Israelites at the exodus. The numbers of the Old Testament generally seem to fill him with dismay, and he appears to think that they justify him in renouncing a great part of the book. Such a conclusion as this is surely beneath the dignity of criticism, and unworthy of a man who claims to write with so much care and judgment.

But he finds in Num. xxxi. an intimation that twelve thousand Israelites slew *all* the males of Midian, took captive *all* the females and children, even, and goods, and burnt *all* their cities and castles, &c. He is thankful that he is not required to believe this. In this case the bishop can find no evidence that the narrative is untrue, and he rejects it only because he thinks it too shocking to be true. It is very shocking, we admit, but there are many dreadful stories which are nevertheless true. This objection would open up the old infidel question of the morality of the destruction of Israel's enemies, and into this we cannot now enter: besides, it does not involve the truth or falsehood of the history, except indirectly. But probably Bishop Colenso wishes to lay emphasis upon the word *all*, which he repeats so often in his account of the destruction of Midian. To this we would answer, that no Hebrew scholar would build an objection upon the word *all*, which is the translation of a Hebrew word of very diversified applications. The ruin of the Midianites was so general and extensive, that even we should call it their utter or complete overthrow, although absolutely all were not destroyed. We know that this is the true explanation, for we find from Judg. vi. that two hundred years later the Midianites oppressed Israel for seven years. Bishop Colenso has another difficulty in the case, and it is that Israel lost not a man. But surely even he will not say that this is either impossible, contradictory, or absurd.

A number of minute calculations are introduced into this chapter to show that certain portions of the Book of Numbers cannot be true, because time enough is not allowed for the transactions recorded. Here again our objector has fallen into his old mistake of treating the Pentateuch as a regular narrative in chronological order. The fact is, that after one series of events, another is brought in, which throws us back to an earlier period. The same is the case with some of the Gospels, and we believe it is so with the Book of Numbers; compare, for example, chap. xx. 28, and xxxiii. 38, in both of which the death of Aaron is recorded. We are not required to believe the occurrence of all that Dr. Colenso mentions in the time he assigns. He has evidently stumbled.

Does he think the Red Sea of Num. xxi. 4, 14, the western or the eastern branch? That it was the eastern branch is shown by Num. xxxiii. 40—50, where the actual movements of Israel are summed up. Meanwhile we know that some of the occurrences recorded after Num. xxi. occurred before those named in chap. xx. (compare xxxiii. 1, &c.), and it may be the case with some which we cannot specify.

We have thus enumerated all the leading objections of the bishop, and pointed out such replies to them as will be generally intelligible. Upon these objections we remark, first, that every one of any importance has been often urged before by unbelievers and often answered by scholars; secondly, that not a single serious difficulty occurs among those which may be considered new. Both classes arise mainly from the obscurity which of necessity hangs over a document of such great antiquity, and relating to a dispensation which has passed away.

There still remain to be noticed some points which have been omitted as merely casual and not affecting the main argument. There is also the closing chapter. These, and some inferences respecting Bishop Colenso's teachings, we reserve for consideration in our concluding articles.

(To be continued.)

Temperance Department.

THE BONDAGE OF SATAN.

A MAN of talent, and familiar with various languages, by the vice of drunkenness was reduced to the workhouse, and there he made this awful confession: "I could not refrain from drink if it were to secure to me a *crown of glory*." Of such men may it not be said, "They are tied and bound with the chain of their sins?"

THE SAFEST COURSE.

DR. JOHNSON says—"Abstinence, if nothing more, is at least a cautious retreat from the utmost verge of permission, and confers that security which cannot be reasonably hoped for by him who dares always to hover over the precipice of destruction, or delights to approach the pleasures of which he knows it fatal to partake."

POWER OF STRONG DRINK.

A FRIGHTFUL illustration of the power which inveterate habits acquire over the mind is afforded in the anecdote of an Indian, who was met at the rapids of Niagara by some travellers. He asked them for spirits, of which their servants had a bottle. It was agreed he should have this, if he would swim into the rapids and back again, a little above the falls. To this he consented; and, taking the bottle with him, ventured in. He went to the required distance, and then attempted to return; but the current was too strong. For several minutes he strove desperately for the shore, but without gaining a single inch. His strength gradually gave way, and he began to yield to the over-mastering tide. Finding that his

fate was inevitable, he yielded to the current, and rising above the wave, put the upturned bottle to his lips, and in this attitude plunged over the roaring fall! A sad emblem of the ruin that awaits thousands.

THE GREAT STUMBLING-BLOCK TO THE PROGRESS OF MORAL AND RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION.

It would be a marvel exceeded by none within our cognisance, how the professors of Christianity could for one moment countenance the customs and habits of society in reference to drink, did we not feel convinced that the greater number still remain unconscious of the vast hindrance which is to be found in these habits to the progress of religious teaching, and, in fact, of all education whatsoever. It is with the view to urge upon the consideration of these well-intentioned and excellent persons the sad truths which they may have hitherto ignored, that we quote from indisputable authorities the testimony afforded on the subject of drink and its results, viewed as the great stumbling-block to the progress of religious and moral advancement.

When Mr. P. Thomson, M.P., was in Manchester, a deputation of gentlemen connected with Sunday-schools there waited on him with an address, complaining how greatly impeded their efforts were by the number of beer-houses and spirit-vaults. The following is an extract:—

“ That we meet with very considerable obstructions to our efforts, by the multiplication of dram-shops and retail beer-houses. That the wages of the parents of many of our scholars are consumed, and their clothes are pledged, in order that the propensity for drinking may be gratified. The consequence is, that many of our scholars cannot be prevailed on to attend our schools for want of decent clothes to come in.”

Mrs. C. L. Balfour, in her “Morning Dew Drops,” says:—

“ I have heard many Sunday-school teachers complain that they could not get people to send their children *regularly* to the Sunday-school. There can be no improvement without *regularity*; and when they have called on the parents, they have generally found either a drinking father, or what was worse, a drinking mother, and that the poor children often had no shoes or clothes to come to school in. I have known a kind teacher give a child a pair of shoes, and the parents have actually *sold them for drink*. In some cases, perhaps, the drinking parents have managed to send their children to school; but the bad example these children have had set before them at home has made them so rude and unruly, that the teachers have not known what to do with them.”

In the report of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland on Temperance we read the following:—“ Though I have a few, it is very difficult to get the children of intemperate parents to attend my Sabbath-school. The education of children is most sensibly injured by intemperance. Many would never receive any education unless they were taken

up by others than their parents. No countenance, or very rarely, if any, is given to the Sabbath-school by intemperate parents.”

We were ourselves witness, not very long since, to an incident bearing upon this question. A school had been opened in a populous neighbourhood by some benevolent persons, to which the admission was twopence a week, very considerable advantages being offered to the pupils for that very moderate sum. A gentleman who occasionally visited the school had been struck by the quickness and intelligence of one bright little fellow, aged about seven, and had felt some surprise at his sudden disappearance after the attendance of a week or two. Passing the building one Monday morning, when the throng of children was pressing in, he observed the figure of his little favourite in a melancholy attitude, his face pressed against the railing, with wistful eyes gazing into the familiar room.

“ Why are not you going in with the rest?” asked the gentleman. “ Mother says she can’t afford it,” was the sorrowful reply, and the pinched little face seemed to hunger after the bright blaze of the fire which burned cheerily in the comfortable school-room.

The answer surprised the questioner, as he well knew the child’s father to be in the receipt of good wages, where his work was constant. “ But you must not stay away for twopence,” said the good-natured gentleman, and he unthinkingly put the sum into the child’s hand. The boy, delighted, ran to the house for his book. The donor walked hurriedly on to his place of business, and thought no more about it. Returning later in the day, he be-thought him of his *protégé*, and turned aside to the school-room. But the little fellow was missing, his place vacant: in answer to his inquiries, the teacher said the child had not been to school that day. Surprised, but without a suspicion of the cause, the gentleman left the school-house, and, a little further on, encountered the boy, sauntering about in a forlorn condition, awaiting the termination of school-hours, which should set his playmates free. “ Why did you not go to school, my man, after all?” asked the gentleman. There was a little hesitation, a reddening of the cheek, that told of childish shame for the confession; then the boy answered, “ Mother would have the twopence, sir, when I went in for my book; she said I shall go to-morrow.” “ Where is your mother?” was the next question. “ In there, sir,” and the little fellow pointed to a gin-shop at the corner; at the counter of which, with her baby in her arms, the gentleman saw her, a minute after, gossiping with some more, idle and reckless as herself, in whose company, and for the gratification of her base appetite, she had spent the pittance destined for her child’s education.

Such experiences are, unhappily, of every day occurrence.

THE AGREEMENT OF SCRIPTURE AND GEOLOGY;
OR,
THE WORKS OF GOD BEARING WITNESS TO THE
WORD OF GOD.

III.—“THE FIRST DAY.”

WILLIAMS. Ah! friend Jones, here we meet again, on our usual Sunday walk. Shall we continue our conversation where we left the subject last week?

JONES. If you please. What is to be your topic this morning?

W. As we have touched upon the first verse of Genesis, and also upon the second, I think we may now go on to verses 3, 4, and 5, in which the command is given for light to appear, and in which we have “the first day.”

J. You are not going to adduce *that* as if it were a statement which is supported by geology? Surely, instead of finding a confirmation here, you must find a positive contradiction.

W. Why do you say so?

J. Why, let any one take a walk through the collections in the British Museum, and he will see various races of birds, beasts, and fishes, having eyes, legs, wings, &c., all of which creatures, we are told, walked, or flew, or swam around this globe thousands of years before this “first day” described by Moses; and over whom, I suppose, thousands of days must have passed, long before this supposed “first day.” You have, therefore, before you, not a confirmation to be exulted in, but a difficulty to be got over!

W. If the fact were just as you state it, I should not feel the difficulty to be a very serious one. I should have a right, I think, to contend that the Jewish historian might reasonably start, like any other writer, from a given point or epoch. We call this the year 1862, because we begin our reckoning from the birth of Christ; and if any historian, inspired or uninspired, took in hand the history of man, as did Moses, he might very reasonably call man’s first year, “*the first year*,” and so on. But I am not going to content myself with this mode of defence. I have something more to urge. I do not believe that the “evening and morning,” which Moses calls the “first day,” were merely an evening and morning like millions of others which had previously passed over the earth. The fact—and it is a remarkable fact—to which I want to call your attention, is, that while Moses tells us that about 5,860 years ago there occurred for the first time what we now call “a day,” Geology

comes in with its confirmation, and says, “I discover proofs that the climate of the earth, its temperature, and other circumstances, were not, in the geologic periods, what they are now.” Thus, Dr. Lardner, in his “Geology,” remarks that “a striking difference between the present and all former periods of the earth’s history consists in the climatic zones. In all former ages and periods, no traces of climatic difference have been found.”* There was during those periods one uniform high temperature over the whole earth. So says Professor Phillips, remarking: “That, during early geological periods, the northern zones of the earth enjoyed a climate approaching to that now confined to the equatorial regions, is admitted among the established inferences of geology.”† Sir R. Murchison says: “A very great portion, if not the whole surface of the earth, enjoyed at that time an equable and warmer climate.”‡ And Sir Charles Lyell remarks that “Sir J. Herschel lately inquired whether there were any astronomical causes which may offer a possible explanation of the difference between the actual climate on the earth’s surface and that which appears to have formerly prevailed.”§ Now, Sir J. Herschel would probably inquire in vain as to the relations of the sun and the earth six thousand years ago; but it is obvious that a question had crossed his mind whether the sun was not, at the commencement of the human period, brought into some new position or relations with reference to the earth. Professor Phillips, too, tells us, that “it has been conjectured that the earth’s axis has been displaced; so that parts once under the more direct action of the sun have lost much of his beneficial influence.”|| Do you not see what a striking confirmation is here given of the statement of Moses, that, at a certain period, not quite 6,000 years ago, “God said, Let there be lights in the firmament of the heaven to divide the day from the night; and let them be for signs, and for seasons, and for days, and for years?”¶

J. But does not Moses say, that God then “made two great lights?”

W. Yes, he does; and I know that objectors often argue as if Moses had told us that the

* Lardner, pp. 553—561.

† “Treatise on Geology,” vol. ii., p. 267.

‡ *Ib.*, p. 524. § *Ib.*, p. 126.

|| “Life on the Earth,” p. 152. ¶ Gen. i. 14.

sun was never created until the fourth day described in Genesis; and they then refer us to the pre-Adamite beasts and birds as a proof of the incorrectness of such a statement, and to the prior existence of light. But Moses had said nothing of "creation" in those verses. The language used is that which will apply equally well to things already existing. Whenever Moses means to assert that God made anything out of nothing, or called it into existence, the word used is "created;" here it is only "made," and the word in the original, I believe, is often used for "appointed," "set," or "constituted." Thus the Queen "makes" a Lord Chancellor, not by forming him out of nothing, but by appointing a man to that office. So, I apprehend, the sun and moon may have existed for millions of years, and some kind of light from the sun may have visited this earth, or a kind of phosphoric light may have existed. But now we are told, that God "set them"—the sun and moon—"in the firmament of heaven" to give light, and to divide the day from the night, and "to be for signs, and for seasons, and for days, and for years."

J. What, then, is your notion of the Divine act which then took place?

W. I believe that it was a real act of regulation or appointment, which took place on the fourth of those great six days. I do not think that God at that time created the sun and moon, for Moses says nothing of the kind. I suppose that as the earth, in another condition, had existed for many millions of years, so the sun may have existed for millions of years also. Nay, the sun, and moon, and earth may have been connected then as they are now, although in a different manner. The earth may have had light from the sun, and yet the creatures on the earth may never have seen the sun. Geologists tell us, that the sort of condition suitable to the production of our great coal-beds, which, you know, are the remains of vast forests and thickets of fern, and fern-like plants, would be a moist, warm, dark atmosphere. Professor Phillips says, "There is good reason to adopt positively the opinion, that the chemical constitution of the atmosphere has been greatly altered."^{*} He adds, too, "A warmer atmosphere would hold more moisture in suspension."[†] And Sir Charles Lyell adduces grounds for

"concluding that the temperature of the northern hemisphere was considerably more elevated when the carboniferous and other strata were deposited than it is at present; and that the climate was modified more than once during those periods."[‡] A warm climate, these writers all tell us, prevailed then everywhere, even in regions which are now covered with perpetual ice. Surely, then, we have abundant ground for supposing that the pre-Adamite world was a very different world from what we now live in. The sun may have been in the heavens, and may have given light, and yet constant clouds, or rather mists and vapours, hanging about the earth, may have hidden his face from the creatures living on the earth's surface. The different climates now found in different parts of the earth did not then exist. Probably the varying length of the days, as well as the different climates, was unlike what we now know. When I am told that the climate was everywhere the same, and everywhere warm, I am led to surmise, also, that there were no hot and cold days, no hot and cold seasons: in short, that summer and winter were then unknown; while the polar regions and the tropics were alike warm, and *that* at all times; partly, we may suppose, from the earth's internal heat. Hence, without attempting to depict from the imagination what the earth then was, we have a right, from geology, to argue, that on the fourth day there actually occurred what Moses has described—a revealing of the sun and moon to the earth; a parting of the clouds; and such an "appointment" of times and seasons, of days and years, as the earth had never known anything of in its previous history.

J. Well, all this may be a probable supposition; but will you explain to me what the confirmation is, which you say geology gives in this matter to the Mosaic account?

W. I think it is tolerably apparent from what I have already said. Moses declares to us, very explicitly, that on a certain "fourth day," about 5,850 years ago, God "set," or appointed, the sun and the moon to certain functions and offices with reference to the earth; and that then, in that week, signs and seasons, and days and years, first began to be known. Now, I am aware that hasty and sceptical students of science, when they have discovered birds or

* Page 164.

† Page 165.

‡ "Principles of Geology," p. 196.

beasts who apparently lived long before the time of Adam, rush to the conclusion that all the narrative of Moses is shown to be mere fable. But all this they assume, for they cannot prove it. They assume that the mammoths and reptiles of the pre-Adamite period lived as we live, and had days and years, and summer and winter, just as we have them. But the single fact of a universally warm climate in those times at once throws doubt on this supposition. The second fact, that the growth of the vast deposits of coal, formed of gigantic ferns, would require a different sort of atmosphere and climate from any known to us, confirms the doubt already raised. And both go to establish the probability that when Moses declares a particular appointment or arrangement of the sun and moon, with reference to the earth, to have been made in the first week of the year in which man was created, he speaks the simple truth. We want no accommodation; no evasion. I find Moses stating, that on that "fourth day" the sun and moon were set "for signs and for seasons, and for days and for years." Geology tells me that it has discovered that in the pre-Adamite period there was one climate over all the earth, and apparently no summer and no winter; so that our present variety of climate, and probably of season also, were made for man, and made only when man was created to enjoy them. I find, therefore, in a third particular, the word of God confirmed by the researches of science; and again I say, What wondrous testimony has not geology been made to bear to the truth of the Mosaic record!

(To be continued.)

AN ANECDOTE.—"APT TO TEACH."

This desirable attainment was powerfully displayed by the late Mr. Whitfield. His eloquence was of a peculiar cast, and well adapted to his auditory, as his figures were drawn from sources within the reach of their understanding, and frequently from the circumstances of the moment. The application was often very happy, and sometimes rose to the truly sublime, for he was a man of warm imagination, and not devoid of taste. On his first visit to Scotland, he was received in Edinburgh with a kind of frantic joy by a large body of the citizens. An unhappy man, who had forfeited his life to the offended laws of his country, was to be executed the day after his arrival. Mr. Whitfield mingled in the throng, and seemed highly pleased with the solemnity and decorum with which the most awful scene in human

nature was conducted. His appearance, however, drew the eyes of all around him, and raised a variety of opinions as to the motives which led him to join in the crowd. The next day being Sunday, he preached to a large body of men, women, and children, in a field near the city. In the course of his sermon he adverted to the execution which had taken place the preceding day. "I know," said he, "that many of you will find it difficult to reconcile my appearance yesterday with my character. Many of you, I know, will say that my moments would have been better employed in praying for the unhappy man, than in attending him to the fatal tree, and that perhaps curiosity was the only cause that converted me into a spectator on that occasion; but those who ascribe that uncharitable motive to me are under a mistake. I witnessed the conduct of almost every one present on that awful occasion, and I was highly pleased therewith. It has given me a very favourable impression of the Scottish nation. Your sympathy was visible on your countenance, and reflected the greatest credit on your hearts; particularly when the moment arrived that your unhappy fellow-creature was to close his eyes on this world for ever, you all, as if moved by one impulse, turned your heads aside and wept. Those tears were precious, and will be held in remembrance. How different was this when the Saviour of mankind was extended on the cross! The Jews, instead of sympathising in his sorrows, triumphed in them. They reviled him with bitter expressions, with words even more bitter than the gall and vinegar which they handed him to drink; not one of all that witnessed his pains turned the head aside, even in the last pang. Yes, there was one: that glorious luminary (pointing to the sun) veiled his bright face, and sailed on in ten-fold night."

APPROACH THE MERCY-SEAT.

On then, while penitence can fate disarm;
While lingering Justice yet withholds its arm;
While heavenly patience grants the precious time,
Let the lost sinner think him of his crime;
Immediate to the seat of Mercy fly,
Nor wait to-morrow, lost to-night he die.

DODDRIDGE'S EXHORTATION.

WOULD you, O sinner, desire to be saved? Go to the Saviour. Would you desire to be delivered? Look to that great Deliverer, and though you should be so overwhelmed with guilt, and shame, and fear, and horror that you should be incapable of speaking to him, fall down in this speechless confusion at his feet, and behold him as the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world. Go to him, O sinner, this day, this moment, with all thy sins about thee. Go just as thou art, for if thou wilt never apply to him till thou art first righteous and holy, thou wilt never be righteous and holy at all.

Mothers' Department.

FAITHFUL WIVES.

DURING the time of the deadly feuds between the houses of Hohenstaufen and Guelph, about the year 1140, Wiesburg was besieged and taken by the Emperor Conrad. The town and castle had excited his high displeasure for having afforded an asylum to his enemy, Guelph; and he determined to destroy them with fire and sword, and said he would only allow the women to depart and take any treasure with them. At dawn of day the gates of the town were opened, and every woman appeared carrying her husband upon her back. Many of his officers, indignant at thus seeing the enemy's garrison escape, endeavoured to persuade the emperor to evade his promise; but Conrad replied, "An emperor's faith, once pledged, is not to be broken;" and he granted them a free pardon, and from that time the Castle of Wiesburg has borne the name of Wiebertreue.

A REPROOF.

ONE day while Lady Raiffes was almost overwhelmed with grief for the loss of a favourite child, unable to bear the sight of her other children—unable to bear even the light of day—humbled upon her couch with a feeling of misery, she was addressed by a poor, ignorant, un instructed, native woman of the lowest class (who had been employed about the nursery) in terms of reproof not to be forgotten. "I am come," said the woman, "because you have been here many days shut up in a dark room, and no one dares to come near you. Are you not ashamed to grieve in this manner, when you ought to be thanking God for having given you the most beautiful child that ever was seen? Were you not the envy of everybody? Did any one ever see him or speak of him without admiring him? And instead of letting this child continue in this world till he should be worn out with trouble and sorrow, has not God taken him to heaven in all his beauty? What would you have more? For shame!—leave off weeping, and let me open a window."

WOMAN'S AFFECTION.

I HAVE often had occasion to remark the fortitude with which women sustain the most overwhelming reverses of fortune. Those disasters which break down the spirit of a man, and prostrate him in the dust, seem to call forth all the energies of the softer sex, and give such intrepidity and elevation to their character, that at times it approaches to sublimity. Nothing can be more touching than to behold a soft and tender female, who had been all weakness and dependence, and alive to every trivial roughness while treading the prosperous paths of life, suddenly rising in mental force to be the comforter and supporter of her husband under misfortune, and abiding with unshaking firmness the bitterest blast of adversity. As the vine which has long twined its graceful foliage about the oak, and been lifted by it in sunshine, will, when the hardy plant is rifted by the thunder-bolt, cling round it with its caressing tendrils and bind up its shattered boughs, so is it beautifully ordered by Providence that woman, who is the mere dependent and ornament of man in his happier hours, should be his stay and solace when smitten with sudden

calamity, winding herself into the rugged recesses of his nature, tenderly supporting the drooping head, and binding up the broken heart. I was once congratulating a friend who had around him a blooming family, knit together by the strongest affection. "I can wish you no better lot," said he, with enthusiasm, "than to have a wife and children. If you are prosperous, there they are to share your prosperity; if otherwise, there they are to comfort you."

USEFUL COUNSELS.

CHARLES KINGSLEY gives the following useful and suggestive counsels, which mothers, in particular, would do well to ponder:—"Think about yourself; about what you want, what you like, what respect people ought to pay you; what people think of you; and then to you nothing will be pure. You will spoil everything you touch; you will bring misery for yourself out of everything which God sends you; you will be as wretched as you choose on earth, or in heaven either. In heaven either, I say. For that proud, greedy, selfish, self-seeking spirit would turn heaven into hell. It did turn heaven into hell, for the great devil himself. It was by pride, by seeking his own glory—so at least, wise men say—that he fell from heaven to hell. He was not content to give up his own will and do God's will, like the other angels. He was not content to serve God, and rejoice in God's glory. He would be a master himself, and set up for himself, and rejoice in his own glory; and so when he wanted to make a private heaven of his own, he found he had made a hell. When he wanted to be a little god for himself, he lost the life of the true God, to lose which is eternal death. And why? Because his heart was not pure, clean, honest, simple, unselfish. Therefore he saw God no more, and learned to hate him whose name is love."

A MOTHER'S COUNSEL.

HAVE communion with few,
Be familiar with one,
Deal justly with all,
Speak evil of none.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

THEIR is something in sickness that breaks down the pride of manhood, that softens the heart, and brings it back to the feelings of infancy. Who that has languished, even in advanced life, in sickness and despondency; who, that has pined on a weary bed in the neglect and loneliness of a foreign land, but has thought on the mother that looked on his childhood, that smoothed his pillow, and administered to his helplessness? There is an enduring tenderness in the love of a mother to a son, that transcends all other affections of the heart. It is neither to be chilled by selfishness, nor daunted by danger, nor weakened by worthlessness, nor stifled by ingratitude. A mother will sacrifice every comfort to her son's convenience; she will surrender every pleasure to his enjoyment; she will glory in his fame, and exult in his prosperity: and if adversity overtake him, he will be the dearer to her by misfortune; and if disgrace settle upon his name, she will still love and cherish him; and if all the world beside cast him off, she will be all the world to him.

ST. CHRYSOSTOM ON THE RESPONSIBILITY OF RICHES.

NOUGHT that you possess belongs to yourself alone. Riches, the gift of speech, your existence itself, you owe all to God, for from him alone proceed all things. He hath made thee rich, he could have made thee poor. The wealth he hath bestowed upon thee he can take from thee this very hour. He leaves it in thy hands, that thou mayest by its means be conjoined with him in the ways of his divine providence. Your very existence is not your own; how can it be, then, that your riches are? Rather belong they to those for whom God hath committed them to thy keeping.

THE EXHIBITION

AND ITS ATTENDANT CHRISTIAN EFFORT.—II.

HAVING surveyed, in our previous article, the origin and issue of the twin agencies which carried on their operations in the immediate neighbourhood of the Great Exhibition, we purpose now to glance briefly at such kindred efforts as have been put forth by other associations.

The regiments of this noble army are so numerous, that it is but little more that we can do than chronicle their names in the first place, and select a few from among the many cheering results of their exertions with which to conclude. The names of the associated bodies are as follows:—

Bible, Book and Tract Association for the Exhibition; British and Foreign Bible Society; Christian Knowledge Society; Dublin Tract Repository; Edinburgh Spanish Evangelisation Society; Foreign Conference and Evangelisation Committee; London City Mission; Lord's Day Observance Society; Monthly Tract Society; Open Air Mission; Religious Tract Society; Society for the Evangelisation of Foreigners; Stirling Tract Repository; Weekly Tract Society.*

These societies have caused the Word of God to go forth from this highly favoured country of ours in the following languages:—English, Welsh, French, German, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, Finnish, Danish, Swedish, Russian, Flemish, Dutch, Turkish, Ancient and Modern Greek, Chinese, and Hebrew. That the Word has manifested its power in the case of the foreign visitors among whom it was distributed, will be evident from the few instances of its reception that we shall be able to cite. To select the first from among our French neighbours. One of their number, who had purchased a Bible during his sojourn among us, wrote upon his return to acquaint the friends who had been the means of his purchasing it, that after it had been laid aside for ten days, he took it up at a moment when, in a fit of despair at

* It is only an act of justice to say, that although we have rendered our tribute of praise to the above-mentioned societies for their commendable exertions, there are several other valuable associations, such as the Glasgow and Edinburgh Religious Tract and Book Society of Scotland, &c., which are also effecting a large amount of good in their respective spheres of labour.

his misfortunes, he was about to put an end to his existence. His testimony with regard to the effect produced upon him by the perusal of it is couched in the following words:—He "seemed to get new life; a miracle had been performed." He recognises that it was none other than the living God who, in his providence, led him to the office, and induced him to ask for a Bible. A German gentleman, one of three who were gazing at Nelson's monument in St. Paul's, on being accosted by one of his countrymen, replied, "I am sorry to see you belong to the Pietists. What is the good of thinking God to be a cruel being? I believe he is too merciful to condemn," &c. &c. A discussion ensued, and after the manifold attributes of the Most High had been in some measure unfolded to the stranger, one of their number turned aside, and addressing the speaker, said in a whisper, "We cannot part yet, my friend. I must hear more of this. I never before received such an explanation of the justice and mercy of God. Will you please to come to me this evening, at five o'clock, at H—'s hotel, in F—?" This invitation resulted in the exercise of kind hospitality on the part of the foreign gentleman, and more than an hour's deeply interesting conversation with him. At the close of the interview, when the visitor was about to take leave, his host addressed him in the following words:—"Excuse me, my dear sir, I never prayed in my life; will you pray with me? I believe that there is now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus; but let us pray to God to continue me in the state of mind in which I now am." This gentleman was obliged to set out on his homeward journey on the following day, but he gave his Christian friend his address on the Rhine before parting, and asked him to correspond with him. Thus remarkably did the glad tidings of Divine truth arrest his attention.

Another German gentleman, of the Pantheist school, the son of a minister in Westphalia, was met with by our informant in Hyde Park. Being of an unsettled disposition, he had roved over nearly every part of the globe, had been a soldier in the Crimean war, and had spent his past life in dissipation. Our friend gave him the memoir of Dr. Gordon, with another tract, and entered into a lengthened conversation with him. On meeting him subsequently near the Exhibition, the stranger appeared to be pleased at the meeting, and remarked, in the course of conversation, that "his experience had been something like Dr. Gordon's, only he had not come to the foot of the Cross as did Dr. Gordon." He further stated, that, "when he thought of his past life, it made him shudder." On his expressing a wish to attend some German service on the following Lord's day, our friend directed him to that appointed to be conducted by Dr. Krummacher. The Royal Italian Opera House would probably be, in the estimation of most people, one of the least likely places to furnish listeners to the heralds of the Cross;

but it so transpired, nevertheless, that a Spanish gentleman, who held an engagement in it, having received a portion of the Scriptures, inquired if he could obtain a Bible in his own language, and on being informed that he could, he made an appointment with the vendor to meet at the stage entrance shortly afterwards. This appointment he duly kept, and effected the purchase of a Bible by the aid of another person connected with the house, who kindly acted as interpreter on the occasion. A Spanish merchant, who is established at Morocco, also purchased Bibles in the Arabic and Turkish languages, as well as in his own, with the view to distribute them among his Arab and Turkish neighbours, on his return to his distant home.

A French gentleman, who is himself an unbeliever, afforded a striking though not uncommon illustration of the unsatisfying nature of such a condition of mind, by purchasing Bibles for his children. He remarked that he had no wish to have them brought up in the established religion of his country. Another Frenchman took six copies of a Chinese Testament for a friend who was going to Canton.

A practical lesson for every-day life may be said to have been taught us by the circumstance of an Irishman, who had been sixteen years in our metropolis without possessing a Bible, making application for the purchase of one. The difficulty involved by the outlay of eightpence served but to give evidence to the poor man's uprightness. In consideration of the exhausted state of his exchequer, a deposit of two-pence (one penny of which was contributed) was accepted, with the understanding that the remaining portion of the purchase-money was to be defrayed by instalments of one penny per day. We are happy to state that this was faithfully done. Perhaps the circumstance of an English merchant who is resident in Russia (and has one hundred people in his employ in that country) taking New Testaments, with copies of the Psalms, &c., in the Russian language, for their benefit, has too great a claim upon our sympathy to admit of its being overlooked in this brief catalogue of Christian endeavour.

One of the exhibitors, who is described as "a very intelligent German," on entering into conversation with a resident of our own land, expressed his sentiments on the subject of religion in the following terms:—"I have my crucifix, and that is what I worship. It's a pity the Inquisition cannot be established in England, and heretics punished," &c. &c. This gentleman, as perhaps may be anticipated, had never seen a Bible, but as he expressed a great desire to see one, he was advised by his Christian friend to purchase one hard by. At first he remarked that if he were to carry one to his home, his neighbours would kill him; ultimately, however, he purchased a German New Testament, and concluded the interview with his friend by handing him his address, and requesting him to call on him. Another stranger,

of the same nation, appears at least to have come amongst us with similar sentiments to the former. "If I had my will, I would burn you all as a canting, hypocritical set," said he, on glancing at a tract which had just been handed to him. This information was accompanied by the tearing up of the paper, and casting it at the feet of the donor. A group of eight of this gentleman's fellow-countrymen happening to witness this external demonstration of his inner man, advanced to inquire what was the purport of it, and were informed by him in reply that it was "some of their religious trash." They, however, each requested a tract, and one of them remarked that their retreating countryman was a disciple of Loyola, who, in his turn, was a disciple of some one else, who had better not be mentioned.

Neither beneath the blinds which on sunny days are let down for the protection of the woollen wares of a large London establishment, the proprietors of which are of the Jewish persuasion, nor within the precincts of the mummy room of the British Museum, should we have sought a suitable retreat in which to hold a religious conversation. A native of Poland, however, overtaken by a heavy shower, sought shelter beneath the favouring canvas of the sun-blinds, and there unexpectedly met with his religious counsellor; while a Hungarian, from Kronstadt, first heard of "life and immortality being brought to light" amid the crumbling relics of Egyptian mummies. Some of the sentiments of the Pole we may convey in his own words:—"Ah, you may well be happy in such a land as this. I envy every resident here, and did so from the moment I came here and witnessed street-preaching—true liberty indeed!" The Hungarian, in simple but expressive language, furnishes us with an interesting glimpse at the recesses of his heart, also:—"I have always felt a desire to read the Bible, but its being in my country a forbidden book, and I, as a young man, not craving for piety in proportion as I felt disgust for false ceremonies, never satisfied my curiosity; but, thank God, the time has come now. Do bring me a New Testament." This young man told his evangelist friend how much he then felt the sinfulness and hypocrisy of having said, in apparent grief, at the confessional, "The Lord pardon me," &c. &c. When he parted from his counsellor, he shook him warmly by the hand, and said, "I am so happy to have met you; your words have made a deep impression on me." The evangelist, for his part, declares that during all the years of his missionary career he has never spent a more delightful hour than that which he passed in the mummy-room with this stranger. Such is, indeed, a limited glance at some of the results of Christian effort at the Great Exhibition of 1862—results which, nevertheless, among the respective "kindreds, tongues, peoples, and nations" to whom they will more or less be communicated, will continue to radiate, as it were, in

extending circles, and the blessed results be felt throughout eternity. Then, and only then, will be realized in all its force and fulness the anthem of the heavenly host, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

The Editor and his Friends.

EDITORIAL CONVERSATIONS WITH A SUBSCRIBER, S. M., F. G., M. H., I. T., FILIUS, AND OTHER FRIENDS.

CHAPTER XV.

F. "It is impossible for those who were once enlightened, and have tasted of the heavenly gift, and were made partakers of the Holy Ghost, and have tasted the good word of God, and the powers of the world to come, if they shall fall away, to renew them again unto repentance."—Heb. vi. 4-6.

E. We venture to think that these solemn words must be understood of persons so enlightened as to know the plan of salvation—so enlightened as to see the evil effects of sin, but not the evil that is in sin; to have the knowledge that influences the head, but which influences not the heart; to know the good things that come by Christ, but not the goodness that is in Christ; to be so enlightened as to reform externally, but not to be sanctified internally; to have the form of godliness, but not the power; to have a knowledge of God that arises from a correct view of doctrine, but not that knowledge which arises from personal experience.

F. "For if we sin wilfully after that we have received the knowledge of the truth, there remaineth no more sacrifice for sins, but a certain fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation, which shall devour the adversaries."—Heb. x. 26, 27.

E. The *wilful* sin threatened in this awful passage is not the falling into great sins through temptation, but an utter renunciation of Christ's religion, drawing back and falling into infidelity—a disavowal resulting in hardness of heart, and a contempt of God's word and commandments. This passage, therefore, ought not to drive other sinners into despair, who do not finally fall away from the Christian's faith and hope; but it ought to rouse them to seek for repentance and newness of life. We may remark that the awful guilt and danger of apostasy from the faith of Christ arises from the fact that it is a personal insult to the Son of God and to the Holy Spirit; it is an impious rejection of the Saviour's atoning blood, and the Holy Spirit's saving grace.

F. What is the proper meaning of the word *Faith*?

E. A knowledge of Christ as the appointed and all-sufficient Redeemer; an assent to the revealed plan of redemption; and a confidence in the power, the truth, and the faithfulness of Christ. Under these three heads—"a knowledge of," "an assent to," and "a confidence in" Christ, may be classified all the leading points of the Christian faith, and they are all implied in the original expression employed by St. Paul in his epistles.

F. "Eateth and drinketh *damnation* to himself." How am I to understand these words?

E. Eateth and drinketh *condemnation*—meaning thereby some temporal affliction.

F. Is it not strange to meet with curses and imprecations in the Psalms, when we are told it is the duty of God's servants to forgive their enemies?

E. The Psalmist is not uttering these maledictions against his personal enemies, but against the persecutors of the Messiah—against men who oppose the work of Christ, and reject his authority; consequently, these terrible words are to be viewed as prophetic declarations of the future condition of the rejecters of Divine mercy. These passages are only forcible expressions of painful truths, and in mercy they are made painful. Our Lord, in his ministrations, employed the plainest language to express the most painful truths. "He that believeth, and is baptised, shall be saved; but he that believeth not, shall be damned." The design of stern language and of severe penalties is to deter from sin; and where Divine warnings, and threatenings, and invitations are unheeded, the rejecters can have no just cause for regarding language as too forcible which has failed to effect its object.

F. "My ears hast thou opened."

E. When a slave was offered his freedom, and declined to accept it, he was taken before a magistrate, and his ear was pierced, thereby implying that he devoted the remainder of his life to the service of his master. "My ears hast thou opened"—"I am devoted to thy service; I am not at liberty to follow my own will; but, by a voluntary act, I have dedicated myself and all that is mine to be thine for ever."

F. "I determined to know nothing among you save Jesus Christ and him crucified." How could the Apostle cease to know?

E. This is one of the passages quoted by Dr. Macknight, and various theologians, and cited also in the larger Greek lexicons, to show that the verb *to know* is sometimes used in the sense of making others to know, i. e., to communicate. St. Paul resolved to teach only the great doctrines relating to a crucified Saviour, and to pass by all other subjects as matters of minor importance.

L. S. asks a question. Our answer is, Yes; but we conceive that the subject he mentions refers to *characters*, and not to *individuals*.

F. Does not the term used by our Lord, "*this generation*," denote the race of men then existing, and not the Gospel dispensation, as some writers maintain?

E. We reply by quoting a passage, and our correspondent can judge which of the two explanations is applicable:—"And there shall be signs in the sun, and in the moon, and in the stars, and upon the earth distress of nations. The powers of heaven shall be shaken; and then shall they see the Son of Man coming in a cloud, with power and great glory. . . . Verily I say unto you, This generation shall not pass away till all be fulfilled." Nearly nineteen centuries have passed since these words were uttered, and according to the usual mode of computation, upwards of fifty generations of men have passed away, and the words remain still to be fulfilled; and to our unspeakable joy, the Gospel dispensation has not yet passed away. Its offers of pardon, peace, and strength still prevail. We are, therefore, of opinion that those divines are right who regard the

term "generation" in the sense used by the Jews. Only what they term the "dispensation of the Messiah" Christians designate as the "dispensation of the Gospel."

AN APPEAL FOR SPECIAL PRAYER.

E. Some good men, of high repute in their respective circles, being deeply impressed with the efficacy of prayer, in obtaining blessings for individuals, for families, for the Church at large, and for the nation, have sent out their third annual circular, calling upon the pious, as in past years, to unite in prayer to God, at a stated time, and for stated purposes. These well-wishers to the nation are anxious to secure "A WEEK OF SPECIAL PRAYER." The time proposed is from January 4th to January 11th, 1863, and the subjects are thus arranged:—

Sunday, Jan. 4. SERMONS ON THE DISPENSATION OF THE SPIRIT.

Monday, " 5. Confession of sin—as individuals, families, churches, and nations. Prayer for a Divine blessing on the services of the week.

Tuesday, " 6. The conversion of the ungodly. Success to all the means employed for the suppression of vice and immorality.

Wednesday, " 7. Increased spirituality and holiness in the children of God. A blessing upon all missionary labourers. A blessing upon all seminaries of sound learning and religious education. An increase of self-denial and liberality on the part of the people.

Thursday, " 8. The conversion of the Jews. The spread of the Gospel among the Gentiles. The revival of pure Christianity among the Churches of the East. The comfort of all who are in affliction for the Gospel's sake. The establishment of peace among all nations.*

Friday, " 9. The universal acknowledgment of the authority of Scripture, and of its Divine inspiration. The more holy observance of the Lord's day.

Saturday, " 10. Thanksgiving for mercies, temporal and spiritual. Prayer for rulers and all in authority. For all who are suffering by war, or by want, and for all that are in tribulation.

Sunday, " 11. Sermons—urging the servants of God to be fervent in prayer, looking to the aid of the Holy Spirit, and that they may be found faithful unto the end.

Desirous as we are of the eternal and of the temporal welfare of our fellow-beings, we give our share of publicity to this pious effort, adding our hope that they who have nourished the vineyards of others may continue to find their own vineyards abundantly nourished.

* Might not special supplication be made opportunity for the cessation of civil war in America?

THE PARABLE OF THE SAMARITAN.

SOME of the parables related in the New Testament are supposed to be true histories; in the incidental circumstances of others, our Saviour evidently had a regard to historical propriety. Thus, the scene of that most beautiful and instructive parable of the good Samaritan is very appositely placed in that dangerous road which lay between Jerusalem and Jericho; no way being more frequented than this, both on account of its leading to Perea, and especially because the classes or stations of the priests and Levites were fixed at Jericho as well as at Jerusalem, and thence it is that a priest and a Levite are mentioned as travelling this way. It further appears, that at this very time Judea in general was overrun by robbers, and that the road between Jericho and Jerusalem, in which our Lord represents this robbery to have been committed, was particularly infested by banditti, whose depredations it favoured, as it lay through a dreary solitude. On account of these frequent robberies, we are informed by Jerome that it was called "The Bloody Way."

Youths' Department.

MISCHIEF PUNISHED.—PART III.

THE tidings of the robbery, the terror of our young friend Arthur, and the fearful alarm of the household, spread rapidly through the village, and was soon reported to Reginald, with no slight addition of all that was terrible.

"I am grieved to hear the news," said the father, "and am surprised that anything of the kind should happen in a place so free from all outrage. Now, on this road such things do at times happen, owing to the class of persons who occasionally pass this way."

Reginald began to think, if it were not that he was unwilling to betray his companion, that he might throw some light on this dark transaction; but he held his tongue. At this moment the servant came in to say that the man who was to make a box for Reginald wished to speak to the lady of the house.

"Is he waiting below?"

"Yes, ma'am; but he doesn't seem well."

"Indeed! I'm sorry for it—he's a very worthy man. Reginald, ask him to come to me."

"I am sorry, my good man," said the lady, "to hear that you are not well."

"I'm well enough, ma'am, I'm thankful to say, in my health; but I'm so vexed, ma'am, I don't know how to bear myself."

"From what?"

"Some mischievous booby altered the boards on the sign-post, and my little Meg and her brother were led miles out of their way, and must have slept under a hedge if it hadn't been for old Crusty, the baker—a good-natured fellow as ever breathed; and now my poor little Meg, I fear, will be lame; she limps about

the house in a way that grieves me to see her. I only wish, ma'am, I could catch the fellow. I'd go five miles to catch hold of him; and if I once had hold of him, I'd teach him to alter sign-boards again. I'd give him something to remember."

"It was very wrong, no doubt; but you must forgive these injuries."

"Yes, ma'am, certainly; and I'd forgive him, only I'd give him a precious good thrashing first. People have no right to amuse themselves to the injury of other people."

"That is very true."

"Why, ma'am, there's a young woman in my neighbourhood, she's an idiot, poor creature! and it was all through a young gentleman who would have what he called fun. He put a pair of stag's horns on his head, and a false nose, and a black cloak, and then he provided himself with a dark lantern; and just as the child was turning a corner in the dusk of the evening, he jumped towards her, and threw the light upon himself. The terrified girl gave a shriek, and fell to the ground; and when some persons afterwards picked the child up and carried her home, she only laughed; her senses were gone, and she has been childish ever since. The young gentleman's father was so shocked at his son's cruel conduct, that he has allowed the mother of the child eight shillings a week ever since. Now, ma'am, what I want to know is, what was gained by that silly joke? The young woman is an idiot, the mother almost died of grief, the gentleman loses a matter of £20 a year through his son, and the youth himself has got a bad name by it, for nobody now likes him, and nobody ever will like him."

"There's my neighbour, Mrs. Walton, with her large family; see what trouble she's in, poor soul! and all through that cruel trick of the board. Oh! how I do long to thrash the fellow; but, ma'am, if you please, I must be going; for poor Meg can't go to market, as the little creature used to do. I'll bring the box to-morrow, ma'am."

"Reginald," said the lady, when the poor man had told his troubles, "I am now ready; and as we go into town, I will drive to Mrs. Walton's, and see what is the matter; perhaps we may be of some use." A very short drive brought them to Mrs. Walton's little shop.

"I am sorry to understand from one of your neighbours that you have been in some way inconvenienced; can I do anything to assist?"

"You're very kind, ma'am," said Mrs. Walton, "and I'm greatly obliged to you for calling; although it's a trouble to me, it would be nothing to many people."

"Pray, let me judge; perhaps I may think it a great trouble also."

"When we took this place, ma'am, my husband was obliged to give a bill. Trade was bad, and our family is very large; so when the time came round

we had a deal of trouble in getting together the money; but my husband did get it. But it was late, and he was so knocked up, that he could not take the money to a house in Besley, where the bill was to be presented. To pay that bill, ma'am, only left one shilling and threepence in the house to maintain all the family. But we didn't mind; it's such a comfort to owe nobody anything. My brother offered to take the money, as my husband was so fatigued. But my brother is a stranger to these parts. We told him to follow the road, and the sign-post at the cross road would show him the way. The poor fellow started at full speed, as it was growing dark; but some wicked, wicked person had changed the boards, and my brother never found out the cruel trick until he was stopped by the river. It was then dark, and he was afraid he might be robbed on returning across the heath; he therefore slept at a friend's house, and we sent the money the next day; but before the money could be paid, a lawyer's letter came to say the bill had been protested by some officer, and that unless the money was paid, with all charges, law proceedings would be taken. When my brother George arrived, the man refused to take the money, because George was not prepared to pay the other expenses; he was obliged to come back, and my husband was obliged to go and borrow some money of a friend, and then go again to Besley, and pay everything. There's been six journeys instead of two. The loss of time, and the loss of money, and the vexation, and all this, was caused by some shameful persons playing a trick. But they'll be caught, depend upon it; and they deserve whatever trouble they may get into. Don't you think, young gentleman, it was very wicked?" turning to Reginald.

Conscience-stricken, Reginald remained silent.

"As you have been good enough to tell me your troubles," said the lady, "I'll give you ten shillings towards covering your loss, as a mark of my good will."

Amidst the poor woman's thanks, they drove off. On turning the corner of the road, a board, freshly-painted, caught their attention, and they drew up at the side of the finger-post, in order to read it. Great was Reginald's terror to find that it was to this effect:—

NOTICE.

"Whereas some ill-disposed person or persons have damaged the sign-post, and have changed the finger-boards, and thereby caused serious injury to divers individuals. This is to give notice, that forty shillings will be paid to any person giving such information to the town clerk as will lead to the conviction of the offender or offenders.

"By order of the Commissioners."

Here was a fresh cause for terror; poor Reginald hardly knew what he said, when replying to his mamma.

"How very white you look, my dear boy! I am afraid you are not well. Do you feel cold?"

"Oh! no, mamma," said the frightened boy; and

they proceeded to call upon Arthur's father, with the intention of bringing Arthur back to spend the day.

On the night of the robbery the conduct of the thieves was enough to frighten a youth of bolder heart than that which was owned by poor Arthur, and the scene lost none of its terrors when beheld in the view which it presented to the eyes of a boy scared out of his senses. To comfort the boy, they brought him home, and fresh comforts awaited him; but not such as were calculated to restore his composure. On returning, as they drew near the corner, they perceived several persons in deep conversation.

"Arthur, my dear," said the lady, "inquire what has happened."

Arthur did as desired; and being very truthful, he said, "A beggar-man has just passed, and had asked what was on the board; and when the people told him, he began to clap his hands, and all they could get from him was—

"Ah, ah! all right! Forty shillings; very good: I may as well have that as another person."

"What is it, friend?"

"That forty shillings is mine. I'm off."

"Do you know who did the mischief?"

"I guess I do, and I guess something else; if my legs will only carry me to the magistrate, somebody else will know; and when they are locked up, I wonder how they'll like it? They have done a deal of mischief, I hear. I know one or two that would like to dip them into the duck-pond; they didn't think I knew 'em."

"Who was it, friend?"

"I know to-day, and you'll know to-morrow; and off he went."

While delivering this uncomfortable report, it would be difficult to say what colour would describe Arthur's looks: at one time he was white, at another red; too clearly indicating the presence of thoughts exciting fear or producing shame.

The dread of what might follow entirely destroyed all comfort, and Arthur and Reginald passed a very wretched day—thinking of constables and the lock-up house, bread and water, and prison cells; a class of subjects, it must be admitted, not calculated to cheer those who suffered or those who expected to suffer from them.

The beggar-man gave the information, and nothing but the respectability of the parents saved the mischief-makers from the ignominy of imprisonment. The magistrates issued a summons, and the parents and the offenders attended. The court was crowded. All were anxious to hear what was to be done with the transgressors, settling it among themselves that it ought to be transportation; but they supposed it wouldn't be more than three months in the county gaol, and hard labour.

The magistrates took a more merciful view of the

offence, although the constable had duly reported the amount of mischief that had been caused by this unlawful act. A respectable solicitor, who attended on behalf of the parents of the boys, requested the bench to regard the offence as a thoughtless piece of folly on the part of the youths, who were very penitent, and fully acknowledged their error; and they begged to assure the magistrates that, if forgiven, no such folly would ever again be committed by them; that the youths would not escape unpunished even if forgiven by their worship; for the parents had resolved to make compensation to the injured parties, and the offenders were to be deprived of two-thirds of their pocket money for the following year.

The culprits then pleaded *guilty*, and begged to be forgiven; and the magistrates, after some deliberation, decided that the reward must be paid to the informer, a new sign-post erected, and the expenses paid of the summons and the proceedings in court; to which the parents having agreed, the case ended, and the boys retired from the court amidst murmurs that were far from flattering, and which the assembled crowd dispersed with profusion and freedom.

No one can foresee all the results of one wrong action. In this case of the altered sign-post it seemed as if the troubles would never end. The following day both Arthur's father and Reginald's father received a legal notice to inform them that Messrs. Flint and Gribble had sent their traveller to execute an important commission, and that having been misled by the sign-post, he had lost the packet boat, and the business had miscarried; that these gentlemen having learned from the local journals that the offenders had been discovered and convicted, had instructed the writers of the notice, Messrs. Fogo, Vellum, and Farren, their solicitors, to demand the amount of expenses incurred by their agent, and that Messrs. Fogo, Vellum, and Farren were furthermore instructed to commence an action for damages in the event of non-compliance.

This unpleasant epistle was duly read to the delinquents, and great was their fear of some unknown but most direful consequences that might ensue. The parents of the lads, to prevent any litigation, paid the demand, and by the time that all matters were adjusted, Reginald and Arthur had learned the truth of the beggar's prophecy: "If you do mischief, be sure it will fall upon your own heads."

THE SAYINGS OF THE WISE.

FOURTH CLUSTER.

31. THE soul conscious of its need can find rest only in Christ.

32. God may be sought and found in the crowded city as well as in the hours of retirement.

33. God is ever willing to do much for our humility, but nothing for our pride.

34. Not those enjoying the highest privileges rise to the highest attainments.

35. Humanity and kindness never lose their reward.
 36. In prayer remember that Abraham left off pleading before God left off granting.
 37. Prayer moves the hand that moves the world.
 38. If we take Christ as our Saviour to deliver, we must also take him as our king to govern.
 39. Delight in prayer is a lower act of spirituality than delight in praise.
 40. The humble doings of our every-day obedience may prove the stepping-stone to the higher experiences of Divine life.

THE COTTON FAMINE.

As evidence of the usefulness of our plan of collection, we may mention that subscriptions occasionally reach us from the distressed districts themselves, some readers in those localities having found it convenient to use our bills as a means of obtaining contributions. A friend at Manchester writes:—"It is with very great pleasure I send you these few stamps; it is but a small sum, but it is from persons short of work." Another "Reader of THE QUIVER," who dates from Le Puy, France, "forwards the few English stamps she possesses as a mite for her suffering countrymen." Subscriptions continue to reach us from remote parts of the United Kingdom, and our experience goes to show that the most populous places are not always the most active in the good work.

Among other agencies for the relief of the distressed, we observe that Dr. McNeile, of Liverpool, has undertaken that his congregation shall support 50 families during the winter, at an estimated cost of about £30 per week—an example worthy of imitation.

We have the pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of the following further contributions, and we shall be glad to forward additional subscription lists on receipt of a stamp:—

Amount already acknowledged ... £363 2 2

	£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
Anne Wilson	0 6 2	J. Boreham	0 7 1	
Jane Dodman	0 3 3	J. Grant	0 17 4	
G. Warren	0 3 0	K. K. Whitechapel	0 4 0	
Miss H. L. Woods	0 10 0	Waiter Hope	0 9 9	
Robt. Love	1 0 0	A. McEachran	0 2 4	
R. and J. Fyle	0 11 6	R. I. H. McIl.	0 4 0	
Thos. Wilkinson	0 1 8	Wm. Dore	0 8 6	
Boys of Buxton School (3 Lists)	0 17 3	A. Sharp	0 1 7	
M. Waterhouse	0 6 2	H. A. Mannix	0 10 9	
W. F. Sanders	0 4 0	A. M. Shiny Row	0 5 0	
E. K. Isle of Man	0 10 0	David Smith	0 2 0	
Ann Allen	0 6 6	Minie	0 3 0	
Robt. T. Birkbeck	0 1 6	D. R. Hantly	0 10 0	
Mary Buckley	0 2 0	H. Y. Fuller	0 1 6	
H. Hayes	0 2 6	J. K. H. Cathay	0 2 1	
Elizabeth Williams	0 10 0	James Ling	0 3 6	
T. Messenger & Friend	0 2 0	W. H. Bourton	0 3 4	
Alex. Mathie	0 4 0	G. Lancaster	0 4 7	
Annie Waters	0 5 10	Sarah Cork	0 1 0	
S. H. Winston	0 3 0	A Schoolmistress	0 1 10	
R. J. Dimmer	0 9 0	C. P. Morgan	0 9 2	
Mrs. Dawson	0 4 6	J. R. Newcastle-on-Tyne	0 1 3	
Miss M. T. Great Yarmouth	0 5 3	Mrs. Pond	0 1 0	
S. S. S. Camden Road	0 7 0	Alfred B.	0 5 0	
W. D. Gateshead	0 9 0	W. P. S. Jock's Lodge	0 7 0	
Thos. Cunningham, Jun.	0 7 0	A Poor Woman, Christchurch	0 2 6	
Mrs. McMillan	0 9 0	E. Waterhouse	0 11 0	
Arrow	0 2 6	Hellen Callander	0 6 7	
Sarah Apila	0 6 0	Geo. Davies	0 5 6	
Jas. Hair	0 13 6	Mrs. Colton	0 9 7	
E. J. Comfort	0 10 3	A. E. Y. Farnworth	1 2 6	
F. P. Pershore (2nd don.)		1 1 0	Total	£423 2 9

HUMAN LIFE.

Our lives are rivers, gliding free
 To that unfathomed, boundless sea,
 The silent grave!
 Thither all earthly pomp and boast
 Roll, to be swallowed up and lost
 In one dark wave.

The pleasures and delights which mask
 In treacherous smiles life's serious task,
 What are they all
 But the fleet coursers of the chase,
 And death an ambush in the race,
 Wherin we fall?

Earthly desires and sensual lusts
 Are passions springing from the dust—
 They fade and die;
 But in the life beyond the tomb,
 They seal the immortal spirit's doom
 Eternally!

WILLIAM ALLAIR;

OR, RUNNING AWAY TO SEA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CHANNINGS," "MRS. MALLIBURTON'S TROUBLES," ETC.

CHAPTER III.

HARRY VANE.

MY good boys, I have said that this story is written especially for you. As you go on, you will probably discover why I have written it. I would wish to warn you against disobedience. You have heard of popular fallacies, but I can tell you that there never was a more decided one than that fallacy of yours—the belief that you know better than your parents. How often has a boy come to an issue with his father and mother, and decamped to sea in disobedience! He has picked up that agreeable but most deceptive notion, that the going to sea will prove a remedy for all evils under the sun. Another fallacy.

I make no doubt you must know some who have so gone: I feel sure you know some who are wanting to go. A boy grows dissatisfied, lazy, tired, and he thinks he will go to sea. He thinks it will cure him. So it will, with a vengeance. Talk to him of the hardships he will have to encounter; the endurance he must fortify himself with! you may as well talk to the winds. Did you ever know sons who have gone off to sea in this manner, and have never returned? I have. I have known some who have only gone out to die. It is a common occurrence, this running away to sea. Some have gone in half opposition; some in downright defiance and disobedience; some, in cunning stealth, running away clandestinely. These boys are often remarkably unfitted for a sea life; and that they find out to their cost. A boy who embraces the sea as a profession ought to have been fitted for it by nature, otherwise it will prove for him the most miserable of all lives that he could lead on earth. Many have sunk under the hardships; many will sink again. Never *you* be tempted to resort to it. Never run away to sea. If any one of you should find the seduction approaching near him, fly from it as you would fly from a pestilence. You can read on now.

At seven o'clock, on the morning following the show of the 29th of May, the boys were all in school, except one. Dr. Robertson took a few boarders, but most of his pupils were out-door ones. It was a renowned and expensive school, equal to any in the county. The one not at school was William Allair. He was subject to violent sick headaches, and awoke with one that morning. His absence at these times was readily allowed by Dr. Robertson, who knew that while the pain lasted he was incapable of study.

Of all the boys, the two between whom existed the greatest intimacy and friendship, were Harry Vane and William Allair; and yet no two could present to each other a greater contrast. Harry Vane, high-spirited, noble, independent, was one of those who are sure to hold sway amongst and rule their fellows. He was universally admired for his daring, yet generous spirit; and his well-known prepossession for, and constant talk of the sea, had created a sort of excited fancy for it in the school. Several had begun to be almost as eager for

it as he was. But with this difference; while his liking for it was innate—the prompting of nature—theirs was nothing more than a passing fancy, which they had worked themselves into. Squire Jones's eldest son and William Allair were the most seriously impressed. It was like the *hay fever*, which had broken out in the school the summer previously. Several got a touch of it, but only one or two were attacked dangerously.

Harry Vane's predilection for the sea was in truth a real one. It had certainly been born with him. Rely upon it, that some peculiar liking, a talent for some certain sphere of usefulness, over and above all others, is born with all of us. Not a boy, amongst you who read this, but has been endowed with qualities by the great Creator that will fit him for some calling in life, more especially than for other callings. Try and find out what it is, and then put your whole will into it.

Before Harry Vane could well speak, he would leap and crow at the sight of his boat. I mean a little toy boat, as large as your hand, which had been given him. Every other toy was thrust aside for his darling plaything. He was six years old when Mr. and Mrs. Vane went to spend a month or two at the sea-side, and there he saw real boats, real ships, and the sight excited him to intense joy. His nurse reproached him with having "gone mad" after them, and grew sick and tired with her constant visits to the beach and the harbour, for he was ever dragging her there. He contrived, child though he was, to pick up the names applied by sailors to the different parts of a ship: the jib-boom, the main-stays, the mizen-mast, the fo'castle, and all the rest; and he was for ever using them. His whole talk was of a ship. Mrs. Vane found the names unintelligible, and told him they sounded vulgar: Mr. Vane laughed, and wondered how the boy picked them up.

One day there was a sad state of excitement. Harry was lost. The nurse, with the three children, Frederick, Caroline, and Harry, had gone to the beach, where she speedily amused herself gossiping with other nurses, *nurse fashion*, while the children, joined by other children, hunted after sea shells, and dug holes in the sands. When the time came to collect them for home, Harry had disappeared. Where was he? Nobody knew, nobody had seen him go away. The nurse was in a dreadful state of terror: she feared he might have run after the receding tide, and had got drowned in the sea. The bevy of nurses ran about wildly; the children sobbed; and some fishermen, who were standing about, asked the nurse if they should get the drags. To go home with her tale to Mr. and Mrs. Vane was the worst task she had been put to throughout her life.

Mr. Vane, to whom she spoke first, was not greatly alarmed. He did not deem it probable that an active lad like Harry should let himself be drowned in silence; and remembering his passion for ships, he thought it much more likely that he had found his way to the harbour. Charging the nurse to say nothing to her mistress, he hastened to the harbour, and there, having strayed on to a ship, was the truant found. He was on board a trading sloop, which had put in the previous night, asking question after question, examining every corner of it with delighted curiosity, and making him-

self perfectly at home. The captain was pleased with the little fellow's intelligence and animation. He made much of him; gave him a pretty little model of a ship, so gratified was he at the child's calling the various parts of his own by their nautical appellations; and when Mr. Vane got on board, Harry was being regaled with cold plum-duff.

Mr. Vane, after some chiding, inquired into particulars. Harry could only plead the attractions of the ships as an excuse for having strolled from the beach. Arrived at the harbour, his attention became absorbed by the sloop; there was something about her build that fascinated him; and he speedily made acquaintance with her sailors. They told him he might come on board at high water, when the ship would be on a level with the sides of the harbour, and he could walk on to her without danger. Harry did not wait for the high water, or for a second invitation, but went on at once, throwing danger to the winds.

"Why, how did you get on?" inquired Mr. Vane, in surprise.

"Down that perpendicular ladder, sir," interposed the captain. "I was on deck, giving some orders, when, what should I see, but a youngster, a bobby, as may be said, swing himself on to the gangway and begin to descend? It made my flesh creep to see him, it did: a little un, like that, walking down such a place: the least false step, and it would have been all over with him, falling from that height. I shouted out to him to get back again, when he turned and looked at me as fearless as you please, which made me shout double, and swear a bit. All to no purpose: down he came, as lissome as a cat, and after I'd scolded him for his venturesomeness—which I took French leave to do, sir, just as if he had been a child of my own—we showed him over the ship. And a fine, intelligent youngster he is, as ever I came across. But he seems to have no fear about him."

"He never had any sense of fear," said Mr. Vane, in a vexed tone. "He dreads no danger."

"He has been climbing in places aboard this vessel, such as one, twice his age, would look twice at, before venturing up," rejoined the captain.

"But you don't look at my ship, papa!" exclaimed Harry, impatiently interrupting the conversation, and exhibiting his present to his father for about the tenth time. "Isn't she a clipper?"

"And what a state you have made your socks and legs in!" resumed Mr. Vane. "And look at your nice dress!"

Harry glanced down. He was at the age of pretty dresses and white frilled drawers. The dress was spoilt, covered with dirt and tar.

"Oh, that's nothing," he equably answered, with all the unconcern in the world. "Papa, when I grow up a man, I'll not be captain of such a vessel as this. She's only a sloop. She is neither a brig nor a frigate."

"He seems to have a hankering after ships," remarked the captain.

"Rather too much of it," said Mr. Vane.

At this moment Harry slipped away. The next, he was down the side of the vessel, into a little boat, which

had just begun to float with the rising tide. Mr. Vane, who could see danger, if Harry could not, ordered him up again; but as soon as he reached deck, he was climbing up the mainmast.

"As handy as if he had served his apprenticeship to it," remarked the captain, following him with his eyes, while Mr. Vane called to him to come down. "You'll have to make a sailor of him, sir, it strikes me. He has been going on in the way you see, and talking about ships ever since he has been aboard. When I put that little model in his hand, 'Oh, this is a brig,' says he: and I asked him how he knew it was a brig. 'Why, by the rigging,' says he, as 'cute as possible.'

"He has certainly a wonderful inclination for the sea," observed Mr. Vane: "seems to take to it naturally, as young ducks take to water. His mother would check it, if she could."

"She'll never check such an inclination as that, sir," said the captain. "When you see it evinced by so young a child, you may make sure it's born with 'em. Older boys put likings and fancies on; one of this age don't. I never knew but one have such a hankering after it as this lad seems to have. His friends were all against him, but it was of no use."

"He carried the day, I suppose?"

"Father, mother, brothers, sisters, grandfathers, and grandmothers, all were against it. They were at him continually; wanting to bind him 'prentice to a trade; inventing all sorts of horrid tales of the sea; foretelling all manner of ill for him, if he went. And that was me."

"You!" exclaimed Harry, who had come down, and was listening.

"Me, myself. I loved the sea; and all their talk was as nothing in my ear. Never, sure, did one love it as I did."

"And they would not let you go?" cried Harry with trembling eagerness.

"Not for a long while."

"And how did you get there at last? Did you run away?"

The captain shook his head. "I was sorely tempted to it. They put me to a tailor; of all trades, the one I mortally hated. Ay, I was sorely tempted, Heaven knows; and once I had even packed up my traps in a handkercher, what few they were, and had it in my head to start that same night. But somehow I could not do it. Not that I shrank from what was before me, or felt afraid of anything I might have to encounter; but it came into my mind—listen, my good little boy!—that God's blessing would never rest upon me, if I left home in rebellious disobedience to my parents."

Harry did not speak. He stood with his earnest, great brown eyes devouring the captain, and the crimson of emotion flushing his clear young cheeks.

"So I stopped, and tried to like my trade; but I could make no hand at it. After a while, things worked round. My father and mother found I was not fitted for an inland life, and at last they consented to my going. Consented freely; and I departed, happier than a king, and fearing not for the future, for they had prayed God to speed me."

"And were you not very glad when you did get right on to the sea?" asked Harry, eagerly.

"Very glad; very happy. And God has prospered me from that hour to this, and enabled me to support my parents in their old age."

"And I'll be a sailor, too," cried Harry, resolutely. "And if papa and mamma ever want money, I'll send home all mine for them."

The captain nodded his head oracularly. It said to Mr. Vane, as plainly as nod could say, that he would never do successful battle with this inclination of his son's. Perhaps Mr. Vane did not intend to try.

Mr. Vane knew that Harry was—to use a familiar expression—cut out for a sailor. By constitution he was pre-eminently fitted for it, and in that lay a great contrast between him and William Allair. Work was as nothing to him. Of hardships he could bear a vast deal. That which would go far towards killing William Allair, he could endure without a murmur, almost without a thought. For privation he did not care; or, to speak more correctly, what was privation to boys in general, was "no privation" to him. Were they condemned to bread and water for punishment—while a punishment it would indeed be to the rest of the boys, above all, to William Allair—Harry Vane did not regard it as such. No lad should go to sea without being *sure* of his physical powers, of his capability to endure hardships and privation; ay, and to make the best of it.

A famous mechanic, too, was Harry Vane: could mend anything that came to pieces, put glass in the summer-house window frame, patch up the desks that got broken, and turn out model ships as nicely made as that one given him on board the trading sloop when he was a youngster. A first-rate carpenter was he; and one day he remarked to William Allair that he could rig a jury bowsprit or make a jib-boom for a ship with the best of them, in case of necessity.

"What necessity?" asked William.

"What necessity, now! Can't you guess? Suppose we were a thousand miles from land, with no carpenter on board, and our jib-boom went smash in a storm, or a meeting ship carried away our bowsprit? These are what I should call cases of necessity."

Calm in temper, cool in moments of danger, gifted with great and quick presence of mind, was Harry Vane. But, if he had a sailor's desirable qualities, he had also some of a sailor's faults. Thoughtless, careless, and extravagant was he; swayed by the impulse of the moment, rarely casting a glance to the future. In money matters, none could be more improvident than he. He never possessed a sixpence. The instant money was given him, it burnt a hole in his pocket, and was scattered right and left. Off to the shop to leave his tools to be ground, buying up anything exposed for sale that took his eye; spending, in short, to the last farthing, and forgetting to save money to pay for the grinding of his tools. One day he saw three poor shipwrecked sailors, who were asking charity. Of course he had no money; he never had any; and he was a couple of miles from home. Harry was in an agony; he longed to relieve them; if

there was one human being his heart yearned to above all others, it was a sailor. He darted into a road-side shop; it was a small shoemaker's; tore off his jacket, borrowed a shilling upon it, gave his name and address, handed the shilling to the sailors, listened to and sympathised with their tale; and went home jacketless.

His daring courage and contempt for danger led him into innumerable scrapes. It almost seemed that he bore a charmed life, so many perilous situations did he come out of unscathed. He made a trouble of nothing. Of a happy and contented mind, the cares and crosses of life—for schoolboys have their crosses and cares, as well as other people—passed over him lightly and smoothly as a light fleecy cloud passes over the face of the sun. And here, again, lay a contrast between him and William Allair. The latter would run to meet trouble half way, while Harry would not see it if it came.

Everybody liked Harry Vane: all admired the generous boy and his happy temperament. With rich and poor he was an equal favourite: and one great characteristic of him was, that he did not understand false pride; he possessed none of it. One day he would be seen driving along in state in Lord Sayingham's coroneted carriage; the next, he was jolting through the village in the baker's cart. And if, when in the cart, he by chance met the carriage, whilst another boy—could one have been found to allow himself to get into it—would gladly have sunk to the bottom amidst the leaves, Harry sat as erect and unconcerned as before; the same gay, good temper in his eye and smile on his lip, as he lifted his hat to Lady Sayingham. In fact, he possessed that independent, fearless spirit which exalts its owner into a sort of hero, whom all are eager to admire and imitate. Was it any wonder that such a boy should hold sway over his companions?

CHAPTER IV.

EMPTY TARTS.

We left William Allair with his sick headache. He passed the greater portion of the day in bed, getting up towards evening. He found his sisters had gone out to tea, but Mrs. Allair and Edmund were in the drawing-room. Mr. Allair, who was a solicitor, had not yet returned home from his office. William sat down on a chair, but Edmund started up, and, with a vacant smile, drew him towards the sofa.

Poor Edmund Allair! He was an afflicted boy; not being so bright in intellect as he might have been. The neighbourhood called him "silly," and that was not a bad term to express his state. Not an idiot, he had yet little or no power of mind; none of intellect. Trifles amused him, as they might have amused a child of three years old. Could he get a peacock's feather to stick in his cap, he would pace the lawn before the house, glorying in his finery, nodding his head majestically to anybody who would look at him, and bursting out often with his loud, distressing, vacant laugh. There was no hope that his state would ever be ameliorated, or that he would be fit for any occupation. Therefore he would have to be wholly provided for. It was a great affliction to Mr. and Mrs. Allair. They

were not rich. Mr. Allair had also reason to believe that his would be no long life: a disease which carried off his father in his prime, had begun to show its symptoms upon him. He hoped to last until William should be of an age to replace him in his profession, so that the business might be kept together. William, however, had been allowing certain foolish visions of a sea life to unseal him. Very foolish they were as regarded himself; for if ever a boy was unfitted for hardships and exertion, it was William Allair.

He took the sofa offered by Edmund, who sat down on a footstool at William's feet. Edmund, loving by nature, held his brother's hand, and frequently kissed it, gazing tenderly up into his face. William, on his part, gazed at the sun, then bearing the horizon. He recalled Harry Vane's raptures, the previous morning, over a sea life, and began fancying—well, I hardly know what he was fancying: something to the effect that *he was on the sea, many hundreds of leagues away, all alone in an open boat.* And what with the thought of his loneliness, which was imaginary; and his intense gaze at the dazzling sun, which was real, the tears came into his eyes. Mrs. Allair, a pale, gentle-featured woman, looked up from her book.

"What are you thinking of, William?"

William roused himself. "Just at that moment, mamma, I was thinking how beautiful it must be to see the sun set at sea."

"A sunset is beautiful anywhere."

Another pause. William broke it in a half-resentful, half-sighing tone.

"What a happy life Harry Vane's will be! It is decided that he is to go to sea. Or, as good as decided."

"I make no doubt that, for him, it will be a happy life."

Mrs. Allair laid a stress upon the words "for him." William rather fired at it.

"Why, for him, mamma? Why not for me? You know how much I want to be a sailor."

"William, we have discussed this subject before. A sailor's life would prove a misery to you. You are just as unfitted for the calling, as Harry Vane is adapted for it."

"That's what all mothers say," grumbled William. "Harry Vane remarked it, only yesterday. One would think the sea was a pool of devouring fire, by the way they seem to dread it for their sons."

"It is not dreaded for all sons. Were Harry Vane my son, I would cordially approve of it for him, and send him away with my blessing."

"And yet you would forbid it to me!"

"I have told you why. It is out of consideration for your own welfare. You and Harry Vane are differently constituted; and the walk in life that would suit the one would be especially ill adapted for the other. In bodily powers, in temperament, you are particularly opposite. Do you remember the cut fingers, William?"

William winced. "As if that were worth bringing up in argument, mamma! I was not seven years old."

"But neither was Harry Vane," smiled Mrs. Allair. And William was conscious that the argument was strong against him. The reminiscence was this:—

Once they had been making a boat together. That is, Harry was the acting man; William's help chiefly consisting in sewing the sails: no hand at carpentering work was he. Master Fisher's hands were not more delicate than William Allair's. Sawing, hammering, cutting, and planing were not in his line: and they never would be. He was holding a certain piece of wood steady, for Harry to chop. Away chopped Harry with a sharp knife, much too sharp for a young gentleman of seven to possess; and the knife went a little too far, and alighted on the fingers of both. William's was a mere scratch; the skin was cut, and a little drop of blood slowly appeared. Harry Vane's was cut to the bone, and the blood came forth in a stream. William looked at his own finger, at the little scratch and the one drop of blood, and was in danger of fainting from terror; his lips turned white, his frame trembled. He never saw the injury to Harry Vane; he was too much absorbed in his own. Harry Vane carelessly wrapped his handkerchief round his own wound, led William to the house and asked them to attend to him, and then ran, whistling, off to the chemist, and asked him to "do it up with a bit of plaster." The chemist did so; told him it was an awkward cut, and that he was a little hero. Back went Harry to Mr. Allair's, and there he found—oh, dear!—that poor William had been obliged to be put to bed sick and faint. So Harry went into the summer-house alone, and continued his work just as though nothing had happened. And this might be taken as a specimen of endurance of each boy. William was of an age now not to care for a solitary drop of blood; but Harry Vane would bear with better firmness the taking off of a leg, than William would the strapping up of a finger, were it cut as badly as Harry's had been. Harry's hands were everlastingly coming to grief: gashes, bruises, abrasions abounded on them. What cared he? He would just tie a handkerchief round till the blood had stopped, and then the places were left, exposed to the dirt and the air, to get well, or not, as they liked.

"William," resumed Mrs. Allair, impressively, "a sailor's life, such as some are obliged to lead, would kill you."

"Kill me!" retorted William, in his spirit of disbelief and mockery. "It is the most charming life going. Look what a fine time they have of it when they go cruising in the Mediterranean!"

"But they can't go cruising in the Mediterranean for ever."

"It must be uncommon pleasant when they do."

"A sailor must bear all weathers and all temperatures. The fierce cold of the poles may stagnate the blood in his veins, and the burning sun of the tropics must glare on him with unmitigated heat. Take up a bar of cold iron in the frozen regions, and it will shrivel the flesh off your hands; while the dreadful heat, under the sun, has sent many to their grave with brain fever. How would you bear these extremes? I have heard you complain bitterly of the cold of a wintry day, and of the heat of a summer one, in mild, temperate England."

"Of course, I should make up my mind to put up with these inconveniences."

"They would not, by you, be the less keenly felt."

"Well—if they were—they would hurt nobody but myself. The thought of being planted down to copy mouldy old parchments from morning till night is unbearable. I'd as soon be put in a prison for life."

"Random words, William."

William felt they were: but he had not the grace to say so.

"Never think, my boy, that my opposition to this ideal fancy you have taken up is prompted by any motives, save the urgent wish for your own happiness. Do not interrupt, William: it is an ideal, not a real one. Children are inclined to be undutiful and headstrong, thinking that they know best, and preferring to take their own course. They think that the opposition to their own foolish fancies proceeds from a love of rule; but, William, do not you so deceive yourself. Believe me, that nothing on earth can equal the anxiety of a mother for her child."

"Oh, mamma, I know. I know you are anxious for me."

"I wish, my darling boy, that you could be shown the working of a sea life in its true light: that you could witness its toil and hardship, and—in nearly all its cases, when boys have gone as you are wishing to go—it's inward pining and repentance. Harry Vane will go to what he loves, for his whole heart is in it; but were you to go, you would find out your mistake too late."

"Gruff Jones is going," returned William, his spirit of disbelief and opposition rising again. "He says if the squire persists in refusing him, he'll run away."

Mrs. Allair did not like the words; they seemed to throw some strange chill on her heart. She shook as with a sudden inward fear, and her lips grew white.

"My son, put those dangerous thoughts away from you," she said, in a low, solemn tone, tenderly laying her hand upon his shoulder. "Run away! what sort of a step would that be? Think you, God's blessing would ever rest upon it?"

She was called from the room as she spoke, and in less than five minutes, four or five of the school boys came in. On their way home from evening school, they had resolved to look up William.

"Here he is!—alive!" began Jenniker. "We thought you'd be dead by this time, Allair."

"Did you?" returned William, rather crossly. He could not put up with "chaff" as well as some of the boys could. Of a gentle, timid, yielding disposition, he was less fitted for the rough life of a public school than some of them were. His very appearance was indicative of his sensitive nature, with his refined features, his soft blue eyes, his bright complexion, and his fair, wavy hair.

Gruff Jones, one of the visitors, flung himself into a chair with an action of impatience. He was a short, stout lad, the eldest son of Squire Jones, a gentleman of some importance at Whittermead. The boys had nicknamed him "Gruff" on account of some peculiarity in his voice.

"It is of no use talking to the governor," he began, in a grumbling tone. "He won't as much as hear me name the sea now. He'll never let me go."

"Bother him till he does," advised Jenniker.

Gruff shook his head. "He won't be bothered. If I begin but with half a word, he shuts my mouth up. I will go!" added the young gentleman, stamping his foot. "The thing is, if he sets his face dead against it, how am I to get there?"

"Run away," said Jenniker.

"Jenniker told me yesterday you had made up your mind to run away," interrupted William Allair.

"Well, I don't know," mused Gruff, who was rather a mild sort of boy, in spite of his gruff voice. "I'm afraid it wouldn't do."

"Not do!" echoed daring Jenniker. "Just hear him!" he added, turning to the rest. "He's afraid it wouldn't do to run away! If you want to do a thing, and other folks say you shan't, the best way is, to cut the matter short by doing it."

Gruff considered. Apparently he did not see his way clear. "I might not get safe off," debated he. "The governor might catch me up and bring me back, and have me before him on the bench, as a vagabond. You don't know what he is when he's put up. He'd no more care for putting one of us in prison, than he cares for committing the poachers. Besides, where could I run to? I should have neither money nor outfit: and there'd be no fun in going to sea without your uniform."

"Have it your own way," said Jenniker. "If you won't bother the governor into sending you, and won't start on your own account, you must humdrum on at Whittermead for life, feeding your own innocent sheep, and cultivating your crops of mild turnips. They'll put you on the bench, perhaps, when you are of age, and you can sit there and commit poachers on your own account."

Gruff Jones did not like the bantering tone. "What would you advise me to do, Jenniker?"

"You needn't come to me for advice. I wash my hands of milksoaps," he added, making a motion of rubbing one hand over the other. Gruff looked irresolute.

"Shall you run away, Vane, if they don't let you go?" he asked.

"No," said Harry Vane. "I expect they will let me go."

"But if they don't, I said?" persisted Gruff.

"Then I must put up with it, as I best can. I should never run away. No good comes of that."

"Better run away, than be kept from doing what you like," spoke up Jenniker.

"Better not. An old merchant captain told me once, that running away never prospered anybody. I don't believe it does. I am not going to run. Stuff!"

"I don't know but what I shall have to run," struck in Jenniker. "I'd not bet upon it."

"It won't matter so much for you," responded Harry Vane. "You have no father to disobey."

"No. And the commandments don't tell us we must honour our uncles and our step-aunts," returned the incorrigible Jenniker. "I am getting into hot water at home."

"Worse than usual?"

"A sight worse. But I have paid them out. There's a party gone to Cummerton Castle to-day—a picnic."

Jenniker's face was so radiant with mischief, his tone so suggestive, that the boys inquired what his joke was.

"I was invited to this picnic, mind you; I know I was, for Mildred whispered it to me some days ago," he answered. "I thought I was going until last night. No, if you please! My uncle and step-aunt gravely told me I should only be in mischief if I went, and spoil the party. I have served them out."

"Don't say step-aunt, Jenniker. It does sound so!"

"I shall say it. She's no aunt of mine, and I shan't call her one. Well, it made me mad, as you may guess, finding I was to be put out of the fun, so I thought I'd spoil theirs a bit. The folks were to take their own provisions. One lot took meat; another lot took poultry; another, cheese and bread-and-butter; another, wine; another, knives and forks, and dishes and spoons, and tea-kettles and glasses, and all that sort of rattletreaps. It fell to our lot to find pastry and custards. All yesterday afternoon, as soon as the show was over, my step-aunt and Mildred and the cook were melting themselves over the kitchen fire, boiling the custards and baking the tarts. Mrs. Jenniker did not make big pies: about a couple of hundred of little tarts; just what we could take in at a mouthful, you know. I heard her say to Mildred they'd be more convenient to carry, than pies in dishes. All covered they were: no jam to be seen: perhaps she thought it would run out on the road—"

"My! shouldn't I like to have been before that collation!" struck in Gruff Jones, while the whole of the boys stood with watering mouths.

"Don't interrupt," said Jenniker, with a wink. "Twals all got ready by night: custards corked up in wide-mouthed bottles, and put in a hamper; tarts packed in another hamper. And then it was I found I was not to get any, or any fun, either. So down to the cellar I crept, when the house was in bed, and got at the dainties."

"Did you finish the lot, Jenniker?" asked the boys, in a despairing state of envy that the luck had not been theirs.

"I didn't eat them: I spoiled them," winked Jenniker. "I uncorked the custard bottles, and poured in a little shalot vinegar, and you may guess what the flavour was then, besides turning the stuff to curd. Then I took the tops off the tarts, all neat and clean, with my penknife, and devoured the contents, and fastened on the tops again with white of egg; leaving them just the same, to look at, as they were before."

"Jove! what a treat! Was it all jam?"

"Jam, and other stuff. Apple, and lemon, and rhubarb, and green goosegog—oh, about fifty sorts," answered Jenniker. "I demolished it all. I was down there three hours, stuffing, and accomplishing the job neatly. When I came up, nobody could have told that so much as a finger had been laid upon the hampers. Hadn't I the stomach-ache, though, towards the morning! They'll be returning home, that picnic lot, in about an hour's time."

The boys sat in a trance of delight, devouring the

tale, as eagerly as Mr. Jenniker had devoured the insides of the tarts. And poor Edmund Allair laughed and crowed incessantly, without understanding what there was to laugh at.

(To be continued.)

Literary Notices.

BISHOP COLENSO ON THE PENTATEUCH.

The Pentateuch and Book of Joshua Critically Examined.
By the Right Rev. JOHN WILLIAM COLENSO, D.D.,
Bishop of Natal. London: Longmans.

[FIFTH NOTICE.]

SEEING that the subject of inspiration is prominently brought forward and illustrated by the bishop in his last chapter, and seeing that the matter is of so much importance, we shall speak upon it at some length. We have indicated some of the consequences of denying the historical truth and Moses' authorship of the Pentateuch, and we intend to go more fully into that question; but now we confine ourselves to the bishop's notions of inspiration. Our idea is, that if not a true history, the Pentateuch cannot be inspired; and Dr. Colenso accordingly once and again repudiates the common view of its inspiration, and of Bible inspiration generally. The earlier portions of the book afford us little light beyond this; but we have a growing suspicion, as we proceed, that inspiration is with him nothing but that deeper insight which God gives to certain master minds. The revelations which he admits the Bible to contain may be no more than this. If they are more, inspiration may have been no prerogative of the prophets and writers of the Scriptures. The latter is the more reasonable conclusion, although we cannot understand how God should inspire a man to write religious truth in connection with false morality and history. This, however, is what he seems to believe, and in his last chapter he speaks out plainly enough. His statement amounts to this, that God's Spirit speaks to men out of the Bible as well as in it, and not to Christians only, but to men of all climes and countries, ages and religions. To all these, he says, "the same gracious Teacher is revealing, in different measures, according to his own good pleasure, the hidden things of God." We are therefore to suppose that inspiration was granted to the worshippers of Baal and of Moloch, as well as to the Hebrew prophets; and to the Zulus and other savages, as well as to the evangelists and apostles.

In support of his opinion, the bishop quotes from three or four authorities. Of the first, we need only say that it is Professor A. J. Scott, who belongs to a party far from orthodox. Of the others we must speak more in detail, because it is essential to expose the errors and absurdities which they involve.

The first is a passage which Lactantius copies from Cicero, whose "noble words," as our author calls them, make *reason* man's highest law, under one God its author. Upon this passage Lactantius asks, "Who that knows the mystery of God could so significantly declare the law of God, as this man, *far removed* from the know-

ledge of truth, has expressed it?" These words the bishop has avoided quoting, but he gives the following, in which Lactantius says, he should regard those "who speak the truth unconsciously as if they divined at the instigation of some spirit." We translate more exactly than Dr. Colenso, who makes Lactantius say more than he means. This is not all; instead of stopping here, Lactantius proceeds to suggest the radical defect of such inspiration. He observes that if Cicero had not merely perceived the force and reason of law, but had also known or explained the precepts of the law, he would have done the work, not of a philosopher, but of a prophet. He sees the distinction between a philosopher and a prophet, which the bishop fails to see. Cicero spoke eloquently in praise of law in general; but Dr. Colenso must know that Cicero was ignorant of some of the first laws of morality, and very blind as to Divine things generally. If he is unaware of this, we could easily refer him to the writings which prove it.

Lactantius was one of the least evangelical of the Fathers, but he must be rescued from the reproach which Bishop Colenso means for praise. He says, then, that Cicero would have done a prophet's work if he had known or expounded the precepts of the law; "but," he adds, "because he could not do this, it must be done by us, to whom the law itself has been given by that one teacher and ruler of all—God." He then goes on to explain God's law, and it is not long before he waxes eloquent in his rebukes of Cicero. Thus it is manifest that Lactantius had no such idea of the inspiration of pagans, such as the bishop would father upon him. He may well spend page after page in refuting Cicero, for Cicero, even in the passage we refer to, says nothing of worshipping that God to whom he casually referred. Reason, pure reason, according to it, is man's sole and supreme law, and nothing is said of God except that he is the author and giver of reason. Yet we are asked to receive as inspired, and inspired as the Bible, a paragraph which teaches this supremacy and sufficiency of reason!

The inspiration of Cicero gives us a law without precepts, and a God without worship. Not satisfied with this, the bishop gives us another case to illustrate his notion of universal inspiration. "The same Divine Teacher, we cannot doubt," he says, "reveled also to the Sikh Guroos such great truths as these." A quotation from the Sikh books follows. This quotation may be briefly described as a eulogy upon truth, and a declaration that there is one supreme God. Four times in the passage a certain Nanuk is invoked, and once the speaker addresses himself to God. There is neither direct prayer nor praise in it. It is very important that we should know who Nanuk is, and something about the Sikh religion. We shall then see that either the bishop has calculated upon his readers' ignorance, or has revealed his own.

Nanuk was a Hindoo priest, who was born, we are told, in 1469. He took it into his head to become a religious reformer. Probably in the hope of accommodating in one system persons of different sects, he adopted an ingenious device. To gratify his Mahometan friends, and those who believed in one supreme God, he taught that doctrine. To satisfy his Hindoo friends,

and the Buddhists, and pagans generally, he admitted into his system all other gods and demigods. This is proved even by Dr. Colenso's quotation: "Numerous Mahometans have there been, and multitudes of Brahmans, Vishnus, Sivas; thousands of seers and prophets, and tens of thousands of saints and holy men." Having thus borrowed from other systems, his sect became a mixture of Paganism and Deism. Nanuk had several successors, the last of whom died about 1708. These are the Sikh Guroos, whose writings have been arranged in a volume, which supplies to their followers the place of the Bible. Among the doctrines taught, we find some others worthy of mention. The Sikhs believe that God dwells in the devout, and hence persons who practise asceticism are treated with reverence, and even worshipped. Devout mendicancy is especially to be honoured. The Guroos, or spiritual guides, are raised practically to an equality with God, or raised above him. They believe that Nature is the mother of the world, and that her sons, Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva, regulate its affairs. The devout are supposed at length to become absorbed in the divine essence. They believe in transmigration of souls, many heavens and hells, and future births. Men are to be rewarded and punished according to their deserts. God disregards all outward forms of devotion. All the millions of Hindoo deities, with Mahomet, and all other divine persons, are subject to God, to whom none is equal save the Guroos. The name of the supreme God is Navayana, the same as figures in the Hindoo mythology as a form of Brahma or Vishnu. Professor Christmas reminds us that the Sikhs of the present day conceive themselves at liberty to worship the Hindoo goddess Durga, and generally pile a number of weapons together to represent her.

Nothing can be clearer than that the Sikh Guroos have borrowed their principles from all quarters, and teach many and monstrous errors. Yet here is an English bishop telling us they are inspired! The thought is absurd. The whole system is modern, and has not been completed much above a century and a half. Its founders had access to Buddhists, Brahmans, Mahometans, &c., and could not have been quite ignorant of Christianity. From Mahomet's Koran they could have gained all they teach of one supreme God. We can find no truth in the system which was not already received in other systems with which its authors were acquainted. If in some respects the Sikh doctrine is better than actual Hindooism, it is worse than Mahometanism in some of its features. Mahomet not only taught one supreme God, but his absolute unity; whereas Bishop Colenso's inspired friends, the Guroos, acknowledge all the gods of the Hindoo Pantheon, and all the deities, "small and great, which eastern fancies can imagine. Let us, then, not be led astray by mere words, but let us look beneath the surface, and try to find out what those words mean to him who utters them. Here we have Christian ideas attached to words which sound well, but are fatally in error. Like much of the paganism of the old world, they profess to believe in one God over all, but they allow "gods many and lords many" under him. Like ancient pagans, they honour truth in words, but they understand not its high import.

Having thus shown how grossly deceptive these quotations are, we pass on to that with which the volume closes. The bishop says its writer "surely learned such living truths as these by the direct teaching of the Spirit of God." Yes, say we, exactly in the sense in which Job says, "There is a spirit in man, and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth him understanding." But we should call it profane to hold that the Brahminical author was inspired like Isaiah, or like St. John. The extract is from a Hindoo work, and begins by declaring that "whatsoever Ram willeth, that, without the least difficulty, shall be." It afterwards declares the perfections of God, and recommends perfect submission to him. For aught we can tell, Ram is the god thus commended and described. It may be needful, to our understanding of the words, to notice that Ram is an *avatār*, or incarnation of Vishnu. According to Hindoo fables, he was a prince of Ayodha, perhaps the modern Oude. He is therefore a deified man, and we see in Dr. Colenso's quotation an impious ascription of divine attributes to a dead man! The passage is probably of no great antiquity, but we know that it is in any case not much more than a reproduction of opinions which can be traced in various systems from one end of Asia to the other, and from the earliest ages. Amid all its terrible idolatry, Asia never lost utterly the notion of a Supreme Being. It is very evident that the writer of the passage under notice regarded that Being as one of exalted excellence; but we are not to forget that even he must have admitted the worship of gods many and of lords many. So far from regarding these purer expressions of faith and doctrine as "the direct teaching of the Spirit of God," we view them as utterances of that Deism above which uninspired man can never rise; and even this Deism we look upon as due for its existence to those fragments of primeval religion which were carried into all lands, and which have become embedded in almost every form of religion. The descendants of Noah took with them from Shinar these rays of light, and we owe it to God's providence that they have not all been extinguished. The worshipper of Ram found in older writings and other systems the opinions which he gave expression to; but Bishop Colenso, in his zeal for universal divine inspiration, absurdly ascribes them to the direct teaching of the Spirit of God. It is manifest that if his inferences are correct, the pagans of Rome, the Gooroos of the Punjab, and the worshippers of Ram, yea, men of all ages, and countries, and religions, have been favoured with special divine inspiration. This unscriptural conclusion is one from which we turn with disgust. It points directly to many other inferences, the effect of all which will be to make Christianity no longer the only true religion. Already we are told that it is not wholly true, and of other systems we are told that they are partly true. There is therefore only a difference in degree at most, if we are to believe the bishop. Truly he went out to preach to pagans, and he has come back paganised. In defiance of the solemn declarations of prophets, apostles, and the Saviour, he denies the truth of the Bible, and in point of inspiration places it on a level with the books of open and avowed idolaters!

Temperance Department.

A MOP.

A CORRESPONDENT recently wrote from Gloucester as follows:—

"This usually quiet and respectable city is to-day disgraced by the holding of a 'Mop,' or statute fair for the hiring of servants. Hundreds of these, male and female, are lounging through the streets, in every stage of inebriety. The public-houses are filled; through the open windows you see these persons leaping about to such music as a country fair is likely to produce; country vans are taking home the market folks, acrobats upon the tops of poles are exhibiting their skill and their feats of strength, the band of a circus is making a hideous din, drunken boors jostle the passers by, swearing vociferously; noise, excitement, and confusion everywhere prevail, while Bacchus reigns triumphant, and seems to have claimed the city for his own."

"A sad custom prevails here for three Sundays during 'Barton Feast.' In a street called 'The Barton,' all the *private* houses are allowed to *sell beer and tobacco*, and many persons avail themselves of the privilege. The consequences are drunkenness and debauchery of the most frightful nature."

A PRESCRIPTION FOR THE INTEMPERATE.

THE following is a prescription which was given by a physician to one who had been for many years a slave to the most fearful intemperance. The result was, in his case, a perfect deliverance. He employed the remedy with fervent prayer, and in reliance upon the Divine blessing. His health was restored, and he was enabled, during a period of nearly fifty years, totally to abstain from all exciting liquors. His prayers for deliverance proved the truth of the statement made by one of the early divines, that God never grants a solitary blessing. This erring man sought relief from his besetting sin; and not only was he delivered from the bondage of Satan, but he was brought, with willing mind and grateful heart, to rejoice in Christ, and zealously to labour, in season and out of season, for the preservation of others. To advocate the cause of temperance, and to make known to sinners the tidings of salvation, became the enjoyment and the honour of his life; and as he thus sought, in purity of spirit, to honour God, he was himself by God greatly honoured. May the prescription, which we now copy, produce in those who use it a similar result:—"Sulphate of iron, 5 grains; magnesia, 10 grains; peppermint-water, 11 drachms; spirit of nutmeg, 1 drachm. This forms one draught. Two draughts to be taken each day."

THE CORRUPTER OF THE SABBATH.

WHAT day is like to Sunday?—the day when we can sit in our peaceful home, and know that not we alone, but the millions, are resting: that mill, forge,

anvil, spade, plough, scythe, and sickle, engine, loom, and shuttle, are quiet—aye, that brains as well as lands may rest; that the “mighty heart” of London is “lying still.” Blessed gift! never sufficiently to be prized privilege! How we look forward to it! How we compassionate those whose religion gives it not to them, or with whom habit and custom sanction its open infringement.

We ask those who prize it well, What are we doing for its preservation? Are we sufficiently jealous of its privileges? Do we not ignore too blindly the corrupter of our Sabbath, and wilfully close our eyes to the fact that all its scenes are not hallowed by peace and holiness? Nay, reader, is not the very freedom from toil which it sanctions made subservient to the vilest outrages upon its sanctity? Will you, reader, follow our footsteps on a certain walk on Sunday evening?

The route we have chosen leads us direct from one of our great city thoroughfares over a bridge to the Surrey side of London; we are in a locality where there is evidently no lack of the religious element. The bells have just ceased ringing for evening service, multitudes are hurrying to the various places of worship, which are plentiful, and which appear rapidly filling. Preachers, not a few celebrated, will fill those pulpits to-night. By the wayside we may note the appearance of placards—posted in conspicuous situations—bearing some pious exhortations, or texts from the Scriptures, which have been deemed best calculated to arrest the attention, and act as a warning or reminder to the erring or thoughtless. The neighbourhood is evidently one in no way lacking Christian instruction.

Yet, mark, as we proceed in our walk, these frequently recurring public-houses, where the bright gas-lamps are beginning to glitter, and the easy-opening doors, perpetually on the swing, give glimpses of the foul interiors. See their inmates—those women, with their half-naked feet, shoes down-trodden, a rag scarcely retaining the shape of a stocking, not covering the shrunken limbs; the limp and draggled gown clinging to their lean bodies in such a way as too plainly tells the scantiness of garments beneath; a ragged shawl their only covering for back and shoulders; at their breast, too often, a miserable infant: men, stout and able-bodied, or lean and pitiful to look at; young, and old, and middle-aged; there they lounge and drink, and squander away health, and time, and money. Filthy talk and jests, oaths and obscenity, lying and slandering, and evil speaking of all kinds, most frequently quarrelling and abuse, often blows and violence, and not unfrequently bloodshed; these are the rites with which their Sabbath is celebrated. Think, you who are wending your way peacefully to your accustomed place of worship, what scenes are being enacted almost within the sound of your songs of praise.

This is no exceptional sight. To hundreds, to

thousands, this is the accustomed way of spending their Sunday. Glance in as you pass to church or chapel; glance in on your return. There they are, still the same lounging figures, still the same haggard faces; the same vacant laugh, and brutal jest, and hideous, reckless apathy. You have drunk, this evening, at the fount of purity; you have breathed the atmosphere of peace, and love, and goodwill; you have listened to words of hope and promise; meanwhile these, what has been their lesson? and what the teaching of the Sabbath hours?

But there is worse to come. Follow us to where these roads meet, a great causeway, its points marked by blazing stars of light. Those monster public-houses at either corner, how they seem to lie in wait, and open their fiery jaws for prey! See the crowds that flock around; mark of what these are largely composed—of young people, girls and boys. Heaven help us! many of the tenderest age, with the first fresh colour of childhood upon their cheeks. They linger and loiter in groups about these brilliantly lighted doors. Some are gaily dressed, the girls with an abundance of flowers, frills, and flounces; the boys with mock jewellery, canes, and cigars, though many have not got beyond round jackets, and the girls still wear their dresses short. There is no exaggeration, reader, hard of belief; you can see and judge for yourself. Listen to the talk of these, but children in years, yet full-grown in depravity; watch them as they lurk round the doors of the public-house, *waiting to be treated!* and, oh! if you be father or mother, how will your heart ache and your bosom burn!

The policeman yonder understands it well enough. “Now then, you girls,” he says, roughly, “what do you want here? Go along; go along with you!” and with the words he routs a group of young creatures—pictures of innocence, you would think; but, alas! the next minute, with some male companions, they are boldly pushing those easy-swinging doors, and they vanish! swallowed up, as it seems, in the blaze of light within.

On and still on, the same scene is being enacted; noise and uproar, oaths and cursing, violence and blasphemy everywhere, where the reflection of the brilliant gas-burners lights up the pavement, and the ground-glass windows give glimpses of the glittering fittings within; there the saturnalia reigns coeval with the Christian Sabbath! In Christian homes the hymn of praise and thanksgiving is ascending from grateful hearts; the day of rest is drawing to an end, blessing and blessed. But there has been another influence at work. And who shall say how many that went forth this morning, in the pride of life and the strength of innocence and honesty, may have fallen, ere night, beneath the temptations of the public-house, that curse of our country, that great corrupter of our English Sabbath!

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